dlc96000432
(cont.)

X Collection

INDEX

Page: 1

Barcode Number	Box Number	Total of Volumes	Call Number
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS 0 019 583 908 6	1318 A	328	PN4827 (1384-1750) no. 1-328
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS 0 019 583 909 8	1318 B	273	PN4827 - PN4827 .P

Fan Book Pub

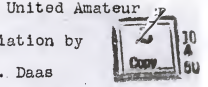
#329

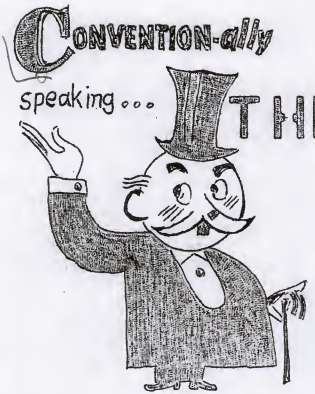
Published for the United Amateur

Press Association by

Edward F. Daas

550 North 19th St., Milwaukee 3, Wis.





THE MAN SAYS

Thirtyseventh Talk - September 1950

Meet your new officers: President, Irma Reitci, 1732 W. Walnut Street, Milwaukee 5, Wis.; First Vice-Pres: John J. Quigley, 69 Fays Ave., Lynn, Mass.; Second Vice-Pres: Belle S. Mooney, Box 2174, Kansas City 13, Mo.; Official Editor, T.G.Mauritzen, 404 West 9th St., Los Angeles, Cal.; Chairman of the Executive Board, Robert H. Woodward, Box 1462, South Bend, Ind. Serving their second term are Edward F. Daas, Secretary, 550 North 19th St., Milwaukee 3, Wis., and Grace S. Moss, Treasurer, 994 Ocean Ave., Brooklyn 26, N. Y.

IT'S ALL OVER NOW!

The convention was scheduled to open on August 31st but Rosabel Boyd and Esma Giles from Athens, Tennessee arrived a day ahead of time so we set them promptly to work on the final task of getting the Souvenir program bound and also folding and enclosing the papers which were ready, into the September Bundle.With the Braatz sisters helping we were able to finish the job and over the coffee which Ethel served we became better acquainted, and Rosabel Now has an inkling of the amount of work George puts into the mailing each month.

Thursday brought the Lynch's and Anna Hayes from Massachusetts, Grace Moss from New York and the Heins from New Jersey. We held a meeting of the MAPC in the rooms of the Milwaukee Press Club which was presided over by Margaret Larson, the Chairman of the Convention Committee. The subject was "The Road" abd Rosabel Boyd abd Margaret Lohr read their poems on the sbject; George Boehme read his article; Irma Reitci, a symbolical story and Lorene Keenan's story was read by another member. All were criticized constructively. We then adjourned to another room for the usual coffee. Community singing and inspection of the panels on the walls with autographs of famous people closed the first day's program.

Friday we were joined by Sam and Esther Rifkin from Minnesota; Guss and Pearl Kiss from Illinois; Louis Brechler from Madison, Wis.; Edna Haughton from Ohio; Paul Steffens from Kansas. At the morning session the following were awarded Laureate titles: POETRY---Pearl F. Goff for "Once I Watched" in Rime House and Honorable Mention to Alexander Robertson for "How Like A Child" in The Man Says; STORY: Irma Reitci for "Christmas Awakening" in Chatterbox Honorable Mention to Theodore P. Flach for "The Author" in The Mail Pouch; Special Mention to Lucille Braatz for "Are These My Children" in The Man Says;ESSAY: Sam Swindell for "The Glory of a New Year"in The Joy Bearer and Honorable Mention to Belle S Mooney for "Words Unprintable" in The Mail Pouch; EDITORIAL

#135

THE MAN SAYS

PUBLISHED FOR THE UNITED AMATEUR
PRESS ASSOCIATION

Edward F. Daas, Editor

550 North 19th St., Milwaukee 3, Wis.

Thirtyninth Talk November 1950

THE FROST IS ON THE PUMPKIN

'Twas a fine October evening on the 17th when we got together at Helen Boughey's and there were fifteen of us--all in a gay mood. The Empress surprised us all by coming to the meeting without her crutches or cane! Good for you, Mabel! She brought several papers on the topics assigned putting to shame some of the younger ones who did not contribute to the program. Bob Rasmussen surprised us with three very humorous poems. Bob is a very fine reader too, and I hope he will keep his pen---or typewriter---busy, very busy, for we really enjoy everything he has offered so far.

Emily Sprague Wurl, an author, was Helen's guest and joined in the general discussions following the reading of the papers. It was near Hallowe'en time as you could see by the decorations and especially the table laden with pumpkin pies galore, bowls heaping full of whipped cream, and others filled with chipped filberts. (No, Irma, they are no longer called hazel-nuts.) The wedge of pie nearest (?) to me was so large that I asked Helen if it was meant for one person. To my very great relief, she assured me it was just that. The four at our table were busily engaged in doing justice to the pie, when our hostess brought another pie and placed it on our table. Against my protests (?) George put another piece on my plate and while Irma was gone for more whipped cream, The pie disappeared and poor Irma was left holding-----the whipped cream! Wil! She was furious. She always tells me that her family do not care for desserts. Don't you count yourself in on the family? She is forever saying she is on a diet but never looks it.

And speaking of Irma. (Just try to stop us!) We manage to keep her in her place but when outsiders come and "flatter" her (I almost said "flatten") it is almost impossible to get along with her. During the recent convention many expressed their surprise (more likely their disappointment) at her heft. (Expecting to see a Zeppelin and seeing only a Blimp!) Some of them were tactful---others just fibbed--but everyone just raved over her new green ear-rings. There was so much of this that it just about turned Irma's little Head. So---

She went down town to get a new green hat to go with the earrings. She saw the cutest green purse which she simplymust have to go with the hat. A green dress with a tiny crimson flowered pattern next caught her eye and when she had bought that she thought she needed new shoes, green suede, of course. Positively new stockings to go with the shoes. In quick succession she bought and bought other things to go with her new possessions. "What, wear all these new duds with my shabby coat?" she asked herself. Her response, an intensive search for just the kind of green cloth coat she needed to match her outfit.

#331

THE MAN SAYS

PUBLISHED FOR THE UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

Edward F. Daas, Editor

550 North 19th St., Milwaukee 3, Wis.

Fortieth Talk December 1950

CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

Christmas is a rule of loving
One should practice every day,
From the New Year to December
It's a splendid game to play.
Make each month a day of
Christmas,
Help some lonesome heart to
smile.
Let the blessed Infant Jesus
Be within you all the while.
Bring the gifts of friendly
neighbor
Kindness, tolerance and love.
Just remember how the God-Star
Guided wise men from above.
Let the Christmas Spirit lead you
It will show you God's true way.
You will be a happy person.....
Practice Christmas EVERY DAY!

Anthony Cama

* * * * * * *

NONE BUT THE BRAVE
DESERVE THE FARE

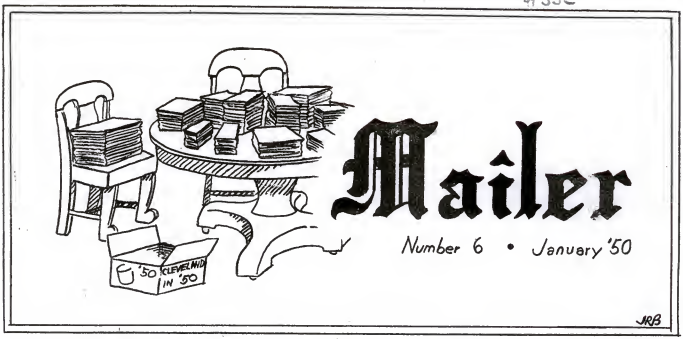
Mabel has so very, very many friends but the Weatherman is not one of them for the two times the club met at her home he tried to discourage attendance with severe blizzards. So it was somewhat strange that the thermometer fell to zero on November 24th when we were to meet at her home. After dumping all that snow on the Pittsburgh-Cleveland area he had none left for Milwaukee. All he could give us was zero weather. But he was kind too, in withholding the wintry winds so that my two-mile hike downtown at noon to do some shopping was exhilarating. After an enjoyable luncheon in the company of Marian's charming friend Emily whom I was fortunate to meet at the restaurant. I WALKED the two miles home without feeling any ill effects. A few hours later I WALKED the same mileage for our customary afternoon meeting in Norbert's Inner Sanctum and then to Irma's. And again without any ill effects. So I was really surprised when I heard that several had phoned Mabel that they were not coming on account of the cold. Guess you youngsters just can't take it!

However, the ten of us had a most enjoyable time and each paper read received much more helpful criticism than in the larger meetings. It was Irma Schmidt's evening on the literary program and Irma Reitci's evening when we "ate by candlelight" for she was the hostess that night. She did not obey my instructions about not bringing more than two cakes. However, I am NOT kicking. Neither did the other "braves" who "Fared" so well. An immense cheese-torte with a mountain of whipped cream, a blitz-torte, a tall sunshine cake (and another similar one on the side-board), and a large tray of some Hungarian bakery unknown to me. I would say it was a cousin to our doughnut flattened to a thin surface. I was glad that I sat next to Bill Wahl, a man of my own heart. (He ALSO drank at least three cups of coffee.) It was surprising that despite the uninterrupted chatter so much of the delicious cake disappeared. Then to complete a perfect even-

X-PN 4827

PN 4827

#332



MAILING BUREAU
FINANCIAL STATEMENT
As of January 23, 1950

RECEIPTS:

Balance on hand	$ 9.80
Harold D. Ellis	1.00
Williametta Keffer (various items)	4.80
V. A. Moiteret	1.00
Tryout Smith Addresserette Fund	9.87
Earle Cornwall	.75
	$27.22

EXPENDITURES:

269 bundles @ .03	$8.07	
2 1st class @ .09	.18	
17 foreign @ .03	.51	
14 3¢ stamps	.42	
Ret'd bundle re-sent- (4¢)	.01	
		9.19
Balance on hand 1.23.50		$18.03

TRYOUT SMITH ADDRESSERETTE FUND

Balance to General Fund	$9.87
Balance on hand 1.23.50	$0.00

ADDRESS CHANGES:
Helen and Sheldon Wesson, 5 Adams Street, East Rockaway, L.I., N.Y.
William J. Holton, 1715 Kathleen Street, Tampa, Florida
Raymond J. Jeffreys, Capitol College, 1076 Neil Ave, Columbus 1, Ohio

NEW MEMBERS:
George M. Hoffman, P.O. Box 373, Savanna, Illinois

AN APPEAL FOR CONTRIBUTIONS

The National Amateur Press Assn. has, since August of 1949, owed a bill of $21.50 for mailing envelopes for the monthly bundle.

The time has come to purchase 2000 more of these same 6½ x 9½ Brown Kraft envelopes for the remaining six bundles, which should run to about $15.00, or a total of $36.50. President Harold D. Ellis has written numerous letters to the ex-Secretary-Treasurer Al Lee about this bill.

Therefore, I am asking each and every member of this association to donate 25¢, 50¢ or even $1.00 to pay for these envelopes. The treasury hasn't too much to spare at the present time and it is my hope that there can be enough in contributions received. There are only enough envelopes left for one more mailing (this one) and no more will be mailed until they are purchased.

It is hoped that each and every member will tape a coin to a card, (or a dollar bill) and drop into an envelope and mail it to me after you have read this appeal. THERE IS NO TIME TO WASTE!! NO BUNDLES WILL BE MAILED UNTIL THESE ENVELOPES ARE PURCHASED!!!

James Richard Branch —— ——Mailer
28 Forest Drive
Bloomfield, N. J.

#333

Mailer

NUMBER 8 • MARCH 1950

JRB

X-P-N 4827

MAILING BUREAU
FINANCIAL STATEMENT
As of March 22, 1950

RECEIPTS:

Balance on hand	$19.94
Walter S. Goff	3.30
Harold D. Ellis	1.00
Harold Segal	1.00
Sesta Matheison	1.00
F. F. Thomas, Jr.	5.00
Elmer K. Lyon	1.50
Warren Rosenberger	.50
W. Emory Moore	.18
Alexia Rosbrook	1.00
Victor Moitoret	1.00
Martin B. Keffer	2.45
	$37.87

EXPENDITURES:

Various returned bundles	$ .10	
50 post cards	.50	
2-1st class @ .12	.24	
17-foreign @ .03	.51	
304-3rd class @.04	12.16	
1-recruit @ .04	.04	
6-3¢ stamps	.18	
To Liberty Press balance of envelopes	11.50	
		25.53
Balance on hand 3.22.50.....		$12.34

TO ERR IS HUMAN...

Rec. John L. Schlarb's address has been incorrectly listed in the last issue of the Mailer. It should be Box 285, Faulkton, South Dakota.

LEE RETURNS "SOME" RECORDS

Albert Lee, former Secretary-Treasurer, it is reported, has returned some of the records and funds to Bernice Spink, present Secretary-Treasurer. It is not known how much of these funds were sent.

ELLIS MAY ATTEND CONVENTION

Harold D. Ellis, president of the National has announced that he may attend the Cleveland convention of the National. But, however, no word has been received as to what dates the convention will be held, or the meeting place. In a letter to this editor, Mr. Ellis stated, "Yes, I am planning on going to Cleveland. Can't be sure because so many others are always concerned in my plans—but I'll surely try."

MANUSCRIPT BUREAU EMPTY

Lexy Rosbrook, Manuscript Manager, has announced that the Bureau is without material. Articles of a decent length pertaining especially to association matters are requested to fill the demands of the publishers.

SHATTUCK TO SUPPORT ALF FOR PREXY

It has been learned that former president Charles A. Shattuck will support Alf Babcock for the presidency in the coming elections.

#.34

X-PN 4827

Mailer

NUMBER 9 • APRIL 1950

APRIL BUNDLE DELAYED

Because only one paper was received by the April mailing date it was decided to delay it for a few days until several more were received. President Harold Ellis as well as Mrs. Bernice Spink, whose paper it was, have been notified about this matter.

M A I L I N G B U R E A U

Financial Statement 5.1.50

R E C E I P T S :

Balance on hand 4.22.50		$12.34
Sesta Matheison		1.00
Kelly Janes		1.60
Chet Whelan		3.00
Norman Quillman		1.00
Harold D. Ellis		3.00
G. W. Macauley		2.00
Bernice Spink		1.65
		25.59

E X P E N D I T U R E S :

Postage due on package	$ .15	
2 1st class bundles @.09	.18	
15 foreign @.03	.45	
277 3rd class @.03	8.31	
Cost of Postal Note	.08	
To Liberty Press for ptg.		
50 post cards	2.50	
5 3¢ stamps	.15	
		11.82
Balance on hand 5.1.50		$13.77

Support the Mailing Bureau!

104 MEMBERS DROPPED

Mrs. Bernice Spink, Secretary-Treasurer, has announced that seventy more members, in addition to 34 dropped last month, have been removed from the rolls for non-payment of dues. Each member has been notified and given 30 days grace.

They are as follows: CALIFORNIA: Beach, Forbes, Huston, Kidi, MacLean, McLaughlan, Ralston, Rush, Thomas and Zahn; LOS ANGELES: Daugherty, Ericson, Howard, Marr, Paget and Price; COLORADO Bergen; CONNECTICUT: Madriguera and Noble; FLORIDA: Bond; ILLINOIS: Beatty, Downey, Johnson, Meserve and Nicholson;

Continued pg. 2 col. 1

PHILLIP GAIR DEAD

Mr. Phillip Gair of California and a member of the National for about two months has passed away, according to W. Emory Moore.

H O W A B O U T T H A T D E P T .

AAPA: "MARCH NA (4PG.) MC COY"

Lealand M. Hawes, President of the American Amateur Press Association, in the "Amateur Parade" for April, stated that "our (AAPA) official organ has not yet appeared with a "Meager Sheaf" issue of four pages (only quarterly, too?) and an "Ease That Itch" advertisement on back."

Talk about gullibility...

#335

ELECT A TEAM—NOT A TICKET

MAILING BUREAU

Financial Statement 5.22.50

RECEIPTS:	
Balance on hand 5.1.50	$13.77
Roy Lindberg	1.00
Harold D. Ellis	2.05
L. Verle Heljeson	2.00
Sheldon Wesson	1.00
Chas. A. Shattuck	2.00
*Sale of 2¢ stamps	.50
Sale of Post Cards	.50
	22.82

EXPENDITURES:		
*30 - 2¢ stamps	$ .60	
25 - 3¢ stamps	.75	
14 foreign @ .03	.42	
2 - 1st class @ .09	.18	
2 special 3rd class @ .06	.12	
1 special foreign @ .08	.08	
219 - 3rd class @ .03	6.57	
1 - 3¢ stamp	.03	
		8.75
Balance on hand 5.22.50		$13.84

*Donations of 2¢ stamps were originally listed as cash receipts and stamp expenditures. Five have been retained for extra postage.

James Richard Branch, Mailing Manager
28 Forest Drive
Bloomfield, New Jersey

NEXT MAILING . . . . . .JUNE 19, 1950

LOOKING AT THE AMENDMENTS*

-By the editor

Amendment #1. A wishy-washy policy for the National Amateur. Vote NO.
Amendment #2. Plenty of book-keeping. Vote NO.
Amendment #3. Isn't followed anyway. Vote YES.
Amendment #4. Too much. Vote NO.
Amendment #5. What's the difference? Vote YES.
Amendment #6. Higher dues. Vote YES.
Amendment #7. Who's kiddin'? Vote NO.
Amendment #8. A midget NA? VOTE NO!
Amendment #9. What I've been fighting for. Vote YES.
Amendment #10. What for? Vote YES.
Amendment #11. All should be allowed to enter laurates. Vote NO.
Amendment #12. We should have time to study them. Vote NO.
Amendment #13. Better than nothing. Vote YES.

*Consult March (12 page) National Ama'r

REINSTATEMENTS:

Mrs. Grace Phillips, 372 Olentangy St., Columbus 2, Ohio
Kim Erman, 372 Olentangy Street, Columbus 2, Ohio
Lois Grimes, 1032 W. Mulberry Street, Springfield, Ohio

NEW MEMBER:

Peter J. Hook, 12 Ripplevale Grove, Barnsbury, Islington, London, N.1, Eng.

H 33 C

Mailer

NUMBER 11 • JUNE 1950

JAMES RICHARD BRANCH, MAILER • 28 FOREST DRIVE • BLOOMFIELD, N.J.

Sep 1950 4327

12 Members Dropped

The following members have been dropped from the rolls. They are: E. Pittaro, F. Ralston, K. Kulzick, A. Beach, R. Rush, M. Whitlow, E. Macauley T. G. Mauritzen, R. L. Paxton, V.A. Payne, W. V. Shattuck (Ohio) and R. Reid of Canada.

VIC MOITORET WILL RUN

Lodr. Victor Moitoret has announced that he will be a candidate for Official Editor in the coming election. In the Cemetary Rabbit being circulated in this bundle, Mr. Moitoret stated, "I put my own hat in the ring herewith, no obstacle to my holding this office."

It has not been learned if he can publish the National Amateur for the same price or lower than the figure quoted to the other candidate for this office.

Mr. Moitoret also mentioned the expenditures of the present Mailer in his bid for the Editorship. As yet, no "approximate" expenditures have been recorded in the Mailer's reports.

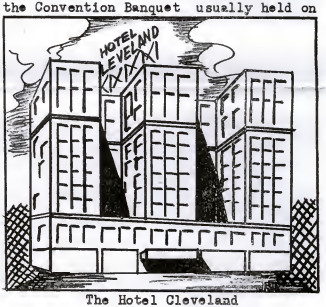
ITEM REFUSED MAILING

An "advertising card" from Carla Patsuris of New York has been refused mailing in the monthly bundle because it did not pertain to ajay.

NEXT AND FINAL MAILING....JULY 31, 1950

BANQUET CHANGED

Bernice Spink has announced that the Convention Banquet usually held on



The Hotel Cleveland

the last night of the Convention has been changed to Sunday, July 2 because many of those expected to attend will leave for work on the last night.

REQUESTS FOR PAPERS LEFT OVER

Because of the decreased mailing of the bundle, many papers have been left over. Several have requested that their papers be returned. If you so desire that the extra copies of your paper be returned, please advise.

4827

THE MAILER

No. 1 September 15, 1950

THE MAILER

No. 4 December 15, 1950

#339

N-PN 4827

THE MAIL POUCH

PUBLISHED FOR THE UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

George A. Boehme, Mailer, 2628 No. Richards St., Milwaukee 12, Wis.

JANUARY 1950 VOLUME 3 NUMBER 4

* *

. . . . . .

1950 - A NEW YEAR IS BORN - 1950

* * * * * * * * * * *

We will not speak of NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS to be made and then soon forgotten or so easily broken. No rather we beg to bring some bit of thought and advise; the value of same is left to you to determine. The price...my time in getting it to you and the small cost of material. Somewhere I read that time and material is often wasted, but that there may be exceptions to that statement...we pray and hope for the best. I believe that if serious thought and a determination to do is your reaction than my time and cost of material escaped the waste-basket and I shall feel all year round proud and happy to have been of service. In the following lines (not all my own) you should find sufficient food for thought. No doubt many will pass them up as contrary argument to what you really believe or practice...but I dare your sensible rebuttal. Always one that has tried to make this world a better place for man to live in, for his fellow man to enjoy, for following generations to have a better conception of life and more of time to appreciate the finer things of life...is duly reflected and brought to light herewih:.....

"Our simplest, most common and unconscious words and actions expose our hypocrisy of life. Our life-fabric is so interwoven with pretense and fraud that our obliquity is thus unconsciously exhibited. And that,if you please is to be vile, indeed. Harsh words,you say, but remember, I said them too. Let me give you a few examples of the common practices that will bear out the statement above.--

When commonly in any trade we are so "fortunate" as to get a bargain, we bar the gain of the other party to the transaction: that is we beat him. In a bargain one party to the trade must lose--that the profit of the other may be gained. When we buy a garment at a so called bargain it may be some factory girl goes in need to the extent of our gain. It may mean that some worn woman with dimmed eyes and patient fingers that is underpaid. When we obtained a Christmas bargain a few weeks ago we "did" the other fellow up, partly for our gain and partly to celebrate the birth of Jesus. O, the hypocrisy of it all. The coupling of the word BARGAIN with the birthday of Christ exhibits Christian society as hideous infidelity; a profanation of human life. To allow for an instant the association of His name with the idea of human exploitation, is to bebauch His image and to drag His ideals in the mire.

Will you make effort this year in getting bargains? Or will you rather strive to achieve in this life for a social system that produces for use rather than for profit? Socialism? Sure. But common sense at that!" From the Jan.-Feb. issue of the SEARCHLIGHT.

#340

THE MAIL POUCH

* UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION *
VOLUME 3 NUMBER 29
FEBRUARY 1950

GEORGE A. BOEHME, MAILER 2628 NO. RICHARDS STREET
MILWAUKEE 12, WISCONSIN

* *

"CHERRY BIRD"

by
R.S.Craggs
West Hill, Ont., Canada

Over two decades ago, when I was very young, I found my first Cedar Waxwing's nest. Having little acquaintance with ornithological literature I was forced to rely upon the black and white illustrations appearing currently in a local farm journal. After much comparing of the printed page with the original I decided that the phoebe most nearly answered the desription of the bird whose nest I found.

The following year I purchased Chester Reed's "Land Birds East of the Rockies" and found out what a phoebe looked like. But I still thought that the Cedar Waxwing with its soft blendings of browns and grey and cream, yellow-banded tail and secondaries tipped with red "sealing wax" (origin of its name) was one of the most appealing of birds.

The Cedar Waxwing is notorious for its cherry eating habits. Other birds eat cherries, too: robins, starlings and even crows, but, as far as I know, the waxwing is the only bird that carries the vernacular name of Cherry bird. At the period that I began my nature studies I was living in Manitoba and, as everybody knows, Manitoba is not a fruit-growing country. Therefore, the Manitoba waxwings live entirely upon a diet of wild fruit (plus insects, which play a minor part in their diet). It was customary about the latter part of August for these birds to descend in large numbers upon the chokecherry trees growing in the dooryard and eat all that they required.

Nobody minded that. Chokecherries are good for little else but homemade wine, and, from a human viewpoint, are not desirable raw. But in the fruit belt it is a different matter. No grower likes to see his cherry profits cut in half by a horde of hungry birds. So he gets out his shotgun, to kill or to scare, depending upon his temperament. If the orchardist is not well versed in natural history and is like Stephen Leacock ("the only birds I know are the crow and the hen") he may not even note the existance of the unobtrusive waxwing and blame all his losses on starlings and robins. According to P.A.Taverner in "Birds of Canada" waxwings definitely prefer wild fruit to cultivated. He, therefore, advocates the planting of such trees as Mulberry and serviceberry in proximity to the cherry orchard, as a counter-attraction.

(continued on next page)

THE MAIL POUCH

#34

VOLUME 3 NUMBER 6
MARCH 1950

GEORGE A. BOEHME, MAILER 2628 NO. RICHARDS STREET
MILWAUKEE 12, WISCONSIN

****

****** UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION ******

JOY ON THE REBOUND -- EXCERPTS FROM YOUR EDITOR'S MAIL

Dear Mr.Boehme:- I enjoyed the February Bundle--Mail Pouch is tops--you fellows & ladies-are doing a grand job. Glad to get the new membership list--it is so convenient to use as I will send a card at least to every contributor that is making our monthly bundles. My sincere and appreciative thanks are yours.

Florence L.Schofield.

Dear George:- Enjoyed December & January issues of Mail Pouch very much, as also the other publications-and there are many of them-glad to note that there is real and sincere activity. I do hope that my contribution of "CHIPS" to the February bundle will do justice to the bundle and that it will speak for itself.

Thor G.Hauritzen.

Dear Mr.Boehme:- I especially liked your article on "WHY I RENEWED MY MEMBERSHIP" because it shows just what benefits one can get from the true affiliation in the association.

Adrian C. Allen

Dear Mr.Boehme:- Thank you for the envelope full of interesting material which I received from you. I found much enjoyment and profit within it's pages.

Geo. W. Olinger

Dear Fellow Member:- I enclose enough postage to mail me the next few bundles-surely do not want to miss any subsequent mailings.

Lily Walsh Baker

Dear "Mail Pouch"Editor:- Incidently, I feel that some one is being "barred from again"when I receive a "Bundle" like the one that came a few days ago. Surely a dollar a year cannot pay even the "postage and handling" charges on the many little publications even if the publishers send them out "for free." I am following the suggestion of E.Percy Grover in "Rime House" and enclosing stamps to cover mailing charges on my first "Bundle." Your article in The Mail Pouch brought out the stark truth so forcibly-that the original editorial in Searchlight "A Time For Huckstering"in the Jan.-Feb. issue was enriched and I am sure that no one who has read your article will ever again boast of "getting a bargain."

Alice M. Burnett.

Dear Folks:- I have been reading the monthly bundle and enjoy the contributions so much. The reception of my first contribution was so overwhelming that I really feel I should retire now, with those praises in my ears, rather than take a chance and submit something that will not be received so well. But to show that I have not been quite idle I am taking advantage of your generous requests and suggestions and enclosing a couple of things which I have been working on. So be truthful even if it hurts (hurts me,I mean) and if you don't like what I have written, let me know-for my own good.

Theodore P. Flach

(See"Hope and Despair.")

THE MAIL POUCH #342

VOLUME 3 NUMBER 7
APRIL 1950

GEORGE A. BOEHME, MAILER 2628 NO. RICHARDS STREET
MILWAUKEE 12, WISCONSIN

****

****** A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION ******

THE BUNDLE

It was 10.30 P.M. Saturday, March 11th., 1950 when four tired but happy United Ajers, Audrey and Lucille Braatz, Edward F. Daas and your Mailer, George A. Boehme had the 250 U.A.P.A. March Bundles ready for mailing.

The four of us have a true and precise knowledge of all the work and detailed factors that go into the endeavor of getting out a regular monthly mailing. It is the purpose here to have the rank and file of our membership(seems they take it for granted the mailing is a matter of course) informed as to just what effort is put into the task month after month. Let us take this March issue as an example and give you a few highlights.

First there is the envelope(the cost of which is paid out of our parent association funds) printing done by Herbert Marciniak, his contribution since Emerson Duerr left our fair city to make his home at Elmhurst,Ill. All these envelopes need accurate addressing, so an up-to-date record of membership must be maintained (credit it to your "perpetual"secretary, Mr. Daas)- labels were mimeographed to co-ordinate with true membership by your mailer from stencils cut by your secretary. The proper amount of postage(gratuitously donated by appreciative members) were affixed after the bundles were completely stuffed with 22 publications. It is to the work involved in getting the publications ready for mailing that we particularly wish to draw your attention. Eight of the twenty-two came to us either printed or mimeographed(two had to be folded) and required but the time and labor to be stuffed into the envelope. Of the remaining fourteen(stencils were cut by the editors for five of the papers, twelve stencils in all) but the stencils for the remaining nine papers were cut by either your secretary or mailer- to be precise- five by your secretary and twenty-one by your mailer. Your mailer during the month mimeographed thirty-six stencils(an average of 275 copies of each) stapled the papers for three of the publications and folded sixteen of the publications to fit the envelopes. In this last operation we were assisted by our secretary and the the two Braatz sisters. Then the stuffing- one of each paper in every envelope- and the bundle was ready for your enjoyment.

I have been mailing out these bundles nigh on to three years now and love the work - but there is one discouraging factor- too many of my fellow members in the United are accepting the results of our endeavor without helping make it a monthly reality- no literary contributions- no publication- no financial help in paying for the postage that brings our envelope to your door every month. Do take this as a personal appeal for help and co-operation, won't you? And do write those that publish and those that have a literary contribution in any of the papers. Let us get a little more closer to our friends and give them a well deserved pat on the back. Adios.

VOLUME 3 THE NUMBER 8

MAIL POUCH

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

MAY 1950

GEORGE A. BOEHRE, MAILER 2628 NO. RICHARDS STREET
MILWAUKEE 12, WISCONSIN

NESTING HABITS OF ROBINS

By R.S.Craggs, West Hill, Ontario, Canada.

I have before me an article by an eminent nature authority in this he states that, contrary to popular belief, Robins do not desert their nest when it is disturbed, or even moved. While this great man probably knows more about birds than I ever will know, my observations have convinced me that, while he may not be entirely wrong in making this statement, neither is he entirely correct.

Robins, like people, have personalities and show a certain individuality in their habits. As one of America's best-known birds their traditional nesting place is at low elevation in trees, shrubs or any other convenient location near the haunts of man. Robins that nest in such locations are generally, as may be expected, of a trusting nature and do not object to humans inspecting their nest. As such nests are the most frequently discovered, reports sent in by observers generally deal with the birds unwillingness to desert its nest under anything but the most desperate circumstances. Yet I have found Robin's nests at high elevation in poplar trees (sometimes nearly twenty feet from the ground) and though careful not to touch the nest when peering in, even this minor intrusion often proved sufficient to cause the bird to desert its nest.

To those not acquainted with robins and their ways some of the examples of their persistence in establishing their nest in the face of almost overwhelming disaster may seem incredible. I recall that, on the farm where I lived as a small boy, a pair of robins began building their nest on the reach of a wagon. As this wagon was the sole means of transportation it was out of the question to allow them to finish their nest. Accordingly, when the time came for the weekly trip to the village, the partly completed nest was brushed to the ground. When the wagon was returned to its place, however, the robins began work on a second nest! It was not until their third nest had been destroyed that the robins gave up their attempt to rear a brood on the reach of the wagon. All of these nests were destroyed, as I recall it, before egg laying had started and it is to be hoped that these particular robins were able to establish a nest successfully elsewhere.

Many of the robin's nests that I have found near human dwellings have been located at a height of only four or five feet from the ground, but only once have I found a robin's nest actually built on the ground.

THE MAIL POUCH

VOLUME 3 NUMBER 9
JUNE 1950
GEORGE A. BOEHME, MAILER 2628 NO. RICHARDS STREET
MILWAUKEE 12, WISCONSIN
A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

LOOKING OVER THE MAIL

Dear George:

.....I shall get to work on a ULW for the next bundle....not that our mailing needs it but merely because I have so much good material on hand and I feel I owe it to the members to publish it. I wonder sometimes if there isn't such a thing as too much activity;it takes so much time to read that it is apt to be slighted, and if we do read all of it we haven't time to write anything ourselves. .....

Willametta Keffer.

Dear George:

.....I want to thank you (and so does Mary) for taking the trouble to reprint that special release last month--it was so nice of you. Our love and good wishes go to you and yours. Please add the enclosed to your Mailing Fund.

Michael M. Engel

Printing? I start a paper every now and then, but before I get two paragraphs set I either have to do some more work around the house or a rush order for printing comes in and I have to clear the decks for action. I have the front page of a paper for next month's bundle standing on the imposing stone. Sure, and in comes an order for a recital program. Maybe if I get real mad and put my mind to the paper I'll get it out nevertheless.

Emerson Duerr

Dear Friend:

I am sure the work of a mailer
Is more onerous than that of a sailor;
A sailor works hard, when waters are rough
But for the Mailer the whole day is tough.

Let us not expect too much of our George
Or he'll be poorer than Washington at Valley Forge.

Homer C. Fisher

Dear George:

.....I had a card from Eddie which tells me of your sad loss and I hasten to tender my sympathy in your bereavement. The old adage that says"into each life some rain must fall" doesn't explain how much more rain there is in some lives while others appear to be blest with all sunshine. It leaves us no alternative but to discipline ourselves to live through the dark days and make the most of the bright days when they do come. I hope you may have many of the latter that will enable you to endure the dark days with fortitude. You have so much to do and have so many to sympathize with you so I know you will adjust yourself at last with our good wishes and sympathy to help along. With best wishes always,

Belle S. Mooney

THE MAIL POUCH

VOLUME 3 NUMBER 10
JULY 1950

GEORGE A. BOEHME, MAILER 2628 NO. RICHARDS STREET

MILWAUKEE 12, WISCONSIN

------ A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION ------

TIME WILL TELL

In one of Dickens' stories, The Cricket on the Hearth, there is a clock surmounted by a busy little haymaker, working constantly through the day and night, "jerking away right and left with a scythe." I have a clock. Its just an ordinary alarm clock built on the square with green enamelled sides and a silver dial bearing black numerals. Of course it has two expressive hands that at times spread out imploringly or go up in despair. It has no haymaker, cuckoo or other nick-nacks. The alarm bell is used occasionally.

When it had done its duty quite faithfully for a number of years, it began to show its age like its owner, by slowing up and stopping regardless of winding and adjusting. I mentioned something about what was happening to my folks with the result, I was presented with a Big Ben. And he is a Big Ben, of round design, dark bronze with silver trimming and radium figures. He has a fine sounding gong which rings intermittently.

While I was trying to get acquainted with Ben and admiring all his qualities, Gilbert, that's the name on t' other fellow, was quietly observing us. And what do you know, he perked up and has been keeping true time ever since. Every day Ben with his round face seems to smile but Gilbert gives me a hard look. I try to explain that I didn't ask Ben to come here. Gil just says, "spunk" when he reaches the hour set for the alarm. I keep Ben and Gil in seperate rooms so there will be no clash as there seems to be no prospect of them becoming friends- and they've got me in the middle.

George A. Thomson

"PAID AUTHOR" ? NO CHANCE.

You started out to be or create an AUTHOR. Got along nicely until you tried to get some pay for your creative efforts. Then, like GOD, you failed miserably-because both you and GOD insisted on trying what is impossible. GOD set out to make a PERFECT UNIVERSE. HE got along all right till he came to man. Then SOMETHING went WRONG and HIS failure was and is OBVIOUS-every MAN trying to be a GOD in his own right. Trying to do the impossible may well be a God-like quality, but from this distance it seems more like foolishness and inefficiency. There must be SOMETHING that you can do well and be paid for. Now I cannot find any such thing myself, so I shall not blame you if you fail to find anything to take the place of your "authorship". E.B. Whiting.

#346

VOLUME 4 NUMBER 2 **** NOVEMBER 1950

GEORGE A. BOEHME, EDITOR 2628 NO. RICHARDS ST., MILWAUKEE 12, WIS.

THE MAIL POUCH

*** A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION ***

GO FIND THE KINGDOM - (A Reflection)

From July Issue of JOYFUL NEWS BROADCAST By Rosabel Boyd

There was once a poor boy who lived in the hills of East Tennessee and who during the early years tended the few sheep and cattle his widowed mother owned, driving them home at evening and scattering them by day over the patches of mountain grass and to the mountain stream for water on occasion. Jan was thirteen and he knew the mountain fastness and could scale the high peaks like a goat.

Most boys Jan's age dream only of baseball diamonds and other lusty out-of-doors sports and games. He loved games, too, oh yes, but Jan loved the clear mountain streams, with the sun glinting down at noonday. He loved the verdure of the hills and in his child's mind saw castles and moats, kings and princesses, moving in and out of the towering high places. From his perch on a sunny knoll from which he kept his eyes on his flock, Jan saw many strange and unusual things.

He loved something else too, due to the teacher who came several months out of the year to hold school in the old broken-down school house made of age-old logs, which stood a scant half mile from Jan's home. The school master had awakened his curisity and had left with him first the fairy tales of Grimes and Anderson and later stories like Swiss Family Robinson, Robinson Crusoe and many others.

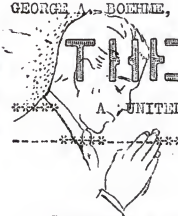
The greatest thing the school master had done for Jan was to awaken in him the power to make pictures in his own mind. This, Jan did endlessly there on the long summer days.

One of his dreams was that of a great house, standing on a wide promontory - a house with many windows, floors polished until you could see yourself in them and which had many servants at one's beck and call. His toil-worn mother was miraculously changed into a lovely queen and there in the great house she presided graciously and he, Jan, was the "knight in shining armor" returning home to the castle each evening, triumphant from the wars - laying at his mother's feet, the trophies won.

So, the long days of summer would pass. Jan, in winter carried stalks of grain into the barn stalls from the fields and fed the shivering cattle, turning them out briefly to go for drink from the barn yard stream; then he would pick up chips for kindling and carry logs for the fires. During the long winter evenings he'd sit by the fire and read and dream. Outside the snow would fall at times on meadow, road, barn and field, changing the drab countryside into a land of magic; then Jan would take his home-made sled to the top of the "long hill" and take the quick ride - over in a very few minutes - to the bottom of the hill and then, back he'd go again, struggling up the hill for a few seconds' breathless "going down" thrill with sometimes a spill. The children of the neighborhood, scattered though they were a mile or so away, often gathered there on the hill and would take turns using the sled and after they were tired or night would suddenly

VOLUME 4 NUMBER 3 ***** DECEMBER 1950

GEORGE A. BOEHME, EDITOR 2628 NO. RICHARDS ST., MILWAUKEE 12, WIS.



THE MAIL POUCH

***** A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION *****

CANDLE IN YOUR HAND - Part One of a Series

By Rosabel Boyd
Athens, Tennessee

Sometimes when our own wills are thwarted, we feel bruised, beaten, defeated, sore, but then is when we need most, to realize there is a Higher Will, guiding and directing, that made this defeat inevitable. If "every adversity carries with it the seed of equivalent advantage" as one able thinker said, we need only accept defeat as a stepping stone to something better--a temporary set-back, and we should by all means "keep a goin'"if we strike a "rose or thorn." In the long slow process of rising to our highest abilities, God is our co-partner. He it is who prods us in to making, "one more try" or that"try, try again" attitude in an effort to carry out the advice of the genius Guy De Maupassant who said: "Make something beautiful in the form that suits you, according to your personal temperment."

In our climb upward (and that is the direction we are all heading, isn't it?) it is a necessity to remember and use the wonderful inspiration there is in prayer. Prayer is most practical, once you come to think of it in its true light. This--talking to God is one of the miracles of existance, for when we pray we link ourselves to the inexhaustible power that "spins the universe." God is harmony, love, peace, happiness, success and oh, a million other things all rolled into one. God is infinite good, infinite harmony and we, "small sands on the seashore," "litte tle drops of water" in the great ocean of life, we, even we, can join up with these forces so immeasurably greater than ourselves. "Greater things than these, shall ye do," said the real and only son of the liv-God and he taught faith, love, hope, charity, compassion, by daily living humble example--and was crucified for it!

When we are fairly sick with disappointment, when we see our most cherished plans go wrong, how shall we bear up under this disappointment, this wrecking of OUR plans? By looking to a HIGHER power for a HIGHER will than our own and by saying, "not my will but thine" and meaning it! By using this failure as a revelation of our inadequacies and by starting from where we stand, trusting Him to show us the way. We are not alone in this world unless we shut ourselves off from Divinity. The great dramatist Shakespeare said, "There is divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will." Browning said it like this: "There is an inmost center in us all, where truth abounds in fullness but--wall upon wall --the gross flesh hems us in."

Even the practical psychologist says, "I am a magnet, a center, I receive power," or as another put it, "As we become more enrapport with the greater life, the body becomes less gross and heavy and responds in time more readily to the higher impulses of the soul." The artist, the genius says of his best work when praised: "Not unto me, not unto me," realizing that he is but a channel for divine fire and power. It is not until we reach that, "no one shall work for money and no one shall work for fame" state of mind, that Divinity can use us freely and creatively.

(continued on next page)

A-PN 4827 B 314466
AUG -8 1951

THE MORNINGSIDE PRESS

Issued in the Public Interest of the Town of Morningside, Maryland

No. 3 August 6, 1951

Dalton V. Brunsdon, N.A.P.A. Editor
Address items to:
The Morningside Press
MORNINGSIDE, MARYLAND
HI - 9235

COPYRIGHT 1951 BY D. V. BRUNSDON

TOWN OF MORNINGSIDE, MD.
Summary of Revenues & Expenditures
July 1, 1950 through June 30, 1951

REVENUES		
Taxes: Property		$ 4,421.20
Gas & Motor Vehicle		2,070.78
Race Track		788.32
Income Tax & Others		367.77
Total Taxes		7,648.07
Licences and Permits		1,058.68
Service Charges		224.00
Total Revenues		$ 8,930.75
EXPENDITURES		
General Government	$ 1,940.47	
Police Department	621.96	
Roadways, Lighting, & signs	7,265.38	
Sanitation & Waste Removal	618.80	
Total Expenditures	10,446.61	
Net Cash Decrease	1,515.86	
Balance Last Year	4,251.99	
Net Cash on Hand, June 30, 1951		$ 2,736.13

Personals

Mort Wagner, long time resident and softball manager, will transfer to Wright Field. •• The Dails have moved to 5989 Reamy Drive, Skyline.

Mr. & Mrs. Thomas S. Hall and family made a trip to Columbia S. C. to attend the funeral of Mr. Hall's father.

Mr. & Mrs. Harold H. Hooper & family spent a week in Pennsylvania.

Mr. & Mrs. Paul Weimer of Skyline journeyed to Ohio for a weeks vacaton.

Mr. &Mrs. Ernest Thieleman and children returned from a vacation in Minnesota.

The Jake Buenzli family are visiting relatives in Gainesville, Florida.

Mrs. Brice Burroughs was recently a patient in Providence Hospital.

Mrs. Thomas Jimerfield is in Columbia Hospital recovering from an operation. Mr. & Mrs. Walter Grimes and daughter are visiting in North Carolina.

Shop for your cosmetics and toiletries the convenient way -- at home. Have your *AVON* representative call. Lower Morningside - *Mrs. Alvina Beardmore HI 4745* Upper Morningside - *Mrs. Agnes Goff Jo 8 - 4140*

NEW SPECIALS
EVERY 3 WEEKS

THE PRESS SOLICITS ITEMS OF EDITORIAL AND NEWS INTEREST TO THE MORNINGSIDE AREA. DEADLINE IS THE END OF THE MONTH.

Mayor Stahr Sez - -

Orchids to the Ladies Auxiliary for their splendid work on the Benefit Bake Sale! Also orchids to the many property owners whose homes and gardens are looking very attractive. Keep it up! Thanks to the townspeople who have improved their surroundingr by cutting weeds outside their front yards and who are caring for the gutters in front of their homes. And thanks to those who are cooperating with the water company by not draining the tanks. Onions to owners who allow their dogs to HOWL at night ! I wish to ask citizens who call my home to be a little considerate in their demands to talk like neighbors; save the profanity for the mosquitos. Bring your rake to the Town Hall, Monday night, August 6th. to help clear out weeds and grass. WE NEED YOUR HELP !

BAKE SALE RESULTS

The Ladies Auxiliary to the M.V.F.D. announces that $261.00 was given to Mrs. J. W. Ferguson and her children. This amount was realized from the Bake Sale held July 13, 1951. The Auxiliary thanks everyone who contributed.

Boys' Club members who attended Camp Reeder this season are Frank Jurney, Eddie Buenzli, Raymond Yarborough Larry McLean, Jon Smith, and Rodney K. Brunsdon, PRESS CARRIER.

Mrs. E. J. Hayden returned from a week at Colonial Beach. •• Mr. & Mrs. Charles Lucas returned from a week of fishing at St. Leonards Creek. •• New residents are the Edward McClains of 225 Maple.

CONSULT US ON RECAPPING YOUR TIRES
COMPETITIVE PRICES
COLLINS' ESSO STATION

ATTENTION MEN!
Sport Shirts
Cleaned & Pressed
35 cents
(45 cent value)
August Only
DAIL'S CLEANERS
FORESTVILLE
WOODWORKING
HI - 8182
Sinks Enclosed

TOWN TO CRACK DOWN ON ORDINANCE VIOLATIONS

Reported by June Stocklinski

At the council meeting held Friday, 3 August, the chief topic of discussion was water in Morningside. Though facts and figures are still indefinite, certain basic costs seem assured: (1) tap charge, $119. (2) front foot benefit charge, $.20 to $.22 per front foot each year for 40 years; (3) minimum water charge $12 00 per year. In addition to this it would cost about $22,500 to bring the water mains to Morningside. It is not yet fully understood what proportion of this would have to be borne by Morningside. Come to your next council meeting and find out more!

There will be a crackdown on faulty septic tank systems. Warnings will be issued and sufficient time allowed for correcton. NOTE: You must have a permit from the County Health Department before you make any repairs to your system.

There will also be a crackdown on violations of the "Weed Ordinance". Check your ordinance to see if you are committing a violation and save yourself the embarrassment of a warning.

A representative from the Fire Department announced that there will be a poster competition open to children. See your Fireman.

FOR AN EMERGENCY AMBULANCE CALL
FIRE BOARD HI - 4665

STROUD'S
5 & 10 STORE
Featuring
" BACK TO SCHOOL "
Childrens Corduroy, Boxer Type, Pants, & Overalls.
GIRLS DRESSES.
SOCKS & UNDERWEAR
SNOOTY THE PIG, Plastic Piggie Bank
49 cents

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL DIVISION
AUG 17
COPY

AUG - 8 1951 B 314466

THE MORNINGSIDE PRESS

Issued in the Public Interest of the Town of Morningside, Maryland

No. 3 August 6, 1951

Dalton V. Brunsdon, N.A.P.A. Editor
Address items to:
The Morningside Press
MORNINGSIDE, MARYLAND
HI - 9235

COPYRIGHT 1951 BY D. V. BRUNSDON

TOWN OF MORNINGSIDE, MD.
Summary of Revenues & Expenditures
July 1, 1950 through June 30, 1951

REVENUES		
Taxes: Property		$ 4,421.20
Gas & Motor Vehicle		2,070.78
Race Track		788.32
Income Tax & Others		367.77
Total Taxes		7,643.07
Licences and Permits		1,058.68
Service Charges		224.00
Total Revenues		$ 8,930.75
EXPENDITURES		
General Government	$ 1,940.47	
Police Department	621.96	
Roadways, Lighting, & signs	7,265.38	
Sanitation & Waste Removal	618.60	
Total Expenditures	10,446.61	
Net Cash Decrease	1,515.86	
Balance Last Year	4,251.99	
Net Cash on Hand, June 30, 1951		$ 2,736.13

Personals

Mort Wagner, long time resident and softball manager, will transfer to Wright Field. »» The Dalls have moved to 5989 Reamy Drive, Skyline.

Mr. & Mrs. Thomas S. Hall and family made a trip to Columbia S. C. to attend the funeral of Mr. Hall's father.

Mr. & Mrs. Harold H. Hooper & family spent a week in Pennsylvania.

Mr. & Mrs. Paul Weimer of Skyline journeyed to Ohio for a weeks vacaton.

Mr. &Mrs. Ernest Thelaman and children returned from a vacation in Minnesota.

The Jake Buenzli family are visiting relatives in Gainsville, Florida.

Mrs. Brice Burroughs was recently a patient in Providence Hospital.

Mrs. Thomas Jimerfield is in Columbia Hospital recovering from an operation. Mr. & Mrs. Walter Grimes and daughter are visiting in North Caroline.

Shop for your cosmetics and toiletries the convenient way -- at home. Have your *AVON* representative call. Lower Morningside -
Mrs. Alvina Beardmore HI 4745
Upper Morningside -
Mrs. Agnes Goff Jo 8 - 4140
NEW SPECIALS
EVERY 3 WEEKS

THE PRESS SOLICITS ITEMS OF EDITORIAL AND NEWS INTEREST TO THE MORNINGSIDE AREA. DEADLINE IS THE END OF THE MONTH.

Mayor Grahr Sez - -

Orchids to the Ladies Auxiliary for their splendid work on the Benefit Bake Sale! Also orchids to the many property owners whose homes and gardens are looking very attractive. Keep it up! Thanks to the townspeople who have improved their surroundingr by cutting weeds outside their front yards and who are caring for the gutters in front of their homes. And thanks to those who are cooperating with the water company by not draining the tanks. Onions to owners who allow their dogs to HOWL at night! I wish to ask citizens who call my home to be a little considerate in their demands to talk like neighbors; save the profanity for the mosquitos. Bring your rake to the Town Hall, Monday night, August 6th. to help clear out weeds and grass. WE NEED YOUR HELP!

BAKE SALE RESULTS

The Ladies Auxiliary to the M.V.F.D. announces that $261.00 was given to Mrs. J. W. Ferguson and her children. This amount was realized from the Bake Sale held July 13, 1951. The Auxiliary thanks everyone who contributed.

Boys' Club members who attended Camp Reeder this season are Frank Jurney, Eddie Buenzli, Raymond Yarborough Larry McLean, Jon Smith, and Rodney K. Brunsdon, PRESS CARRIER.

Mrs. E. J. Hayden returned from a week at Colonial Beach.•• Mr. & Mrs. Charles Lucas returned from a week of fishing at St. Leonards Creek. •• New residents are the Edward McClains of 225 Maple.

CONSULT US ON RECAPPING YOUR TIRES
COMPETITIVE PRICES
COLLINS' ESSO STATION

ATTENTION MEN!
Sport Shirts
Cleaned & Pressed
35 cents
(45 cent value)
August Only
DAIL'S CLEANERS

FORESTVILLE WOODWORKING
HI - 8182
Sinks Enclosed

TOWN TO CRACK DOWN ON ORDINANCE VIOLATIONS

Reported by June Stocklinski

At the council meeting held Friday, 3 August, the chief topic of discussion was water in Morningside. Though facts and figures are still indefinite, certain basic costs seem assured: (1) tap charge, $119. (2) front foot benefit charge, $.20 to $.22 per front foot each year for 40 years; (3) minimum water charge $12 00 per year. In addition to this it would cost about $22,500 to bring the water mains to Morningside. It is not yet fully understood what proportion of this would have to be borne by Morningside. Come to your next council meeting and find out more!

There will be a crackdown on faulty septic tank systems. Warnings will be issued and sufficient time allowed for correcton. NOTE: You must have a permit from the County Health Department before you make any repairs to your system.

There will also be a crackdown on violations of the "Weed Ordinance". Check your ordinance to see if you are committing a violation and save yourself the embarrassment of a warning.

A representative from the Fire Department announced that there will be a poster competition open to children. See your Fireman.

FOR AN EMERGENCY AMBULANCE CALL
FIRE BOARD HI - 4665

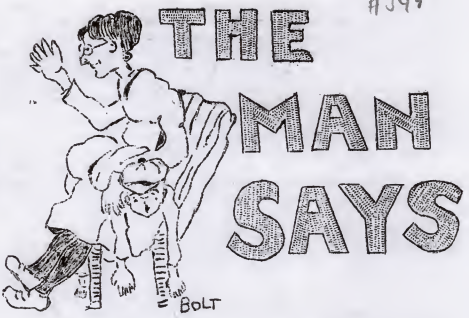
STROUD'S
5 & 10 STORE
Featuring
"BACK TO SCHOOL"
Childrens Corduroy, Boxer Type, Pants, & Overalls.
GIRLS DRESSES.
SOCKS & UNDERWEAR
SNOOTY THE PIG, Plastic Piggie Bank
49 cents

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
AUG 17 1951

Published for the
United Amateur Press
Association by

Edward F. Daas
550 North 19th Street
Milwaukee 3 Wisconsin

Forty-first Talk
January 1951



#349
X-PN 4827

THE NEW YEAR

Come, Bard, from your retreat,
Lay pen and ink away,
There's laughter on the street
And music noisy and gay.

The midnight celebration,
A brief respite from Strife;
Incentive for creation,
Immortal song - mirror of Life.

Whistles blow, church bells ring,
Prelude to Pagliaccian Fun;
Sorrow pauses while mortals sing...
It's Nineteen Hundred Fifty One.

Wylma G. Heard

* * * * * * *

'TWAS A GAY PARTY

The annual Christmas party of the MAPC was held at the Surf Hotel, December 16th. There were 32 members and guests who were served an excellent dinner. Probably the Chatterbox is "gushing" about it in her paper in this Bundle. We had several out of town guests. Louis Hammond who was a member of the Milwaukee club at the turn of the century came from Janesville with his wife. It was her first visit to an A. J. affair and enjoyed it so much that we hope to see the two at future affairs.

Hilda Sloane came 150 miles from Grand Marsh. Is she a cyclone? Well, no, but she works almost as fast as one. Her application was received November 25th. A few days later she sent her daughter's application, also a reservation for the Christmas party. After the program she was asked to say something about her first A J affair and she responded with a fine little talk, giving her impressions of her initiation into A J. You will find her paper in this Bundle. She is one of those members who tried her hand at cutting her first stencil. Her paper also brought the news of her marriage. And all this happened in only six weeks of membership in the United. What next, Hilda?

Paul Pross and Dorothy Milton came up from Chicago to give two scenes from Ibsen plays, Ghosts and The Doll's House. Paul is thedynamic and loquacious type, while Dorothy is the silent and repressed one, which proved to be a very good partnership. Paul also gave impressions of several movie stars and was most profuse in his encomium of the Milwaukee club.

And I mustn't forget to give thanks to Bertha Mason. She and

THE MAILER

No. 5 January 15, 1951

X-PN 1027 1951

THE MAILER

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

No. 6 February 15, 1951

X-PN 4827

#35L

THE MAILER

No. 7 March 15, 1951

THE MAILER

No. 8 April 15, 1951

X-PN 4927

THE MAILER

No. 10 June 15, 1951

327 H355

THE MAILER

THE MAILER — a paper of official matters of the NAPA Mailing Bureau. This is the last issue of the MAILER for my term of office. The new mailer is George W. Hamilton, 57 Maplewood Ave., Maplewood, N. J. The next bundle will be mailed by him on August 15th.

No. 11 July 25, 1951

THE MAILER

Number 2 September 10, 1951

NEW MEMBERS

Russel Shaw, 1654 Irving St. N. W., Washington 10, D.C.

RETURNED BUNDLE

Mr. & Mrs. George Macauley, 423 Washington St. S.E.
Grand Rapids, Mich.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Ned Reeves, ~~12 Sage Hall~~; Williams College; Williamstown, Mass. (from Cranford, N. J.)

NEW MAILER ADDRESS -- Effective now

all papers and correspondence should be sent to:

George William Hamilton
1102 EAST ADAMS STREET,
SYRACUSE 10, NEW YORK

#357

VOLUME 4 NUMBER 4 JANUARY 1951

THE MAIL POUCH

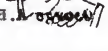
KNOW THYSELF

GEORGE A. BOEHME, EDITOR
2628 NO. RICHARDS STREET
MILWAUKEE 12, WISCONSIN

*** ***

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS
ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

****



CANDLE IN YOUR HAND
SERIES PART 2
By ROSABEL BOYD

Humility before God gives us fearlessness and invincibility before man. The "fields are white to harvest but the laborers are few." Do those lines mean anything to us? Do they arouse in us a longing to find our "niche," to be shown "God's will" for us? When conscience awakens us and reveals our way to us, foolish are we indeed to hang back because of timidity; He will give us "wings" as events and conditions inspire us- what are we waiting for?

Your "acre of diamonds" is awaiting you; don't be like Ali Hafed, who, blind to the harvest around him, abandoned his acre, where later the purchaser found "acres of diamonds" beneath the sands of the garden brook, while Ali Hafed perished in wretchedness beneath the restless waves of the sea, lost in the darkness of his own spirit.

If illumination is shown us, we should be ready for it. Our great opportunities to serve, do not come labelled, they often come disguised. The small duty, may be a pathway to the highway of achievement for you. We should start today-from where we stand, not waiting for a more favorable time, a more auspicious moment, or simply for the "spirit to move you." Start the dynamo within by your sincere desire to serve. Those lines from Brigadoon, remember them: "'Tis the hardest thing in the world to give everything though it is usually the only way to get everything."

Could that have been what Jesus meant when He said. "Narrow is the way and few there be that find it?" The "way" will open if we but give of the best-our love, our talents, our all, to the task at hand. The candle must be LIT if it is to furnish us light.

"Delight thyself also in the Lord and He shall give thee the desires of thine heart." We must put service for others above self, above wealth before we'll ever have either.

The candle in YOUR hand will not do for some one else, it is YOURS alone(isn't that an inspiring and comforting thought?) and the light it sheds may glow and grow until it becomes a beacon.

Faith, courage, hope, tolerance, vision, wisdom, love and understanding are the little matches we may use, remembering that, today becomes tomorrow, while we watch the setting sun, today is time's greatest jewel, WE'LL HAVE NO OTHER ONE!

*** ***

The sun shines equally on all: the crystal reflects it, the clod does not.
--William Q. Judge

#358

VOLUME 5 OCTOBER 1951 NUMBER 1
GEORGE A. BOEHME -EDITOR - 2628 NO. RICHARDS ST., MILWAUKEE 12, WISC.

THE MAIL POUCH

* - * A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION * - *

YOUR OWN PUBLICATION - PART 2 OF A SERIES

By
YOUR EDITOR

Your own official mimeographed publication is a made-to-order aid to help you translate your ideas into action.

Format is your first problem. What size page and how many pages should you use for your publication? This will depend on the volume of news, stories, editorials, poems or articles you expect to incorporate in the issue under consideration, allowing for illustrations, headings etc. Of course, its difficult to determine exactly the quantity of information or matter desired to publish at your fingertips for each issue - but you can estimate your space needs for the first issue, and make adjustments in the format in succeeding issues of your publication. You have several choices of format for your first issue, depending upon the material on hand you wish to publish.

The simplest form is the single sheet of paper (8½"x 11") mimeographed on one or both sides. The more conventional way of preparing the one-sheet publication is to employ straight typewritten copy across the entire width of the page, allowing at least 3/4" margin all around- this will give you 7" of width by 9½" of length for copy. In going over this area you will be inviting trouble in the process of mimeographing, so when you are cutting your stencil remember that point. For this format we recommend the regular form of stencil. For best results and to lighten the work of mimeographing use legal size (14") stencil sheets typing not beyond the 9½" length already mentioned. Start on Line No.2 and center your 7" width of copy as you do so. In no event type beyond line 58 indicated on the stencil sheet.

For a more attractive variation of the one-sheet format, you can prepare a columnar arrangement, resembling a newspaper. For the newspaper format, you will find that that the Newsform Stencils make the preparation easy. Guide lines printed on the stencil surface help you prepare either a two-column or a three-column page with just a minimum of effort.

If you'd rather prepare your publication in a magazine or folder type of format, you can do it very easily by using Folder-form Stencils. Guide lines on these stencils enable you to prepare for a folder form of copy for on a 8½"x11" paper you have produced two 5½"x8½" pages of copy when folded. The Folder-form stencils are marked as to pages for your booklet and we suggest you follow these markings so that your intended copy will be produced in numerical sequence on the mimeograph.

These are just a few suggestions for format, but are by no means the only possibilities. We have outlined only the simplest and most commonly used -the most practical and the most flexible-because they put no limitation on the number of pages you wish to prepare.

Next month we will endeavor to publish a few pointers on how to cut a stencil. That is the most important step to good mimeographing.

X-PN 4827 #359

Dr.W.J.Thompson
Editor
*

MESSENGER
OF
INSPIRATION
* - *

Office
840 So.Flower St.
Los Angeles 17
California

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

VOLUME 1 NOVEMBER 1952 NUMBER 1

MY GREETINGS!

I want to send a message
That will help you on Life's way,
And give you strength and courage
To face each passing day.

So here is what I'm sending,
(It is old, yet ever new):
The finest of all greetings—
My dear friendly "God Bless You!"

Amid Life's many changes
This will-faith and hope renew,
And bring real inspiration
So I say—"God Bless You!"

To the many members who have sent me messages of welcome I offer this Poem:

THANK YOU!

Thank You! Though the words are few,
Gratitude they offer you
For inspiration given
Bringing a touch of heaven!

Thank You! In this simple speech
Much is told words cannot reach;
No eloquence, old or new,
Surpasses this—"I Thank You!"

Thank You! This I gladly say
To new friends upon Life's way
Let me add this message too—

X-PN 4827

#360

The Maple Leaf Review

Easter, 1952

#361

"M E X A N A'S B R E E Z E"

A U.A.P.A Publication

Apartado Postal #8-
San José del Cabo -
Baja California Sur
-M E X I C O-

April 195
Vol.1 #1-

Adriana de Zondyelo
-Hunter & Pecker -

Sandor Esterhazy
Pecker & Hunter-

San José del Cabo, Baja California Sur, Republic of Mexico, washed by the warm waters of the Sea of Cortéz, lies below the Tropic of Cancer on the 23rd parallel, at the very tip where the long arm of the Peninsula of Lower California clenches its fist.

The sun seems to burst out of the Gulf every morning and we never have any fog. The sky is a cobalt blue with wonderful cloud formations all around our valley and so far as the eye can see, one range of mountains rises above another. The temperature these days never goes below 75 at night and about 85 at noontime. We have had some soft April showers, but sometimes, during the months of September and October furious tropical hurricanes lash our shores.

The writer lives in a very old and very large stone house on the Cerro de las Chivas -Goat Hill to you!- with very high beamed ceilings to withstand the sizzling Summer heat. A very modern and very new toilet was installed especially for her (one of the very few in the village) but to flush it, she must pump and carry buckets of water from the well out in the yard.

There is no electric light on the Cerro de las Chivas, so, NOST romantically, she fills her lamps and trims the wicks every afternoon, and every night she cusses the danged things for sooting.

The houses of all her neighbors are made of bamboo, matting andmud with palm thatched roofs. An ordinary home usually consists of one large room where the family sleeps and a smaller one some ten feet away where cooking is done over a brazier which is made up of bricks and mortar and stands atop four, squatty hand-hewn poles, where either a charcoal or wood fire burns. Beside the brazier; the most valuable possession in the kitchen is the metate. A low, square, three-legged volcanic stone on which her people have ground their corn since time immemorial with the aid of a round, smooth, oblong stone called a mano. Cooking is done in ollas.

Everyone on Goat HIll owns a dog, (I do too and his name is Pichi). No matter how poverty-stricken a family may be, the pooch forms part and parcel of the household. If they eat he eats, if not, he follows them about forlornly as they scrounge around for food. It is not rare to have the stillness of the day broken by someone on the hill shouting "Whose so-and-so dog stole my meat?" and to see a skinny hound dragging a hunk of meat tearing down the path past her house and by the time the irate owner of the meat puffs down the hill, the dog has disappeared with his prize into the tall sugar cane fields across the road!

Every man sports a 26 inch blade on his belt which he uses as a tool constantly. However, the village has not had a murder in twenty years, in spite of the hot tempers.

There is no market place here, but we do have a town crier who goes around with a pair of horns on his head and a bushy cow tail attached to his rear. He stops at the intersections, wags the tail, prances about like a mad bull and shouts to all and sundry that señor so-and-so is going to slaughter an animal, where and what it will be. Thus we get our meat which is brought hanging on a piece of cactus fiber.

A.M.A.D.A.-
PUBLICACION-

Vol.1- #2

MAÑANA
San José del Cabo-
Baja California Sur
- M E X I C O -

June 1962

Adriana de Zordelo
- Hunter & Fisher

* *

San José del Cabo has not changed since I wrote you folks last April. We still tackle our problems --such as they are- with the proverbial shrug of the shoulders and the philosophical Mexican 'mañana'. My mother --who was a gypsy-- used to sing a little ditty to me as a child -

Live today...
Love today...
There's always mañana
For worries and tears...

While this may be escapism to modern, civilized man, it sure works! Of course, half of the time it is either 'fiesta' or 'fiesta' with me, but my gypsy heart knows that by some mysterious way I will be taken care of, and so... I shall keep on living and loving today and letting 'mañana' take care of the worries and tears IF and when they come!

I have one sad report to make: some joker gave the town crier a pair of pink, size fourteen unmentionables to advertise for Señora Charolito. He went to the village plaza and holding them gingerly aloft began hissing: "The Señora Charolito got these from the United States, they cost her ten dollars and she now wishes to sell them for one peso as they do not fit her." It so happens that the señora wears a size 52 and she is the wife of the local Comandante of the Police, so... our colorful town crier was run out of town not on a rail but sadly sitting on his patient gray burro. So scrounging for meat has now become my complex problem.

I began by asking everyone who passed up the road in the late afternoons where I could get meat. Everyone murmured 'Quién sabe' but finally I got the answer: "Ask for 'El Coyote'" is going to slaughter mañana, señora, but be very careful it is going to be very rare." And so he hurried up Goat Hill leaving me very puzzled, I was forced to yell, "But WHO the heck is 'El Coyote' and where does he live?" My man stopped a second and called back: "Go down the street where 'El Comedulce' (Candyeater) lives and when you come to the large huamuchil tree --not the dead one but the one that has flowers-- turn to the right and keep walking, you'll find him." I was left leaning on my fence and feeling very silly, but my tyrant hunger made me rise the following morning at five to walk up one street and down another stalking men carrying meat. Finally I locate 'El Coyote's' house and as I walk into the patio I see a large hide stretched out with a carcass in the middle and a fat man whacking at it. Meat getting is a man's job so I feel a little sheepish as all eyes turn towards me and find myself asking for one kilo of meat in a foolish, squeaky little voice which I do not recognize as my own permanent major's. The butcher wheels the carcass around the table and as he ties it with a piece of [illegible] he says, [illegible]

#303

THE MAN SAYS

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Edward F. Daas, Editor

550 North 19th Street

Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

Fiftysixth Talk April 1952

EASTER

The swirling shades of orchid hue
At evening's purple dusk
Are somber.

The shades of night fast settling down
Turn grey - grow dark as we
Remember.

The flame is gone. The coals grow dim,
Till all are black - like bleak
December.

Ah, then the dawn! Our Lord is Risen!
Rekindled hope restores
The ember.

The black of grief, assuaged through faith,
Then stirs at graying dawn
From slumber.

The swirling shades now turn to rose,
Faith, Hope, and Love remove
Grief somber.

Full dawn springs forth: Bright Easter morn!
Horizons gleam - though we
Remember.

Esther E. Spearrin

* * * * *

OF EASTER BONNETS

The 113th meeting of the Milwaukee Club was held March 21st at the Boehmes and I learned that I was in "Dutch" with some of our fair and usually very friendly members. No sooner had Margaret Lohr arrived when she pounced upon me (in a somewhat dignified way) and berated me for having called the hat she wore at Kay's as something "modest" when it actually was the most daring hat she had ever designed and that she purposely stood before me for at least fifteen minutes to see what effect it would have on me. Sorry, Margaret, but remember that I was sitting on a low seat with my-----cup of coffee and my ------ piece of that cake with the very gooey chocolate frosting so I really did not look higher than your smiling eyes and watching your pearly teeth while you were speaking to Josephine and me.

I thought I had appeased her when Marion Smith entered and immediately began "calling me down" for not having included her in my list of "designing women". She too, she wanted me to understand designed hats and told me to take a good look at the one she was then wearing! I looked thru my tearfilling eyes and beheld a small hat apparently made of woven shellacked wide noodles from which hung two or more meat balls. At least that was the way it looked to me. She looked good enough to eat! Guess I did not see right for even women would not make anything as useful as an edible hat.

I wonder if my description of their hats caused the mem-

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS
ASSOCIATION
PUBLICATION

#354

THE MAN SAYS

Edward F. Daas, Editor
550 North 19th Street
Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

FIFTYEIGHTH TALK

June 1952

X-PN 4827

ANNIVERSARY SONG

Ours is a kinship - deep, abiding, strong....
A unison of thoughts and souls;
We strive, with pen, to paint a masterpiece
Embodying perfection's goals.

Each Anniversary bears stronger proof
That unity has sown the seed
Which drives us, with an urgency that knows
No respite - WRITING is our need!

So, in our quest, we gird our dreams with faith,
Garlanded with star-dust shining
Through nights when slumber comes at dawn
In deference to thoughts, inspiring.

We sail on argosies through flaming days
And nights of suffused emotion;
Our songs and tales may be gay or bizarre,
Or brood to the depths of the ocean.

And so, one more year of true comradehip
Is closing for you and for me;
And I join in the tribute with a prayer...
God bless our U. A. P. C.!

-Margaret R. Lohr

May 17, 1952

THE MAN SAYS:

A 305

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

PUBLICATION

Edward F. Daas, Editor

550 North 19th Street

Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

Fiftyninth Talk July 1952

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

SHEER GRATITUDE

This is my own chosen country,
Indeed, I would have no other.
The free blue skies and fair green fields
Shared by men who call me brother.

In this, my adopted country,
Fear and slavery have no place.
Freedom roots deep in her soil
Shared by every creed and race.

Betty M. Tousch

* * * * *

SERIOUSLY SPEAKING

"What do you get out of Amateur Journalism? Why do you spend so much time on it?" These are the questions which relatives, friends and even members of the United ask me and I answer then that the many friends I have gained in my many years in the United are beyond price. You cannot set a cash value on real friendship because it is something that you cannot buy.

Ira Reely was the first Secretary of the United and I was the last member admitted that first year of this new organization of teenagers who wanted to become editors and authors. Casimir Geibel was the first Treasurer. He designed the official seal used in our printed papers and on the officers' stationery. These two are still on the membership list and have attended several of the recent conventions.

Since its organization in 1895 the United has had a most exciting career. A "split" in its early days lasted but a short time with both factions uniting for the common cause.

A second "plit" occurred after the 1905 Kansas City convention. A few political minded members bent on excitement, destroyed the proxy ballots, throwing the election on the convention floor. These politicians elected Davis, a "dark horse" and a nonentity, and defeating Henry Wehking and John W. Smith who had been the announced candidates. The convention elected me as Secretary and Milwaukee for 1906 convention city. Frank Murphy, the retiring Secretary refused to abide by the convention result and announced his count of the duplicate proxy ballots. This showed that I had received a majority vote of the proxy ballots too.
Murphy called for a mail-election which I protested, suggesting that the K. C. officers could be removed from office at the end of three months if they failed to live up to the activity requirements of the constitution then in force.

X-PN 4827

THE MAN SAYS

#366

Edward F. Daas
Editor
550 North 19th Street
Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

Sixtieth Talk

August 1952

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

X-PN 4827

LIFE'S SURPRISES

Success we never dreamed of,
A blessing all unsought:
In lonely hours a new friend came
And inspiration brought!

One gloomy day a radiant joy
To us was freely given:
Just when we needed it there came
A gift direct from Heaven!

And so we learned this lesson
In unexpected ways
God sends many a sweet surprise
To help us through the days!

William J. Thompson

* * * * *

MANY WERE CALLED

but only six showed up for the meeting of the MAPC at the Library on the first day of July. Some probably thought that it was just too hot to be indoors while others were off on vacations. And so they missed one of the most instructive meetings we have ever had. After the usual signing of greeting and birthday cards Bertha read her account of the previous meeting. Ella read a story which received brief criticism and then Margaret Larson had a story on the theme "It Might Have Been". She told us that it was the first draft and wanted a lot of criticism and suggestions. Margaret is one of those rare writers who can give and take criticism and this time she was on the receiving end of it. She received plenty help from the others. Whether it was that we sat closer together or because there were so few of us, each one joined in the discussion which lasted about an hour. We have developed a number of critics in the club and Irma has made the greatest progress in this part of our work. It is too bad that we did not have a recording machine that night for it was a most instructive meeting. Now, Margaret, please rewrite that story soon.

A COMEDY OF ERRORS

was the 120th meeting of the club which was held at Marion Smith's home on July 26th. We usually hold the house meetings during the third week of the month. Marion was not sure about the evening so when Bertha told me she had decided on Saturday, I marked THAT day (the 19th) on the calendar and told a few others about the date. Bertha usually mails the notices and directions about five days before a meeting so when the postcard came I did not notice the date and would have gone to Marion's that Saturday. A phone call saved me from that trip and I hope that nobody went to that far-away place that Saturday night. "East is East and West is West" but Marion hasn't

THE MAN SAYS

#307

Edward F. Daas, Editor

550 North 19th Street

Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

Sixtyfirst Talk

September 1952

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

X-PN 1827

ELECTION RESULTS

For President:	
George A. Boehme	186
For First Vice-President:	
G. Wallace Tibbetts	126
T. G. Mauritzen	37
Lawrence Doucette	28
For Second Vice-President:	
Belle S. Mooney	95
Marie Hand	34
Mary Mahoney	30
Edith M. Ericson	28
For Official Editor:	
Wilfried Myers	100
Asa P. Colby	76
For 1953 Convention Seat:	
Milwaukee, Wisconsin	184
For the Amendment:	
Yes	107
No	24

The number of ballots cast in this election without a campaign of any kind for any of the candidates is a most encouraging sign of the interest the members displayed. We extend our thanks to all of you who took time out to vote. We hope that the new Executive Board which consists of George A. Boehme, G. Wallace Tibbetts, Belle S. Mooney, Edward F. Daas, Grace S. Moss, Wilfried Myers, and Wm. Wallace Ellis (Chairman of the Board) will get the same co-operation received from you

The amendment changing the convention dates was adopted. The dates will be announced in the near future and will NOT be earlier than July 6th nor later than July 26th. The program as already planned will include a Literary Forum at the Milwaukee Historical Society Building on Thursday evening; a buffet dinner party at Pabst Blue Ribbon Hall on Friday evening, an Alumni luncheon on Saturday noon; the annual banquet on Saturday evening; and an auto trip into our beautiful lake country on Sunday.

It is not too early for you to plan your attendance at what we hope to make the biggest and best convention in the United's history. Will you come?

The first session of the Los Angeles convention was held on Thursday, August 28th at 8 P.M. The Secretary, Edward F. Daas, as the highest ranking officer present acted as Chairman at all the sessions. He appointed

THE MAN SAYS

#368

Edward F. Daas, Editor

550 North 19th Street

Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

SIXTYSECOND TALK OCTOBER 1952

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

X-PN 4827

DREAMER'S VACATION

I have dreamed long
And believed
That you were everything:
The sun, the stars, the moon--
That you were enchantment,
And music.
I believed you loved me
Above all else.
I dreamed!
Now, beholding reality,
I see you as you are--
Only to discover
That all my dreams are true.

Marie Hand

WESTWARD HO!

The sun shone brightly when I left Milwaukee for the long trip to the Los Angeles convention on August 19th. At the first stop I phoned Lillian Dolin for a few minutes chat.

My next stop was at Denver and since the bus was forty-five minutes late and Hilda Karre who had become anxious about the delay, calmed down enough to enjoy her dinner. I could not believe my eyes when she told me that she was on a diet. Can that gal eat! Slow eater that I am, I had to wait for her to finish her dinner.

Then on to Elitch's Gardens to see "Her Cardboard Lover". A summer stock company has been playing at Elitch's for sixtytwo years! In the nineties, Eleanor Robson came from this company to join the Salisbury Stock Company at the Davidson Theatre in Milwaukee. Ever since then I have wanted to see this theatre. I supposed that there was some kind of a garden connected with the theatre on account of its name, but was not prepared for the fairyland it proved to be. It is also an amusement park but not the garish kind we are accustomed to, instead subdued lighting on clean wellkept buildings surrounded by many beautiful gardens with flowers of various colors. Statues, shrubs and trees combine to make this a beauty spot no tourist should miss. During the intermissions at the theatre, we strolled through the gardens when suddenly I saw a Hilda who had lost in height but gained in width. I was about to lecture her on watching her diet when I realized that it was only her reflection in a large trick mirror. After that we had to try all the mirrors in the park and scream at the distortions.

After a few hours of sleep I was at the bus depot early next morning to make another dream come true, a trip to Pikes Peak. The ascent was in sunshine but the Peak itself was in the clouds so could not see the surrounding

THE MAN SAYS

5

Edward F. Daas, Editor
550 North 19th Street
Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

#719

Sixtythird Talk

November 1952

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

POETRY

If it makes you smile or weep;
If it makes your senses leap;
If it sings your heart to sleep -
It's poetry.

If it makes you laugh or cry,
Hum a tune, or breathe a sigh;
If it bids your soul-wings fly -
It's poetry.

If it summons you to prayer,
Lures you far away from care;
Term it precious, call it rare -
It's poetry.

Frances Lois Vaughn

AND SO ON.....

After the adjournment of the first session of the UAPA convention the Resolutions Committee adjourned to a committee room and worked long on their report. Sandor Esterhazy, a man of few words and exceptionally quiet, apparently without any thought of the expense of linotyping, paper and the printing cost, was the author of the book-length set of resolutions which appear in the current official organ. Poor Marvin Sanford who did the printing had to take a two weeks rest at Boyes Springs and Velta had to go with him in order to see that he took it easy. One of the many records made at the Los Angeles convention was this, the longest set of resolutions ever passed at a United convention.

And while Sandor was silently taking notes as the women, mostly Irma, were telling him what to write, the Elections Committee was counting ballots until long after midnight. Additional work piled on the committee were the ballots of members who wrote in names of members they had not nominated when nominations were called for. If such members had to stay up hours to count ballots they would be cured of this needless write-in voting. All the officers were elected on the first ballot, the convention city chosen and the amendment adopted.

The next morning the convention tackled all its problems. Reports from nearly all of the officers were read, the resolutions adopted and the result of the balloting announced. A new member asked about the objects of the United and the Alumni. This brought in a sane and interesting discussion in which nearly every member joined. There were no attacks upon anyone's character, no shouting or name-calling; just a questioning and answering in a quiet manner. A committee was appointed to confer with a similar committee of the Alumni to discuss means and methods of effecting a better understanding between the two associations. Jane Bare, Esther Spearrin and Sandor Esterhazy were appointed on the committee to represent the UAPA.

November 1952

#370

THE MAINE-IAC

Number Two

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Esther M. Spearrin, Editor, Route 2, Albion, Maine

HER HISTORIAN'S REPORT:

Papers published during the year: The Chatterbox, Ellisonian Echoes, The Mail Pouch, The Man Says, Presidential Paragraphs (12 issues each); Old Eagle Eye, Relatively Speaking (11 issues each); Blooming Creations, Newsletter, Who (10 issues each); Dutch News, Smoke Rings, Words (9 issues each); Boys Herald, Freedom - Equality, Old Oaken Bucket, This Month, (8 issues each); The Cornerstone, The Dispatch, Garden Symphony, Observations, Seattle Amateur (7 issues each); The Floridian, The Jersey Jingle Belles, The Poetry Hour, Tip-Top Varieties, The Traveler (6 issues each); Duet, Stars, (5 issues each); Los Angeles Weekly Newsance, Muriel Wood's Paper, Yours Truly (4 issues each); Ampersand, Hoosier Scrapbook, Keys, Maple Leaf Review, Poems and Remarks, Re-Discovery, San Francisco Evening Lamp, Tidings, (3 issues each); The Ambassador, The Chaplain, Editorial Guidance Bulletin, Grass Roots, The Jersey Journalist, New Voices in Poetry, Pats, Inc., U. A. P. A. Revelator, Rime House, Star Lance (2 issues each); Ajay Graphic, An Analysis, Appreciation, Brookside Chronicles, Chief, Comment, The Chicago Letter, The Findlay Falchion, Friendly Thoughts, Gosh!, The Joy Bearer, The Keyhole, The Maine-iac, Mañana's Breeze, A Match, Offerings, Shady Acres Sampler, Sycamore, Three Cheers, Tiot Jott (1 issue each).

Received under separate mail have been the bi-monthly Equalitarian Bulletin, (6 issues), The United Amateur (2 issues), Jumbo (5 cards), and an issue of Shower of Roses.

There have been many lovely folders, cards, booklets, Louis Cohen's book marker, and songs in the Bundle. Many are shown under the list of individuals' contributions, and literary work in the Bundle. Though I've worked carefully it is human to err, so I hope you will bear with me where you may find omissions and errors. This report is being given that we might know where we have gone, what we have done, and to strive for an even better year for the U. A. P. A. in this one; and is respectfully submitted.

MEMBERS' INDIVIDUAL EFFORTS, Their publications, and works found in publications other than their own, through August 1952 follows on the next page.

X-PN 4827

Easter Greetings

A371

from
GEORGE A. BOEHME 2628 NO. RICHARDS ST., MILWAUKEE 12, WIS.
EDITOR OF

APRIL 1952

THE MAILPOUCH

VOL. 5 - A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION - NO. 7

EASTER MESSAGE

The significance of Easter escapes so many of us. In simple words it means, "beginning again". It is kin to Spring. Things that seemed so dead but a few weeks ago have inherited new life. The barren trees - starting to dress in emerald green - the dead and not so long ago frozen soil now a fresh warm bed for sprouting plants and green grass. Birds we haven't seen for months are here again- caroling the news of a new start on life. That must be the reason for their joy and song. Even man-who during the cold, dead Winter just plodded on has taken on a new lease on life. He finds that he likes his fellow man and a realization that love is not dormant for his fancies turn in that direction. Or if he truly loves the great outdoors a strong desire to visit his favorite fishing spot may be strong within him. And a no small urge to shed our Winter garments and step into our new Spring clothes is common to all of us. Yes! Easter means Spring and Spring means to begin again. So when again we are on the road to a new start, let us choose a way of life that will reward us at least here below with a true sense of happiness. Let us not stay entombed with selfish motivations, with greedy desires to enhance ourselves at the expense of others. Let us rise, as did Jesus, to glory and eternal salvation.

The Christian holds to his faith and believes that the Son of God died for the remission of our sins-taking the burden of our transgressions in the form of a cross to Calvary to be crucified. But as he promised he rose again on Easter Sunday morn -and after a short stay ascended in glory to God and eternity.

So now being Spring let us all rise to the pinnacle of real living-begin again- and forget the troubled past- so full of error and regret. That is the real Easter message and when its time for God to harvest let the grain be fully ripe and the fruit wholesome.

NO. 4225 A-C PRESS LITHO IN U.S.A.

THE MAIL POUCH

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

VOLUME 5 JULY 1952 NUMBER 10

GEORGE A.BOEHME, EDITOR
2028 No.RICHARDS STREET
MILWAUKEE 12, WISCONSIN

"THE POWER OF THE MAIL"

'with apologies to no one' .....

****

This is the sad, sad story of the guy who wrote so many letters to a dame that she fell in love with the mail man. Maybe the guy lacked sex appeal. May be that he wore the wrong colored tie or used the wrong type of hair dressing. Or perhaps his proboscis(long tinted a deep shade of red) had no business(in her estimation) cuddlin' close in amorous affection to her own dainty little smeller. We've seen some of the guy's letters. He just didn't do a good selling job. His handwriting had to be deciphered by Army Intelligence and his English was straight from Ebbets Field, Bleacher Section D, Row 17. And his stationery should have been used to wrap up his lunch. So it is no wonder that the guy must shed tears of despair and spend what might be 'love-makin' hours listenin' to discs on his Master's Voice or the latest episode of Goitie and Foidenant, on the 'soup can' hours, while Ulysses Simpleton Post (sans mail bag and postage due stamps) is tripping a gay round number or botching up the proper routine in a square dance with the dizzy dame.

How this little tale, so sad, so true has a wee bit of a moral. A moral that applies to a lot of people, you and I can well apply the lesson therein to our very selves. And that moral is this: -

"When you write pay a little attention to component details ...layout, copy, composition, choice of words, yes even stationery. Have something definite and worthwhile in mind when you convey your message, come to the point and use the quickest means to get it across. Was your effort worth while? Did your writing that article, story, poem, essay or letter really interest the reader? Or did you just take up his or her time? More and more people are "falling in love" with the mail man and that is no one's fault but our own for not estimating the Power of Good Mail."

AUGUST 1952

VOL. 5 NO. 11

GEORGE A. BOEHME,
(EDITOR)
2628 NO. RICHARDS ST.
MILWAUKEE 12, WIS.

A
UNITED AMATEUR
PRESS ASSOCIATION
PUBLICATION

****

THE PIGEON IN EASTERN CANADA.

by
R.S. CRAGGS
25 McMILLAN AVE.,
WEST HILL, ONTARIO,
CANADA

As an indication of the increasing warmness of Canada's climate in recent years a Toronto meteorologist gave as one of the signs the nesting of the Mourning Dove in Southern Ontario. The newspaper item added that "a few years ago they never came north of Connecticut".

I do not know whether the weather-man or the reporter was at fault in this news-item but I do know that the Mourning Dove has been a Canadian resident for a great many more years than I have. In "The Natural History of the Toronto Region" published before World War 1, it is listed as "summer resident, not common; breeds." The late Jack Miner describes this pigeon as "very rare" when he first came to Canada in 1878. (He later recorded 100 nests found on one acre).

Despite Miner's observations the Mourning Dove is not a gregarious bird. It does not nest in colonies; it does not usually travel in large flocks but does travel in small flocks in its winter range. This solitary habit is believed to be the reason for its continued existence as that other well-known member of the family, the Passenger Pigeon, which nested in colonies, is now extinct. The Mourning Dove only lays two eggs but nests several times in a season. The nest is indifferently constructed of sticks and is usually in a tree but may be on the ground, particularly in regions where trees are scarce. In Ontario this bird usually begins nesting in April but in southern regions of the U.S.A

#374

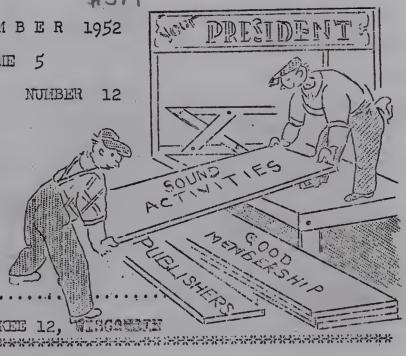
X-PN 4827

THE MAIL POUCH

SEPTEMBER 1952

VOLUME 5

NUMBER 12



-A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION-

GEORGE A.BOEHME, EDITOR
2620 NO. RICHARDS ST., MILWAUKEE 12, WISCONSIN

THE PRESIDENCY--A CHALLENGE

As we look back over the years in United history, one will find as a whole that the organization had been ably led. The few exceptions we might cite are today of negligible value and of little consequence. We did have in the two last years very efficient and enthusiastic leaders to guide the destinies and sustain the welfare of our organization. If your newly elected President can in some small degree match the efforts and accomplishments of his two former predecessors than shall we say, he accepted the challenge and has also been a good President.

So, as we take up the falchion and bravely endeavor to warrant the confidence of all who have in fact bestowed that honor to me, we fully realize that a job has to be done.

We shall not make any promises to be kept or to be broken or forgotten. But always we shall try to promote Sound Activities, endeavor always to retain a Good Membership(not only in number but also as to character and ability) and last but not the least concerted effort over the months to promote the Publishing and Literary Efforts of the membership. In this later effort lies the crux of any good Amateur Press Association. Of course all current and other essential matters that effect the welfare of our association shall have our attention and quite frankly I promise that in those instances they shall have unbiased and true cooperative consideration.

Looking over the roster of officials for the coming year I see that a wise Destiny has guided your choice. I feel that I shall have wise and efficient council and aid. And I am sure that all the other officers, committees and the membership at large will be with me throughout the year in my endeavor for "A Common Sense Administration".

So as we take up our duties and we do so with the desire in heart that your prayers for a good, common sense handling of affairs be in effect.

Hats off to the past! But let us all roll up our sleeves and do the job ahead of us. In unity we can do a good one. And that counts you in.

GEORGE

VOLUME 6 NUMBER 1 OCTOBER 1952

#375

The Mail Pouch

"A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION"

GEORGE A.BOEHME, EDITOR 2628 NO.RICHARDS ST., MILWAUKEE 12, WISCONSIN

THE CLIFF SWALLOW

By R.S.CRAGGS 25 McMILLAN AVE., WEST HILL, ONT., CANADA

Over twenty years ago an old log cabin stood on an abandoned farm in central Manitoba. The doors were gone, the ceiling was gone (if there ever was any) and swallows flew in and out through the empty windows. I do not know if it had been a house or a barn but sometimes in summer a farmer would fill it with hay and the slats which still held plaster adhered to its outside walls. It was not a big building but looking up from inside it looked high (to a ten-year-old) and I remember that its length was equivalent to slightly more than fifty Cliff Swallow nests placed closely together. These were built under the eaves, fifty on one side of the building and fifty on the other. There may have been a few Barn Swallow nests on the inside walls but I remember well only the Cliff Swallows, my first experience with birds that nest in colonies.

The number of species of swallows native to Canada is seven and, to the best of my knowledge, there are only the same number in the U.S.A. With the exception of the Violet-green Swallow (found on the west coast) all species are found in Ontario but the Cliff Swallow is not plentiful in the Toronto region. Despite its name the Cliff Swallow often nests under eaves and is known as "eave" swallow in some regions. In the far west of our continent it is often a cliff dweller, however, nesting not in burrows, as does the Bank Swallow, but building its mud nest on the cliff face. Tavener notes the interesting fact that, though even trained naturalists cannot distinguish difference between one location and another, when rains come the nests are found to be on dry spots, often the only dry spots for miles.

Though the nest of the Cliff Swallow may be saucer or cup-shaped, at the height of its art it continues building to produce a flask or gourd-shaped structure with "neck" pointing outward. The entrance is, therefore, in the side while that of the Barn Swallow is at the top. Both species, of course, build their nests of mud lined with hay or feathers. The five to seven eggs are white with reddish-brown spots.

The backs of both species are steel-blue (described by some ornithologists as steely-black). The chestnut front of the Cliff Swallow does not extend all the way down but ends in white; it has a tan rump-spot not found in the Barn Swallow; the band across its forehead is almost white instead of reddish. At a distance too great to determine color its blunt tail may be contrasted with the deeply-forked one of the Barn Swallow.

BORN.....OCT.28,1875: GILBERT HOVEY GROSVENOR, GEOGRAPHER, EDUCATOR, EDITOR OF THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE 1903- -?

12

THANKSGIVING Issue of THE MAIL POUCH

VOLUME 6 NUMBER 2

NOVEMBER 1952

"A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION"

GEORGE A.DOLHIE, EDITOR 2628 NO.RICHARDS ST., MILWAUKEE 12, WISCONSIN

THE MANUSCRIPT BUREAU

The United Amateur Press Association is fortunate indeed in having the services of Arthur H. Farmer, P.O.Box 298, Brownsville, Tennessee guiding and handling the affairs of the Manuscript Bureau this year.

The purpose of the Bureau is to receive manuscripts and pass them on to those publishers of papers who may ask for certain types of literary efforts of our membership who have contributed them. It is not the intention of the association to collect promiscuously or to dispense the manuscripts haphazardly. If a few valuable rules are followed the Bureau will be one of the most popular and an asset to the association.

Author and publisher should first fill their needs by direct contact with another. That way the Manuscript Bureau will not become cluttered with an overstock of manuscripts.

Authors should at all times write or type on one side of their paper only. The lines should be double-spaced, and a margin of from 1½" to 2" all around their copy. Postage in sufficient amount should be included when sending in copy to enable the Manuscript Bureau Chairman to forward copy to Publisher of a United Paper or for its return if that is desired in the event it is not placed during the year. It is not fair to impose a monetary burden on our Manuscript Bureau and for that reason include postage.

Many members who do not have the facilities to do their own publishing but who would like to get a paper into the Bundle can get in touch with either Mr. Farmer, Mr.Daas or myself. If the desirous publisher does not have enough copy for his or her contemplated paper, no doubt a selection can be gotten from the Bureau, from the Secretary or myself.

The Bundle is the Life Line of our organization. In the final analysis it is the product we as a united group have produced throughout the year. Here is reflected the results of the Officers, Chairmen, Editors, Publishers, Authors and Contributors to the welfare of the association.

The Manuscript Bureau can be the prime factor in promoting good literary effort and I am sure that on my staff of assistants, Mr. Arthur H. Farmer will also prove to be all we may ask in that direction. Aid him in all ways possible, help make his task an enjoyable one. Your commonsense contacts with the Bureau will help much to have it function in an orderly fashion. Remember when writing the Bureau that you state your wants briefly, plainly and truthfully. If you get copy from the bureau and do not use, send it back to him immediately, for it may be just the type or sort of copy someone else would want and publish.

George

#377 X-PN4827

5 - AUG 10
Copy 1955

Smoky Reflections

Fort Johnson, N. Y. : : June 12, 1955

Being the account of wanderings
of an itinerant type-scrambler
deserting the Naugatuck River
to go cruising down the Mohawk

X-FN 4827 H578

Minn. note

This isn't an amateur paper. It is simply a note from a guy that has a little type, a few supplies, and a 3x5 hand press that prints a surface 2" by 1". Can't anyone help me find a larger one?

As I set this up (Feb. 8th) the temperature outside is 10 below and it isn't exactly warm here in the basement either.

As I have said many times before, my private collection will eventually become THE UPPER MIDWEST AJ LIBRARY.

This typograhical monstrosity has been handset in 8 and 12 pt. Bernhart Gothic Medium type by Larry Notman, Franklin, Minnesota for the NAPA. Printed by the Franklin Tribune.

The Monthly Herald

TINY THINGS

As a guy looks thru his monthly bundle he discovers that there isn't a "HOBO". I know a remedy for this just shake your bundle a little and out pop's a sheet of paper. Most generally it takes a magnifying glass to read it.

You find a lot of good material on such a small sheet and say look who's writin' it.

NOTICE.- Don't let this discourage YOU Paine.

"Herald" a monthly or BUST. "BUST"

X-PN 4827

without ceremony. The War Government (in England) began quite well. Goods were what they wanted, and they knew very well that the money in proportion to the goods wanted was not in existence, either to be borrowed or taxed from the nation. They also knew that real wealth was there in the capacity for service and production. There was no waiting allowed. They printed their tokens! The fence of gold restrictions vanished overnight. That is how they got their "Treasury Notes". The whole necessities of the war could have been served by these Treasury Notes, without loan, debt, or interest charge whatsoever.

But, so deep-seated is the conception of wealth-in-itself with regard to money, that this proceedure outraged "finance", and there was invented the War Loan. That is where "sound finance" stepped in. Sound finance is nothing more or less than insistence upon the wealth-in-itself conception of money, with the strict adherence to the accounting methods which support that conception. The established method of issuing money by private privilege could not be so lightly thrown overboard! Dear, no! So the money powers printed INTEREST BEARING BONDS!

The banks, of course, well knew that there was not one thousandth part of the necessary money existing to buy the bonds. So what? After a mere fraction of the bonds had been purchased by the real money available (brought and paid for by private accounts in banks transferred to the Government in return for the bonds), the banks notified everybody possessing credit—and especially all the great insurance companies and financial houses, that if they would take up larger amounts of the "loan" than their own available credit would cover, the banks would "advance" them the necessary additional credit, up to as much as 80 per cent of what they might decide to apply for.

The banks held the bonds (of ccurse) thus taken up, as security for the overdrafts. For this service the banks would charge one per cent less interest than the interest the nation would pay to the bondholder, who would thus make a profit of 1 per cent without having to provide any money!

At this point, you will begin to understand something about "sound finance". The great bulk of the War Loan was taken up under this arrangement, a bulk far in excess of all existing money!

You must not fall into the error of supposing that the banks really "advanced" this credit to the investors in War Loans. It was a "bank credit" which had no previous existence—new money which had to be created at the source without value received to society, no more in the possession of the banks than in the possession of the investors. This credit was immediately transferred to the Government (to which it really belonged in the first place), leaving things thus:

The Government with a "bank credit" against which it drew checks, paid contractors, and got the national work going on the required scale; an obligation to tax its citizens for generations to come for repaying face amount of the bonds and interest; a bank credit fictitiously lent to the bank by investors, but actually created by the bank without cost to itself, as the Government could quite simply have done for itself.

The Investor, with a large overdraft, nominal ownership of bonds held by the bank as collateral, and the happy prospect of getting 1 per cent per annum for nothing, so long as the banks permitted the overdrafts to stand! As a matter of fact, 70 per cent of the bonds were quickly seized from "investors" and became the "property" of the issuing bank.

The bank itself with both an overdraft claim against the investor and a Government bond, on which the taxpayers would pay annual interest and for whose ultimate total repaying in actual cash a sinking fund would be provided, also payable from taxation.

The Taxpayer Citizen, with the obligation of meeting every real payment involved in the whole transaction out of real earnings, plus the fictitious burden of private profits in the transaction; and the privilege of knowing that the obligation would be handed down to his children and grandchildren, with "sound finance" exhorting him unceasingly on the duty of economizing and the blessed-

MY TWO CENTS:

NORBERT A. MARCINIAK
Vol. I 328 North 35th Street No. I
Milwaukee 8, Wisconsin

"P E A C E O N E A R T H;
G O O D W I L L T O M E N"

Peace on Earth; Good Will to Men! How often have we heard this phrase . . . especially at Yuletide time. To some of us, it is monotonous; to others it is only practiced and used ONLY during a certain period.

All of us pray, in our own way, that "Peace on Earth" will be a reality forever and ever instead of a few years at a time. At this moment, we do hope that the future war will never come. We do hope that all the leaders of every country on this earth will settle their differences peacefully in the United Nations assembly. BUT . . . in order to get our prayers answered that the world will be at peace, we must practice to settle our petty differences amongst ourselves to demonstrate to our leaders how to accomplish this. By this, I mean also within the U.A.P.A.

"Oh! What is he talking about?" someone will say. "Are there any differences within our U.A.P.A.?"

Sorry to say, but it is too true! In order to clarify this matter, let me try to illustrate a few examples with as few names mentioned as possible.

To begin, I personally believe that our last election of officers have been a good choice of persons whom we all believed could fulfill the offices to the best of their ability. Any personal disagreement should be overlooked during the selection of new officials. What everyone should really do is study each candidate very carefully and decide who is more suited for any office the nominee is seeking. After the choice is made, the ballots cast, then we should accept the new chosen person, be it the personal nominee or the opponent. Next on the agenda should be the congratulations extended to the winners, and a hearty handshake with a kind word of sympathy to the defeated. After that, let the business continue without any further discord about the election.

Let us remember, that it is a very brave man who acknowledged defeat, and still insists on working with the organization to assist in promoting good fellowship and therefore raise the standards of the group.

In our beautiful country, the American people have a precious right, whereby they have every opportunity to cast their vote by ballot for their own choice of individuals best suited for whatever office they seek. In the case where the choice has been defeated, the elector does not sulk in the corner and think that the world is against him. Instead, hands are extended for best wishes and insists on being permitted to help with whatever may come. This is what made this country what it is today.

Supposing the defeated candidate went around the country belittling the newly elected officials, what opinion would you have of the mentality of the loud-mouth. Right! You would have very little to do with such a person. Not to jump the guns, I believe that this is what is happening within our organization.

H382

X-PN 4827

THE MAPLE LEAF REVIEW

by

Helen E. Middleton, 29 Langarth St., London, Ontario, Canada

(A United Amateur Press Association Publication)

Issue I

GREETINGS FROM CANADA! As a brand-new member of your thriving and active organization, I am bringing you my first effort, in the hope that throughout the months to come I may provide some measure of amusement, help or hope to other amateur writers in your vast country.

To begin with, don't you agree that writers are the most fortunate of mortals? Suppose your surroundings are drab; your relatives complain; outdoors it is dull and dismal. . .What d'you do? Surrender to the prevailing gloom? Maybe, if you haven't discovered the magic "out" of writing, in which case all I can suggest is that you take it up at once. However, if you are a writer. . .ah! THAT is a different matter. For now you sit down at your machine and close your eyes and embark on a rollicking little story about a freckled-faced youth in a small town who loves the banker's daughter, and only gets to deliver the groceries. Or about a genial old tramp who enlivens the hobo jungles from coast to coast with his whimsical tales. Or a wallowing steamer off Sable Island, with the engines down and the captain ill, signalling frantically for help that somehow doesn't come. A few minutes of this, and you're away. . .Let it snow; let Aunt Tabitha moan about her pet corn, let the beans burn and Junior scald himself. . .you're saved by the magic of a machine, spurred on by active brains and by emotions kept alert always to the needs of others. You know how it is. We all know, we who are writers, or want to be. . .

May I say thanks no end to all those who have so generously welcomed me to the organization? I did appreciate your thoughtfulness! To prove it, I hereby offer autographed copies of my book of poems, DRUMBEATS THROUGH YOUR DREAMS for 50¢, postpaid, to members of the U.A.P.A., $1.00 regular price to others. Here is a sample of the material:

Toni

Eyes like sapphires,
Hair like silk;
Mouth like coral,
Skin like milk;

Worth a ransom,
Virgin gold;
Heaven's hostage
--Two years old.

And now, in closing, good luck and good writing to one and all!

REFLECTIONS ON SAN JOSE DEL CABO

#383

X-PN

In walking down its main street the impression is stamped on me that here is a movie set which outdoes Hollywood. It is only the addition in recent months of electric lights om the main streets of the town, which desecrates the Mexican scene as would be pictured fifty years ago. The brick walls, with the outside plaster peeling in spots are weatherbeaten with age. The houses built like fortresses, the quiet, almost peopless streets, give one the impression that Zapata or Villa are about to ride in with their followers.

While the houses in the center of the town are of brick and stone, walking down the side streets one finds that the roofs start to be thatched with palm leaves. A block or two away we find whole cottages of bamboo and palm leaves. These are apparently easy to make, except for the skill if takes to interweave them to make them waterproof, and for the proper time for cutting during the month to make them pestproof.

San José del Cabo, a few years ago had a population of eight thousand. Today less than two thousand live here. The deserted thatched huts are easy prey to the elements and the tenantless brick and stone houses stand as deserted sentinels of a bygone age.

The peoples of San José del Cabo never recovered from the first assault on their way of life by the Padres. They have not forgotten their aborigine past and in their remembering and yearning for their past Eden that have been ground in the millstone of succeeding disasters.

The Patrones came after the friars, then recently the land was distributed to the people, who could compromise with a social church or the social production of the Patrones, but when given land individually their social traditions came into conflict with their individual interests. Under such grindings a peoples must of necessity find surcease in either escape to another culture or find euthanasia in decadence. San Jose del Cabo is a study in decadence, a study of a peoples caught in the grindings of time.

On March 21 -the first day of Spring- no one works and all the stores are closed. Even the schools are empty. There is no celebration or dancing on the streets. There is a stoic insistence that on this day they will not toil. On this day a hushed defiance pervades the air. For over three hundred years this day has been preserved despite all attemps to eliminate it. The Padres thundered against it and the Patrones used the whip to no avail. What is still more remarkable, the peoples have even withstood the ridicule of their intellisencia theschool teachers, whom they respect. On this day the priests ring the church bells as usual, but on this day the people pray in their heart for a past epoch, an Eden remembered in this way.

The dead are buried at eventide. The ceremony lasts all day and only as the sun shows signs of setting, do the mourners place the coffin upon their shoulders and lead a silent procession to the cemetery. They arrive at the burial place at

#384

THE MAN SAYS

SELF-RELIANCE

You are looking around for a helping hand?
There's but one you are likely to charm,
In the most likely place in the whole of the land:
It's right there at the end of YOUR arm.
Faith Mary Oemig

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Published by Edward F. Daas, 550 North 19th Street, Milwaukee 3, Wis.

MY HANDS ARE EMPTY

My hands are empty
At my feet
Fragments of a shattered Dream.

You ask me
To stoop ---
Gather up

Lies
Broken Promises
Judas Kisses

Sprinkle them with Star Dust
Rainbow Mist
My Heart's Blood

And mold them
Into a Thing
You would call Love.

I cannot stoop ---
And so
My Hands are empty.
Irma Reitci

* * * * *

MY FRIEND IRMA

When the post-man brought the above poem I was in a quandary. Had our Chatterbox grown sentimental? Spring is on the calendar and not in the air for we have blizzards and cold weather. I have seen a lone robin who looked just as out of place as our Chatterbox getting into a poetic mood. I am not sure whether it is poetry for when I went to school in the final decade of the last century there were rules which had to be followed; meter and rhye especially, and lines began with capital letters. These rules evidently have been discarded along with long underwear. Now when I see lines---some with a a solitary syllable while other lines sprawl across the entire page, I think it must be poetry. Once to tease me our Margaret Lohr composed a poem with such long lines I had to rent a special length typewriter to copy it.

Or was it Irma's plea to have her empty hands filled? Emptied by her own generosity. When Irma is not talking she is giving. No, that's wrong, for in that case her hands would never empty for she has a reputation as a talker and she lives up to it. But she has co-ordinated her senses so that she can talk, give and do, just stopping long enough for air. She is generous to a fault and will give you the shirt off her back--but she'll NOT iron yours.

When she wrote about shedding inhibitions I did not know just what she meant and thought it had something to do with reducing. After seeing the sylphlike picture of her in Willametta's paper, I became scared and hastened to her house. But there she was just as pleasantly plump as ever. She was ALL there! A little here and perhaps a little too much there, but no matter how much there is, we all love every little pound of My Friend Irma.

#335

Published for the United
Amateur Press Association
Edward F. Daas, Editor
550 North Nineteenth Street
Milwaukee 3 — Wisconsin

THE MAN SAYS

We are cooking up some good things for you for the annual convention on August 31st, September 1st, 2nd and 3rd. If you will come to enjoy tem you'll never forget them; if you do not come, you'll always regret it. Delegates to the 1948 Milwaukee convention all agreed it was the best they ever attended. We can assure you that you will say the same about the 1950 event! A Writers' Forum; a dinner party in Pabst Blue Ribbon Hall-a banquet at the Pfister Hotel-an auto trip and a beach party all crowded in a few days.

X-PN 4927

Forgive you? Oh, Darling
You know that I do!
And you know that I know
I must ask it of you!

Forgive me? Oh, Darling
I know that you do!
And I know that you know
I expect it of you!
Mabel Gould

- - - - -

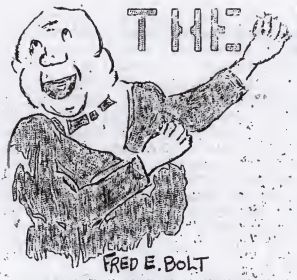
When I received the above in a recent batch of mail I was at a Loss just what to make of it. Did she intend it for an entry in the "Forgiveness" contest or was she in a sentimental mood? Where had I failed that she should forgive me? As for me, I have forgiven her a long time ago, the nerve-wracking experiences of deciphering her epistles. Mabel is so ambitious! She wants to go to the Vocational School this Fall to take a Writing Course! Good for you, Mabel! When you have completed the course, all of us will be able to read your penmanship!

One evening, Irma, Percy and I called on Mabel. Enthroned on a chaise-longue, the Empress held court. But, poor me, I had no opportunity to get into the conversation! Such chattering! Next time I'll go alone.

Chicago has its yegg-men--Milwaukee, a safer city, has its egg-men---men who deliver fresh eggs direct to the home. With all this talk of egg diets, I don't pretend to keep up with all the schemes our ladies HATCH up, but it does seem strange that Ethel should tell me that her egg-man had left too many eggs that day and would I take some. I did and thought no more about it until a few days later---the same thing happened at Irma's. Was there something sinister in their actions? Or were they leftovers from the Army Egg diet? When I came home from Irma's I left the eggs on the table. Early the next morning I was awakened by a chirping noise and behold there were nine fluffy little chicks!

When you get your Rainbow Bundle, don't throw out the pink paper should you think it an advertisement for Lydia Pinkham Pills for Pale People. No, it is My Friend Irma's Chatterbox. If you feel blueit'll put you in the pink.

#386



THE MAN SAYS

Edward F. Daas, Editor

550 North 19th Street

Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

Fiftieth Talk - October

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS

ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

TO A DAUGHTER

First comes the baby -
  all pink and white.
You were sure of a daughter,
  and see, you were right!
Relations look doubtful,
  but then in their joy,
Decide they won't change
  for a "silly old boy".
You have ruffles to iron,
  and straight hair to curl,
But what do you care?
  You have your sweet girl.
Then she grows older,
  strong, straight and tall
And you know in your heart
  that she is your all.
A life from your life
  begins to unfold
And your cup overflows
  with blessings untold.

Dorothy M. Jacobsen

* * * * *

CONVENTION AFTERMATH

"I love the acquaintance of young people, because, in the first place, I don't like to think myself growing old. In the next place, young acquaintances must last longest, if they do last; and then young men have more virtue than old men; they have more generous sentiments in every respect."

Who said that? Can you tell me? The Boston convention added a few more to my list and what an addition! First of all there was Larry Doucette who greeted us at the station. He was a human dynamo of energy. Always on the alert, always an affectionate grin on his face, always ready to serve. That was "our" Larry.

John Hetherington followed Larry like a good faithful dog who had eyes only for his master. I had pictured John as a small frail boy and when I was introduced to a six-foot strapper I could not believe it. He will enter the air-corps soon. Willhe"slay" them in uniform! There will be a girl in every port, air-port that is. And I hope there'll be an angel to guard him in every air-lane he flies.

Don't judge the Lynnites by their penmanship! It is simply atrocious! How thankful we are to Mr. Sholes for having invented the typewriter! And the Lynn boys can use it for which I am grateful. Perhaps because she has a good hand-writing, I found Mary Mahoney to be just like I pictured her. A tall, pretty Irish colleen, with large smiling eyes and even a few entrancing freckles! Mary has poise, appears at ease and not afraid to express her opinions. Her mother's sudden death compels her to forego a college career in order to take care of the family. She will do a good job, too.

MERRY CHRISTMAS #387

THE MAN SAYS

Edward F. Daas
Editor
738 N. Thirteenth St.,
Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

A thousand roses shall adorn
A hill - - and never one disclose
How, from the earthy clod is born
The beauty of a single rose.
E. H. Ryniker

THE NUN AND THE CRITICS

It is impossible to tell anyone how to write poetry. Strictly speaking, it is also impossible to define it. It is scarsely an exaggeration to say that there are as many kinds of poetry as there are poets. There is no simple common measure that can be applied indiscriminately to poets as diverse as Shakespeare and Keats. Pope and Whitman, Longfellow and T. S. Eliot, Gerard Manley Hopkins and Carl Sandburg.

This does not mean that poetic conventions do not exist. There is any number of sets of valid poetic conventions. But the conventions are set up for the sake of the poem, not the contrary. The fact that a piece of verse rhymes and scans does not, of course, make it a poem. The poet uses conventions as a workman uses tools. A workman does not use a saw, for example, if a particular piece of carpentry requires the use of a chisel for best results. So the gesture of the poem which is being constructed will dictate whether or not the poet will use rhyme, whether one variety of meter or another will be used, whether regular scansion will be dispensed with. To paraphrase Shakespeare, the poem's the thing. If the poet is reasonably familiar with his craft, rhyme and rhythm will almost automatically take care of themselves; they will emerge, in many cases, almost subconsciously.

But rhyme and meter are superficial matters. A poem must say something, be something and do something. It must be alive. It must give a sensitive reader the sensation that he is alive----it must be an emotional experience for him. Since the reader and the poet are both human beings, of almost identical anatomy, the reader will feel the poem much as the poet did, provided their cultural resources are similar. And if the reader is to feel alive, the poet must also have felt alive----honestly and deeply, and not merely on the surface of conventional ideas and attitudes. He must not use words merely because they are pretty or picturesque or "literary." All language is the basic stuff of poetry. What is often thought of as "poetic diction" is usually a mass of cliches; it is to poetry what "corn" is to music. It is usually a sign that the poet has not really got into his material, that he has not worked it through nor felt it through.

X-PN4827
#358

The Boys' Herald
SINCE 1871
Volume LXXXIV OCTOBER, 1954 Number 10

Collecting "Indian Beads"—

By Robert H. Woodward

Collecting "Indian beads" is a fascinating and unusual hobby for a person at any age. Most Mid-Westerners know Indian beads as the small, fossilized rings—measuring from three-sixteenths of an inch to one-half inch in diameter, and often with a hollow center—usually found in gravel-bed creeks or in the gravel piles adjacent to sand-pits.

Actually, I have been unable to find any record that these rings were ever used by Indians as beads, but certainly, since they bear a remarkable resemblance to crude jewelry, there might well be a historical basis for the legendary name.

The beads are the fossilized remains of a strange form of animal life that lived fastened to the bottom of the sea many millions of years ago. They formed the segmented stalks of the animals, which resembled flowers and were called sea-lilies. Another form of this animal, but free-swimming, was the feather star, a relative of the starfish.

Often the segments are single, usually smoothed and polished by a near-eternity of being washed about by water and sand, but quite as often they are hardened together in groups of half a dozen, thus being as long as one-half inch. In this latter case, they almost invariably have centers of hardened or calcified earth but show in all detail the divisions of the segments on the outside. There is romance in the thought that the land where Indian beads can be found was once the bottom of a fathomless ocean.

The Romance of the Distant Past

I started my collection over 15 years ago and have found thousands of them. The most interesting specimens can be mounted with thread on cloth-backed mounting boards and offer an interesting and unusual display. Collecting the beads provides countless hours of outdoor pleasure in finding them and indoor relaxation in mounting them.

It will be worthwhile when next on an excursion to the countryside where there is a creek-bed of gravel, to take a few minutes to try to identify some of these fossils which are nearly as old as life itself.

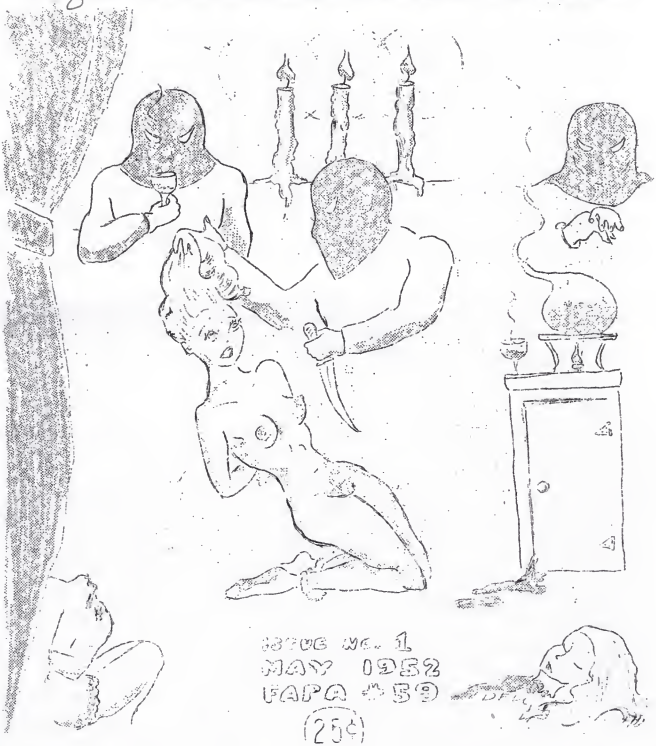
Special Hobby Issue

Circulation: 992

X- PN 4827
M

#39

MASQUE



ISSUE NO. 1
MAY 1952
FAPA #59

(25¢)

X-PN 4827
M

#390

Edward F. Daas, Editor
550 North 19th Street
Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

May 1952 Fiftyseventh Talk
A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

IN MAY

How lovely to be nine in May
And to own a swing, tied high,
In an orchard, white with blossoms,
Underneath a tufted sky;

How thrilling to be ten in May
And to skate on silver wheels...
With five pennies in one's pocket,
Close upon adventure's heels;

How brief to be sixteen in May
And to own a golden purse...
Filled to brimming with the future
And the whole, wide universe;

But then, but then - somehow, in May,
Tired hearts turn back the page
And join with youth in reveling...
For spring is sweet - at any age!

Margaret R. Lohr

* * * * * *

WHEN LITTLE BOYS CRY

When little boys cry, they howl and wail,
And cry great tears that would fill a pail
They pucker their mouths, their little chins quiver,
On each little cheek, flows a salty river.
They clench tiny fists - to ba gallant, they try--
O! Nothing is sadder - than to see a boy cry!

Marie Hand

UNLUCKY THIRTEEN

Irma Schmidt was hostess at the 115th meeting of the Milwaukee club's meeting, April 18th and for the second time there were thirteen members in attendance. Now if you are of a superstitious nature you'd think something terrible was sure to happen. Now I am not superstitious and thirteen at the table does not upset me unless the hostess had only prepared for twelve and Irma (or was it her husband Ray?) had prepared just utterly too much and I received my usual quota of coffee, and Ray saw to that and my evening was a success. Has Irma trained her family? It seems to me that she has for all she did was to bake one of the cakes (so she told me) and the oldest daughter baked the other--and Ray did the rest--and one of her sons asked if there was anything he could (or did he say MUST) do

X-PN 4827
M

#371

THE MAN SAYS

Edward F. Daas, Editor
550 North 19th Street
Milwaukee 3 Wisconsin
Fiftyfifth Talk
March 1952

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

NOW COMES A SECRET

It's a shower for Kay -
Mum's the word.
Perhaps you do know
Or haven't you heard?
On a certain day
In the month of May
The long-legged bird
Will call on our Kay.
So, if you wish -
Then you may bring
A baby gift - most anything
To let Kay know
That we wish her joy
Be it a girl or be it a boy.
Bertha Mason

The 111th meeting of the local club was held on Washington's birthday at the home of Kay Mann. Whether it was on account of Bertha's intriguing notice which included the above poem, the fine weather, or the double attraction of having as our guests, Shelley Ota and Josephine Noyes, it was the largest meeting we have ever had! I was surprised that the calls were not pushed out with the 28 members and visitors who were present. Bertha came so late that we were afraid that she could not follow her own directions to the Mann home.

Marion almost gave the surprise part of the shower away when she gave Kay a gift baby-book written by one of her friends. But Kay evidently believed it just a friendly gesture on the part of one of our new members. Kay had trouble with whipping cream and frostings which kept her in the kitchen while the members were arriving so we had time to hide the gifts until all had come. Then Kay was called and we saluted her with the Rock-a-bye baby song and showed her the stack of gifts. After her many gasps of amazement and joy she calmed down long enough to open the daintily wrapped gifts and the room looked like the baby's department at Gimbels. Such a marvelous assortment of things for the coming baby that I cannot enumerate them and all that I can remember was that they were either in blue or pink while one conscientious member played it safe by having stockings in blue, pink and evidently believing in a neuter gender had some in white.

We have many ladies in our club
And of men we get as many as we can
But be the little one a boy or girl
We all look forward to seeing the little Mann

With all the excitement of the shower the program was limited to a poem by Margaret Lohr, two brief articles by George, a long but interesting letter from our British member, John Revans. Shelley Ota gave us an interesting talk on her novel "Upon Their Shoulders" and especially with her experience with contracts.

Rita who is of such a shy and retiring disposition, retired into a far corner of the room and all that I could see of her were the feathers on her hat.

X-PN 4827
M
#312

THE MAN SAYS

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Edward F. Daas, Editor

550 North 19th Street, Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

Fiftyfourth Talk February 1952

SPECIAL VALENTINE

A Valentine that came my way
Had sweet and lovely things to say.
One was, that Cupid was awake
Primed to do things for my sake!
I'm glad the message came that day.
For love it brought, had come to stay.
Mabel Gould

* * * * * * *

Rita entertained the club at its 109th meeting on January 18th. It was a beautiful night and it brought out nearly all of our members, including the timid ones,who crowded even her large living-room. Poor Rita, as hostess she could not wear a hat and must have felt "nekked" without her customary and always very unusual head-gear.

Shelley Ota, the author of "Upon Your Shoulders", was her guest and joined freely in the criticism of the papers read that evening. Shelley, who is of Japanese descent, is a most vivacious and energetic young woman who has not had an easy time of it before coming to Milwaukee. Many of the things in her book are actual happenings to her family.

Marion Howell Smith, a new member, made her first appearance. She too, has written a book. "A Chariot for Beppi",the story of an Italian boy. Marion who accompanied her husband while on army duty in Europe has plenty of material to incorporate into her stories. She hails from Rockford, Illinois, and through her we have secured three new members of the Rockford Writers' Guild who will be presented with their paper, "Yours Truly" in an early Bundle. You will find poems by Marion, her mother, and Howard W. White in this issue. Won't you drop each of them a line of welcome?

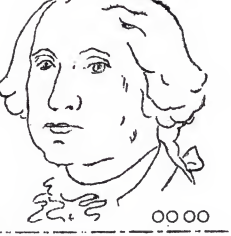
When we had finished our papers that night, Rita asked us to step into the dining-room. Rita, you shouldn't have done it!(Of course, I don't mean it.) The beautifully decorated table had huge trays of tuna fish on hot biscuits, cream cheese on brown bread, cottage cheese on white bread, hot dogs in buns, all sorts of relishes; and on the side-board a large frosted spice-cake and a large tray of cup-cakes. Again, I say, Rita, you shouldn't have done it. (I am donating all these extra commas to you---please make use of them.) I can't imagine why the women think I like coffee! They

X-PN 4827
M

#373

THE MAIL POUCH

FEBRUARY
1952
***



GEORGE A.BOEHME, EDITOR
2620 NO.RICHARDS STREET
MILWAUKEE 12, WISCONSIN

VOLUME 5 *-*-*
--* NUMBER 5

OO OO OO

X-PN 4827
M

THE MAIL POUCH

GEORGE A.BOEHME, EDITOR
2628 No.RICHARDS ST.,
MILWAUKEE 12, WISCONSIN

M A Y 1952

VOLUME 5 - NUMBER 8

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS
ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

4394

****

VESPER SPARROW

by
R.S.CRAGGS
25 McMillan Ave., West Hill,
Ontario, Canada

****** - ****** *******

* * ** ** **

The white outer tail feathers of the Vesper Sparrow which are visible when it flies should serve to distinguish it from any other sparrow. The Slate-Colored Junco also has white tail feathers but it is generally gray in color or, sometimes, a dark brown, and cannot, in any instance, be mistaken for a Vesper Sparrow. Other identifying markings are the chestnut shoulders and spotted breast. Unlike the Song Sparrow the Vesper has no large central breast spot and the other spotting is not so heavy.

This sparrow frequents fields and open scrub areas to a much greater extent than does the Song Sparrow. Many times have I found their nests beside cow paths or in pastures and it is perhaps remarkable that more of them do not meet with disaster. (In this latter regard recalling several nests discovered later destroyed, apparently by dogs, it may be possible that those predators had come upon the nest while following the human scent. This suggests that if no human had discovered the nest it might have remained unmolested.) The four or five whitish eggs are marked with brown and the young leave the nest about ten days after hatching. Nesting material is grass and lining usually consists of rootlets or horsehair. Though it is a long time since I found my first Vesper Sparrow's nest I was recently surprised to see one simulating distress by dragging wings when escaping from the nest. This characteristic I have never before observed in the Vesper nor, I believe, any other Sparrow.

There are only two generally recognized sub-species of this sparrow: the Eastern Vesper Sparrow (Pooecetes graminous graminous) and the Western Vesper Sparrow (P. g. confinis). The Western Variety is slightly lighter and greyer and the tail length is reported to average slightly longer.

According to ornithologists few other of our migrating (summer residents) sparrows consume such large quantities of weed seeds and insects. Therefore, these birds should receive every protection.

The Vesper Sparrow, also known as "Bay-winged Sparrow" and "Grass Finch", is said to receive its name from its habit of breaking into song in the late part of the day.

*

BORN - MAY 23, 1782, AT YORK, ENGLAND: CHARLES FOTHERGILL, ONTARIO'S FIRST ORNITHOLOGIST; MAMALOGIST, PAINTER, PRINTER, CIVIL SERVANT.

*

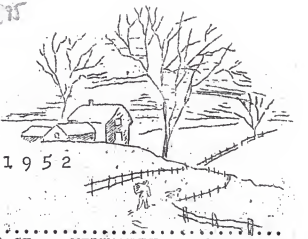
The days are gone when you could peer through any one of a hundred knotholes and see a ball game free- they're using that kind of lumber to put into $27,000.00 homes.

X-PN 4827
X-PN 4827
M

THE MAIL POUCH

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
***
MARCH 1952

VOLUME 5 - NUMBER 6



GEORGE A.BOEHME,EDITOR 2628 NO.RICHARDS ST., MILWAUKEE 12, WISC.

YOUR OWN PUBLICATION - PART 7 OF A SERIES
by
YOUR EDITOR.

This month we will somehow review some of the previous instructions submitted through this series and also incorporate in a small way some new and additional hints to you who may be cutting stencils.

There's a lot of difference in mimeographed copies. Some are a clean-cut and easy to read job, like this page. Others are smudged and gray, with faint and broken letters. Fortunately, it's just as easy to turn out good copies as poor ones. It's mainly a matter of knowing how and being reasonably careful.

1. Prepare the typewriter by shifting the ribbon out of printing position. Clean the type of your typewriter. During the course of cutting your stencil it is good policy to brush your type once or twice with a stiff bristle brush, thereby removing the stencil wax that may be filling up some of the type or letters.

2. Insert the cushion sheet smoothly between the stencil sheet and the backing. If you use BLUE stencils with coated cushion sheets, be sure (shiny) side is placed next to the stencil sheet. Hold the combined sheets together at the bottom, with the backing next to the platen. Avoid wrinkling. Straighten the stencil assembly in the typewriter.

3. In typing with a manual typewriter, use a STACCATO touch and keep an even rythm. Letters which have a large printing surface such as M and W should be struck with a little more force than the others. Letters which have small printing surfaces, such as the "c" and "o" should be struck with a little less force. Use a light touch on punctuations.

4. If you make an error in typing burnish the letter or letters with the glass burnisher that comes with each bottle of correction fluid and apply a thin coat of this fluid over the part you have just burnished. This covers the error and in a few seconds you may type over it but do not hit your keys as forcefully or that will cut the letters to wide and be apparent on the mimeographed copies.

THE MAIL POUCH Christmas DECEMBER 1952 #396
"A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION!"
VOLUME 6 - NUMBER 5
X-PN 4827
M
GEORGE A. DOEHLE, EDITOR
2620 NO. RICHARDS STREET, MILWAUKEE 12, WISCONSIN
5 Copy

A Soldier's Version of
'NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS'

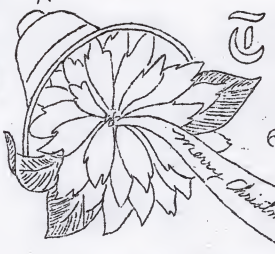
'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the tent
Was the odor of fuel oil (the stovepipe was bent).
The shoepacs were hung by the oil stove with care,
In hopes that they'd issue each man a new pair.
The weary GI's were sacked out in their beds,
And visions of sugar babes danced through their heads,
When up on the ridgeline there rose such a clatter
(A Chinese machine gun had started to chatter).
I rushed to my rifle and threw back the bolt;
The rest of my tentmates awoke with a jolt.
Outside, we could hear our platoon sergeant, Kelly,
A hard little man with a little potbelly:
"Come Yancy, come Clancy, come Connors and Watson,
"Up Hiller, up Shiller, up Baker and Dodson!"
We tumbled outside in a swirl of confusion,
So cold that each man could have used a transfusion.
"Get up on that hilltop and silence the Red,
"And don't you come back till you're sure that he's dead."
Then, putting his thumb up in front of his nose,
Sgt. Kelly took leave of us shivering Joes.
But we all heard him say, in a voice soft and light:
"Merry Christmas to all - may you live through the night."

By Lt.Col.Darrell T. Rathbun
9th Corps, Korea

George:-
"It may be that the Amateurs in the United will get a little reminder of what Christmas Eve is to some of the boys."

Darell

X-UN 4221
M
12 5 Copy



The Man Says

Edward F. Daas
Editor
550 North 19th St.,
Milwaukee 3, Wis.

#397

Sixtyfourth Talk December 1952

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

GLAD GREETINGS:

Festive pines and holly red
Nestle close on shinging wreaths:
Hanging on each household portal
From which Christmas Spirit breathes
While glad carols from within
Send their triautes through the air
To the King of Christmas story
Born of Mary, meek and fair.
Martha L. Williams

THE ALUMNI CONVENTION

After the Boston convention instructions were given Thor G. Mauritzen, the titular head of the local club of the United to select a hotel for convention sessions on Friday and Saturday mornings, a session of the Alumni for Saturday afternoon and the annual joint banquet for that evening. This had been the traditional procedure at all of the conventions of the two associations and we were never notified of any change until we saw it in the official organ of the Alumni which had been withheld from the Milwaukee members for THIRTY days.

Letters to the Presidents of the Alumni and the Los Angeles club brought explanations and the news that Thor's illness was more serious than he himself had written me. In order to lighten the worries of the Californians, the first session of the United was advanced one day. I was the only one in the convention hall at Ten on Saturday morning and the session was called to order about thirty minutes later and adjourned at 12:15 proving our contention that the session could have been held that afternoon. And this included a brief recess when the Custodian's count of the ballots was verified. (In the United the ballots were counted by a committee of FIVE members) The main subject of debate was the vilifications which were appearing in the official organ. A committee was appointed to confer with the one which had been appointed by the United the day before.

This committee met that afternoon and conferred for about two hours. Their report was adopted by the United and the Alumni at the final session on Sunday afternoon. The report was published in the September UNITED AMATEUR but was withheld from the offcial organ of the Alumni by its official editor.

Saturday afternoon I had the pleasure of a long chat with Amelia Isabel Frey and she detailed the workings of Child Security, Inc., the Chevaliers of the Unwanted Child. She announced a prize contest with $3,000.00 for the best elementary text-book on psychogenesis. I believe there is

X-FN 4827
M
12 5 Copy
#378

Dr.W.J.Thompson, Editor

MESSENGER OF INSPIRATION
** - **

OFFICE:-
840 So.Flower St.,
Los Angeles 17
California

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

VOLUME 1 DECEMBER 1952 NUMBER 2

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS TO YOU!

The story of the first Christmas is filled with dramatic contrasts! It includes God and man; Divine majesty and human simplicity; the riches of Heaven and the poverty of the earth; indescribable glory, and ordinary tasks; Angels, and sheep; Wise men, and simple shepherds; dazzling light, and the darkness of night; Supernatural power, and human weakness; Marvelous music, and utter silence; a radiant star, and the dim light within the manger; a multitude of the heavenly host, and a tiny baby - all these are brought together and blended in the sweetest story ever told: truly, as one puts it - "Only God could have thought of Christmas!"

Its beauty is beyond the imagination of mortals - so simple, yet so sublime! So homey and yet so Heavenly! On a tapestry woven of stable straw and silver starlight we behold a picture that touches the heart, illumines the mind, and thrills the soul, drawing us nearer to God as we kneel before the Babe of Bethlehem!

(Dr.W.J.Thompson)

*** -- ***
**

X-PN 4827
M

H377

Dr. W. J. Thompson
Editor

JANUARY 1952

OFFICE:-
840 So. Flower St.,
Los Angeles 17, Cal.

MESSENGER OF INSPIRATION!

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
VOLUME 1 NUMBER 3

A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL!

HOW TO FACE THE FUTURE
"AS YOU GO", (Matthew 10-17)

Someone tells us-"There is one great difference between the efficient and the inefficient traveler. The inefficient traveler usually is loaded down with baggage. He struggles along with heavy suitcases and bulging bags. The efficient traveler presents a very different spectacle. He carries only what is essential", so, my friend, as you face the future, and begin your trip through the next twelve months this is my advice - TRAVEL LIGHT! Get rid of useless baggage that will handicap you as you go into the coming year. For intance, REFUSE TO TAKE WORRY ALONG! It is both useless and dangerous, and will rob you of your needed strength. And entering the New Year, leave out Prejudice, for it poisons. Every thing it touches. Prejudice is the child of norance and bigotry, and becomes the father of injustice and cruelty. Also, as you go on through the New Year -DROP YOUR DOUBTS! They are not worth taking along. Doubts are a distinct handicap, holding you back from gloritcus achievements. FAITH IS THE GREAT MOTIVE POWER. KEEP YOUR FAITH IN GOD. Said Phillips Brooks:-"Be sure of God, and nothing can overthrow you". Take HOPE along. It brightens everything. Be sure to include

X-PN 4827
M

#400 4 5

MESSENGER OF INSPIRATION

VOLUME 1 MARCH 1953 NUMBER 5
A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Dr. J. J. Thompson (Editor)- Office: 840 So. Flower St., Los Angeles 17, Cal.

A LENTEN MESSAGE

"Now in the Place where He was Crucified there was a Garden."-John's Gospel, Chapter 19-Ver. 41

Many pictures dealing with the crucifixion of Christ portray the scene of our Lord's suffering and death as a place of utter desolation, entirely destitute of beauty, yet the Gospel of John, in the New Testament, informs us:-- "In the place where He was crucified there was a Garden. There are many interesting references to gardens in Holy Scripture. For instance, Man began his life in a garden; committed his first transgression in a garden; and from a garden He was banished! On the border of a garden our Lord was crucified; within a garden He was buried; and from a garden He rose in triumph over Sin and Death! Read over again these words of John -"In the Place where He was crucified there was a Garden." Think of the amazing combinations suggested by these words. Here close together we find--Pain and Perfume! Suffering and Sweetness! Fever and Flowers! Grief and Glory! Grim Death and Green Grass! "In the Place where He was crucified there was a Garden". And because it was our Divine Redeemer Who was crucified in that garden, this great message comes to us all - Close by the place of our sorrow God has planted that which will soothe and serve us; and beside every cruel experience you will find the comforting Christ!

X-PN 4827

M

THE MAN SAYS

Edward F. Daas, Editor
550 North 19th Street
Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

Seventythird Talk

September 1953

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

#401

5 OCT 1953

SEPTEMBER

Summer is passing, close at hand
Fruits of the earth in plenty stand;
Good neighbors share the fruits of fall,
With all for one, and one for all.
Effie Shorey

THE PEOPLE AT THE CONVENTION

If you attend the annual conventions of the UAPA you become better acquainted with the members who make up our association. If you were unable to attend this year's gathering you may want to know a little more about the people who make these annual get-togethers such glorious events.

First of all our thanks to the Chairman of the Convention Committee, Bertha Mason. The Milwaukee club is most fortunate indeed to have her as a member. She is one of the faithful who attend the meetings of the club and we enjoy her chatty "minutes" of the meetings held. As Irma would say, "that gal has looks" and I will add that she has charm, poise and a friendly attitude towards all who come in contact with her. She managed everything in a systematic manner, was courteous at all times, never became excited when things went awry. I do not think anyone who attended will disagree with me when I say that she is the ideal hostess.

Then there was Bill Ellis and his family who added so much to the enjoyment and success of the convention. He printed the convention programmes and the menu cards for the banquet besides donating to each delegate a note book and a book mark. He sang two songs at the Blue Ribbon party. His wife sang "How Betsy Ross Made the First Flag" with a beautiful setting for the song. On Friday evening he gave us an illustrated lecture on The Stars. Saturday he was Toastmaster at the banquet and acquitted himself most creditably. His son Joseph came up from Chicago to sing two songs for us. Joe has a well trained resonant voice and will be heard from in the professional world. Vivienne, the Ellis' daughter, who also is a singer, had to forego coming to the banquet on account of illness. When the report of the Laureate Judges showed Bill the winner in the Poetry contest it was a fitting climax to present him with a Certificate of Award at the close of the banquet. All during the convention Bill was busy taking countless pictures, many of them in color. Yes, the Ellis family is a gifted family, blessed with many talents. My thanks to the Ellis family for their splendid co-operation this year and I hope that they will help the Kansas City club next summer.

X-PN 4827
M

THE MAIL POUCH

VOLUME 7 - DECEMBER 1953-NUMBER 3

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION
PUBLICATION --- --- EDITED BY:-

GEORGE A. BOEHME 2628 No.RICHARDS St.
MILWAUKEE 12, WISCONSIN

#412

THE MEANING OF CHRISTMAS

Through the dark blue dusk of a perfect Christmas Day the invited folks drove to Happy Acres. The gate had been left open for them, and the oak trees seemed to bend over them in a friendly, welcome sort of way as they bumped their way along the rugged lane. The headlights of their cars showed a few sparse flowers on dry gorse bushes--the English gorse that keeps a few golden blossoms all winter through, even beneath a coverlet of snow. But there was no snow tonight, although it had turned quite frosty. The sky was cloudless, and the few stars that appeared shone very brightly, giving promise of the blaze of glory to come ere night be much older. At the turn of the lane they heard an owl hooting in nearby idlewood, but the ghostly trees on either side made no sound, for it was a windless night. The lanterns had already been lit and placed upon the walls, and at the bottom of the lane they could see the glint of them upon the placid water still unfrozen on Lake Ireno.

Light streamed from Happy Acres, from every window and from the now opened front door, and the jubilation of that light had something to say of the utter happiness of the day that had been spent within. To most of the occupants of the cars the world seemed a dark enough place, but at sight of that light their heavy and weary hearts lifted a little - joy and merriment crept in.

There were still children in the world, and while there were children, men and women would not abandon the struggle to make safe and proper homes to put them in, and because they so struggled there would be Hope.

The realization to one and all was that it was the children that mattered and the point of it all--this annual Christmas Fete was for children--and the nearer they could bring themselves to the status or level of childhood, the better they would understand the meaning of Christmas.

So they entered their gracious host's home and for this night at least they were children again and recaptured the true spirit of Christmas--Joy in the highest degree and knowledge that today was born that King so as to save forever and eternity all children through Peace and Understanding. May you have been a guest there too.

George A.Boehme

X-PN 4827 #403

M

MESSENGER OF INSPIRATION

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

NOVEMBER 1953

VOLUME 2 NO.1

EDITOR:-
Dr.W.J.Thompson, 840 So.Flower St.,
Los Angeles 17, Calif.

****

A THANKSGIVING MESSAGE

"THANKS BE UNTO GOD FOR . . . ." This quotation from Scripture -(2 Corinthians, 9 - 15) is left unfinished in order that it might or would catch your attention! How would you finish this sentence - "THANKS BE UNTO GOD FOR . . . ."? Your answer to this question will reveal much!

A group of atheists wrote the President of the United States requesting him to refrain from calling for National Thanksgiving because-(according to them)-"There is no reason for gratitude and no God to receive our thanks!"

Of all men these are most odd -
Those who say there is no God!
Everywhere, 'tis plain to see
God's gracious loving ministry!

"THANKS BE UNTO GOD . . . . the word "THANK" is derived from the same root as the word - "Think". This is no accident. The two words have much in common. A thankful person is a thoughtful person, while thanklessness and thoughtlessness are twins! Look at this Scripture Passage again - "THANKS BE UNTO GOD . . (For What?) For instance - Thanks be unto God for personal Blessings! There are blessings

X-PN 4827
M
#404

The Man Says

Edward F. Daas, Editor, 550 North 19th Street, Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Sixtyseventh Talk March 1953

EASTER LILY

The waxen trumpets cling
To stately branches, spring
Has sent this sign ahead
To greet the Risen dead.

The silver trumpets sound
To all the world around
The Resurrection hymn,
Glad song of spring to Him.

Clare Gates

* * * * *

MARCH CAME IN LIKE A LION

The blizzard on March 3rd vied with Tuesday night writing classes which several of our members attend, in keeping our attendance down to six. Three of these read four of their stories and each one received extensive constructive criticism. Mary Nelson who has shown remarkable progress in her writing since joining the club read two stories. She is using the monthly assignments for a series of stories of a foreign born family which she intends to incorporate into a novel. This story, "The Trunk" was of a foreigner who came to live with them and his mysterious trunk. The mystery was revealed when the trunk was finally opened for their inspection. Her other story, "The Heart," was meant for juveniles and many changes were suggested. George Boehme read the first of a series which will deal with life in a German village. This one dealt with a Sunday sermon and its succeeding complications. Irma read the fourth re-write of her story "Half A Loaf", a love story with an unlooked for climax. She still has to cut off some 500 words before the tale will be sent on its way to publishers. Perhaps because there were so few of us, we were able to give such extensive criticism to each one.

There was no home meeting in February, a case of too many invitations without specific dates, This month we will meet on the 20th at Marian Atwell's.

We dislike to discuss things in the Bundle which should be settled through the ordinary channels of correspondence. But when you deal with an extrasensory person as Sandor Esterhazy this is impossible. We Milwaukeeans are just ordinary humans who try to do their work as well as we possibly can with the time and means at our disposal. George Boehme is employed as an accountant at the Pabst Company, he is under treatment for his eyes, one of which is doing the work of both, and he has not at all times been in good health. But despite these handicaps, he has devoted

X-PN 4827

#405

THE MAN SAYS

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION
PUBLICATION

Edward F. Daas, Editor

550 North 19th Street

Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

Seventy-fifth Talk--November 1953

HOKKU

Five lines drawn across
The sky;birds perched like notes,
Etching a living
Score of music - played on the
Golden wind-harps of the world.
Margaret R. Lohr

HALLOWE'EN MEETING

Some of our MAPC members were evidently afraid of Hallowe'en pranksters for there were only nine members at the meeting held at Margaret Lohr's. Then too, it is possible that some came as far as the door and seeing the large skeleton on Margaret's door were too frightened to enter. We just caught a glimpse of Ruth flying around the corner. Too bad she did not stay for we had one of our best if not the best meeting of the year.

To put us in a good mood, Margaret Larson read her poem about women's hats and then read her SEVENTH re-write of her story of the wild goose. It has been made into almost a new story since her first reading last Spring. It is now on its rounds to editors and I hope it will not have to make too many calls before it will be accepted.

Bob Rasmussen re-read his poem and this time had it complete and then read two funny short-shorts; one about two-headed women and the other about a silly squirrel. Margaret Lohr read the above Hokku which she tells us is a Japanese form of poetry, and then a longer one "I Weep For Beauty" written in her usual faultless style.

Mabel Gould looked all through her Gladstone bag for a story she had re-written only to find that she had left it at home and had brought the original copy read at a previous meeting. I was truly grateful that it wasn't Margaret Larson who was searching for a manuscript for she had come with a Jamaican shopping bag which was large enough to hold everything except the kitchen sink. No, Margaret we would have taken your word for it that you had been in Jamaica without this evidence. As it was, you scared your namesake out of her wits. She thought you had come to stay.

Mary Nelson had part of a new story which was given rather rough treatment which she probably expected since she called it a rough draft. When she re-writes it, we will have difficulty in recognizing it.

Ella Laufenberg bowed her head in shame. She had no paper! Her last masterpiece had just taken every bit of energy and ambition out of her. I was rather severe with her and on the way home (she is the official chauffeur for the mid-towners) she bribed me with various inducements to be more lenient with her! I will do my best to treat her more gently in the future.

X-PN 4827
M

THE MAIL POUCH

VOL. 7 - NOVEMBER - NUMBER 2
1953

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION !

GEORGE A.BOEHME, EDITOR
2628 NO.RICHARDS ST.,
MILWAUKEE 12, WIS.

****

By BOREAL NOMADS No.XLIX
R.S.CRAGGS, 25 McMILLAN AVE., WEST HILL, ONTARIO, CANADA.

The Pine Grosbeak has been aptly called "boreal nomad". Only in winter does it desert its northern feeding grounds and venture into the civilization of souther Canada and northern U.S.A. Canada has five sub-species of Pinicola enucleator and all except one are native to the extreme West. A sixth race, native to Newfoundland, has also been recognized. Competent naturalists state that the variations between sub-species in North America are not less marked than the difference between Western Hemisphere Pine Grosbeaks and those of Europe, for the species is one of the few that the Old World and the New have in common. Upon which of the two continents they originated has not been determined.

February 22nd, 1947 on the River Speed, near Guelph, location of the famous O.A.C.: "Observed a number of female Pine Grosbeaks feeding on red berries by the roadside, between the O.A.C. and the Speed. It was a sunny day but with a cold North wind, and the birds were obviously cold." This observation might have been slightly inaccurate for it takes at least two years for the male to acquire the rosy plumage that identifies sex. Therefore, it may be assumed that several of the "females" in the small flock were immature males.

As a youthful nature student I recognized October as the approximate time of year that the Pine Grosbeak arrived in central Manitoba from its northern breeding grounds. Once I saw one in July but winter was the time of their greatest abundance and the Pine Grosbeak was never abundant. Feeding on wolf berries or frozen cranberries it travelled in small flocks or in pairs. Some winters none were seen at all. The male Grosbeak was the most colorful bird that we were likely to see during the snowy months; there were no Cardinals in Manitoba.

I have yet to see my first nest of this colorful finch. As far as I am aware an occupied nest has never been found in the Toronto area. At the time of writing I cannot even say with certainty if an Ontario nesting record has been established. At any rate, such an event had not occurred in 1939, but the first Evening Grosbeak's nest has been found since then. The presence of the Pine species has been noted many times at widely separated points in Ontario's north country during the nesting season so the existance of its nest may be said to be "a foregone conclusion." The nests are usually found in coniferous trees and consist of twigs, rootlets and bark strips. The tree or four eggs are greenish-blue spotted with brown.

An interesting and comparatively untouched field for ornithological research is that of bird coloration. Why do many birds, including the male Pine Grosbeak, lose their bright colors in captivity? Is some nutritional factor involved or is this occurence related even more obscurely to the general condition of the bird?

DIED--Nov.15,1945:FRANK MICHLER CHAPMAN, FOUNDER OF AUDUBON MAGAZINE--("Bird Lore");CURATOR OF ORNITHOLOGY,AM.MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY(1908-42

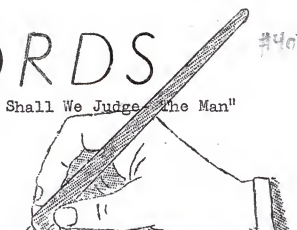
X-PN 4827
M

JANUARY 1953

WORDS

#407

"By Them Shall We Judge The Man"



BELLE S. MOONEY, EDITOR
P.O. BOX 2174
KANSAS CITY 13,
MISSOURI

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION
PUBLICATION

WORDS
for your hononyms.

If you wonder what kind of an animal a hononym is you need not go far to find one. It is a prolific breed, and one often springs out at you from the best laid page. Our foreign friends say it is one of the difficulties in the English language that so many words with the same sound have totally different meanings--and that is an excellent definition of a hononym.

The word is from the Greek. "Homo" means "the same" and "onoma" means a name. Our homonyms are the despair of foreigners and of ourselves too. Words of similar sound--like threw and through--are too numerous to list here, and when there are three or more words that sound alike the writer must choose carefully to be sure of correct meaning in his lines.

Our beautiful English abounds in words of the same sound but different meaning. If that appears to be a difficulty it is also an advantage with added attractions for the poet. For with words that sound exactly alike but are totally different in spelling, origin and sense, the poet finds endless possibilities in rhymes, and in the humorous verse that startles with a surprise ending or an absurd comparison. But it is also a fruitful source of absurb mistakes. Writers must therefor choose carefully the right word for the right place. For instance--the story teller said, "As we entered all was quite. We waited quiet awhile and then there was shrieking." Though quite and quiet are phonetic twins their place in the story must be reversed to make sense.

Following is a small list of similar sounding words;--
Days, daze -- all, awl -- pair, pear -- buy, by -- faint, feint -- rain, rein, reign -- air, heir -- ball, bawl -- sweet, suite -- foul, fowl --stool, steal -- lye, lie -- bear, bare -- none, nun -- surge, serge -- cent, scent, sent -- bired, burred -- site, sight -- fraid, frayed -- moan, mion -- beer, bier -- indite, indict -- heart, hart -- berth, birth -- peer, pier -- one, won.

There are famous old witticisms built on the hononym such as:- "That went and told the sexton and the sexton tolled the bell."

Contemporary writers need not overlook the many opportunities for a witticism which the hononym provides. The pun is often impa-

X-PN 4827
M

THE MAN SAYS

#408
Copy

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Edward F. Daas, Editor, 550 North 19th Street, Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

Sixtyfifth Talk January 1953

THE CHRISTMAS PARTY

'Twas 12 nights before Christmas
At the Knickerbocker Hotel.
Not a member was complaining,
They all thought it was swell.

The members were seated
Around Eddie Daas
And sang as they waited
For old Santa Claus.

Then what to their wondering
Eyes should appear
But good old Santa
Full of good cheer.

His eyes how they sparkled
His laugh raised a din;
He shook his round stomach
Which, I'm sure, was all him.

Then to those assembled,
'llo "girls" and 'llo "Boys",
He gave each a present
Of small gifts and toys.

Then, without a word
Up the chimney he rose,
Which was a good trick
For the Knickerbocker
Does not have one of those.

And we heard him exclaim
As he rose out of sight:
"To all U.A.P.A. members,
Merry Christmas
And write--write--write!"

Bob Rasmussen

After the party and ever since those who were there have been assuring me that it was the best one we ever had. And that is saying a great deal when one recalls those previously held at the same hotel and at The Surf. It is especially gratifying since Jamie of The Sentinel and his wife when they accepted the invitation to be our guests asked whether they would be able to leave at 9 P.M. and Then stayed with us until the party broke up at 11 P.M.

The party which was held at the Knickerbocker Hotel, December 13th was also the 128th meeting of the Milwaukee Amateur Press Club. The tables had been beautifully decorated by Margaret Lohr, Mary Nelson and Marion Smith. Even guests at the hotel came in to admire the decorations. And our members liked them enough to ask Mary for the

X-PN 4827
M

5
Cor
#409

MESSENGER OF INSPIRATION

VOL. 1 - MAY - NO. 7
1953

"A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION"
****
Dr.W.J.Thompson, Editor
Office:840 So.Flower St.,
Los Angeles 17, Calif.
****

A MESSAGE FOR MOTHER'S DAY.

"Mother's Day" - A day set apart for world-wide observance of the Love and Gratitude we all owe to Mother. Miss Anna Jarvis of Philadelphia, Pa., is regarded as the founderof MOTHER'S DAY in 1908, although credit should also be given to Mr.Frank Herring, of South Bend, Indiana, who pioneered, in this movement in 1905. President Woodrow Wilson issued a proclamation setting aside the Second Sunday in May each year as "Mother's Day". Each year, during the Month of May, many eloquent tributes are paid to Mothers, but if you want to find The Greatest Tribute Ever Paid To Mothers, pick up your Bible and read Isaiah 66 - 13:----

"THUS SAITH THE LORD ... AS ONE WHOM HIS MOTHER COMFORTETH, SO WILL I COMFORT YOU".

In these remarkable words THE ETERNAL GOD, Pays Tribute to Mothers! Consider the Divine Tribute to Mothers, and think of THE MYSTERY OF MOTHER LOVE.

One tells us, "Next to the Thought of God, the Most Wonderful Thought in Life is that of a Mother. Never say you will not believe what you do not understand, for you do this every

X-PN 4827
M

THE MAN SAYS

5
Copy
#410

Edward F. Daas, Editor
550 North 19th Street
Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

Sixtynint h Talk May 1953

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

MEMORIAL DAY PARADE

Under the leafy arches of trees
Down an avenue of sun and shade,
With banners flying in the breeze,
Came the Memorial Day parade.

Proudly in columns, they came by
In uniforms of blue and gray.
Each year the columns shortened;
Lessened in numbers, day by day.

Today there is no Blue or Gray
To march in the parade.
Instead, they sleep in silent rows
Under the sun, and in the shade.

Betty M. Tousch

* * * * *

APRIL IN MILWAUKEE

The Palecheks entertained the M.A.P.C. at their home, April 25th (it was the 135th meeting) and though it was a rainy evening, 14 attended. Irma Schmidt read her entry for "The Spark" contest and all of us agreed that she was a bit "pollyanish" in having her married couple getting checks for their first stories. Would that such a thing might happen! George read a poem and the comments were all favorable. Mary Nelson read two stories, "The Window" and "Rosa" both of which are chapters in the novel she is writing. This tiny woman handed me a file of 109 poems, most of which sha had composed before joining our club. Since then she has taken to writing prose and has written stories on each of the assigned topics. These she plans to incorporate into a novel about "Rosa". She eagerly accepts criticisms and suggestions and then she revises her stories. She has also read a few chapters of another proposed novel about "Melinda". All this despite several operations on her eyes and threatened total blindness. Would that some of our members emulate her activity.

Irma Reitci read "You Can't Win" a story of a wife who wanted to be a companion to her husband in his hobbies and came very near to wrecking his plans of enjoying the home games of our Milwaukee Braves. This was a first reading and since Irma rewrites her stories several times, the Braves in the meantime scoring more and more home-runs.

This was our first meeting at the Palecheks and we had an opportunity of seeing George's collection of flowers he made from tin. They looked real and were of many varieties. And then our hostess served cheese torte, marble cake, ice ream, and of course, lots of coffee. While we were enjoying these, the ladies kept up a constant yak-a-ti-yak so I can't remember anything they said.

X-PN 4827
M

AMATEUR PUBL. ****MUSETTE**** JUNE 1953.
VOLUME I NUMBER I
MARGIE ZIMMERMAN 2534 E. NORRIS ST
EDITOR PHILA., 25, PENN.

JUNE

Rays of sunshine scamper forth
And scatter heavenly light.
Golden glints reach Mother Earth
And day wakes clear and bright.
Caressing breezes kiss the cheeks
Of humans passing by
Gay blossoms nod and look above
As clouds dance in the sky.
Sweet music floats from trees so green
As song birds entertain,
And June arrives in beauty great.
Dame Nature smiles again! -----Margie Z.

X-PN 4827
M

#412

COPY

COME TO THE CONVENTION!

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS
ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Edward F. Daas, Editor
550 North 19th Street
Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

Sixtyeighth Talk
April 1953

COURAGE

Compliment your neighbor,
  Speak a friendly word of cheer.
Who knows? He may be starving -
  Encouragement to hear.

Observe the chore he's doing
  And say a kindly word
Of praise for his endeavor -
  Incentive should be spurred.

Reflect what your response is
  When some one praises you
And you will know far better
  Just what to say and do.

Man has a basic hunger
  To be esteemed, and glows
With inner warmth when some one
  Appreciation shows.

Contribute to his welfare
  By recognitions said
While they may feed his spirit -
  Not after he is dead.

Wm. Wallace Ellis

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

When Marain Atwell invited the club to meet at her home on March 20th she overlooked one important thing i.e. our members have not lived up to their various diets. She had not taken our measures horizontally and we were packed in her living room and on the stairway like sardines. Next time, Marian please attach swinging benches to the ceiling.

Margaret Larson came early to see the T.V. performance of "Parents' Week-end" which her son Bob Shaw had written. We minded teacher's orders to keep our mouths shut. (Yes, Irma I really felt sorry for you!)

Wilfried Myers, our efficient official editor, and I have been planning for months to get youngsters interested in Ajay and here right under my nose (Irma don't tell me that covers a lot of territory) was a boy, Marian's son David not quite ten, who asked permission to read a story he had written. The story appears on another page and you can judge for yourself what a fine job he did on his first attempt. He also took part in the discussions of the other stories, several of which were for juveniles. He'll have a birthday on May 9th and you ought to send him a card to show that he is a welcome addition to the United.

Mary Nelson who is writing short stories which she will incorporate in a novel later, amazed and amused us with another chapter dealing with two involuntary baptisms. Mary who was

X-PN 4827

JUNE
1953

VOL. 6
NO. 9

THE MAIL POUCH

- "A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION!" -

GEORGE A. BOEHME (EDITOR)
2628 NO. RICHARDS STREET
MILWAUKEE 12, WISCONSIN

THE MILWAUKEE BRAVES

Did you read my article last month on THE MILWAUKEE BRAVES? I suppose many of you thought that I was just 'spoofin' in my enthusiasm as to the welfare of our team. But Old Quate Bateman certainly lived up to our expectations so far and I sincerely believe he will not let us down in the days to come. You baseball fans throughout the nation are going to realize that we mean business and even when the team lost the game that the victor at no time met a pushover. Our Battling Braves will be the team to watch. Not only are we going to the games here at home in record breaking and frenzied enthusiastic crowds, but we are backing them up in all other desired manner. We have fallen in love with our Braves and it has been evidenced that the squad has returned that affection. How can we loose?

Have you studied the attendance figures. For an example in the first seven (7) home games the team played to 192,781 paid admissions as compared to only 137,957 paid admissions for nine (9) home games at Boston. And Boston now has only one (1) team to support. The goal set this year by management is 1,000,000 paid admissions. Will we make it? You wouldn't want to pay me a dime for every one over for that wouldn't leave you a cent for Income Taxes. So check that impulse to bet - you'll be glad you did.

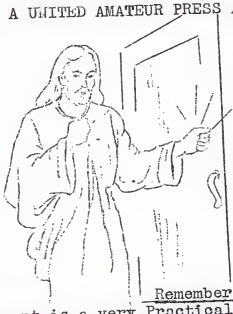
And bear this in mind. The Milwaukee Braves will be the team that will bring the 'paid admissions' to the other parks in the circuit. For they are the team to be reckoned with. We predict no pennant this year but we argue that we have the chance to do just that. But I will predict that Baseball as a whole will benefit greatly because of our Braves and that Milwaukee will soon be the toast of all baseball fans. We have a inbred habit, we citizens of this the greatest city in our beloved country. And that inbred habit is to do all we endeavor in a way and manner that spells success. And our entry into 'Big League' is just another challenge to our abilities. And we won't fall down either.

Imagine a cold, chilly evening, the thermometer about 38, a cold raw and damp wind off Lake Michigan. Would you think that 30,000 people would leave all the comforts of home and take in the ball game? We did just that, and we'll do it over and over again. For 'In Milwaukee in, the Dodgers from Brooklyn in, already yet, have nothing yet seen'. I predict that as the days roll by you will get acquainted with our fanfare and wonder what ever seemed so odd in a Brooklynite. For nowhere in the country are there the rabid, erratic, wild and woolly baseball fans that you will find here. There are going to be more of these articles forthcoming about our Braves - even though they slide to the cellar - for the past has taught us here in Milwaukee - that if you want to keep a name, a product, or a ball team in the minds of a people - you must sell it. Proof?- PABST BLUE RIBBON! What a combination! Baseball, Hot Dogs and some of Milwaukee's Best. Sheilah!

X-PH 4827
M
#414

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSO. PUBLICATION !

VOL. 1 - NO. 8
JUNE 1953



MESSENGER OF INSPIRATION!

Dr. W.J.THOMPSON. Ed.
840 So.FLOWER St.,
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

****

Remember - The Spiritual Element is a very Practical Power in Life! NEVER DESPAIR! In the wonderful story of Your Life anything may happen! This is God's message to you. It is the Voice of Hope coming to you from the Figure of Love, calling to Faith and Courage in the Companionship of Christ!

It is important to remember that RELIGION is not a way of looking at certain things - it is a Certain Way of Looking at ALL Things, including your own Circumstances, and Doing Something Definite about the Personal Situation!

There is help for you, if you really want it. But you must do your part! And your part is to Co-operate with God. What YOU cannot do, He will do for you - but what YOU can do HE WILL NEVER DO! Even as you read these words, promise God You will respond to His leadership, and you will discover this glorious TRUTH - FAITH in the Lord - WHEN EXPRESSED - IS A REAL EXPERIMENT WHICH ENDS IN A RADIANT EXPERIENCE!

-Dr, W. J. Thompson-

X-PN 4827
M

THE MAN SAYS

#415

Seventieth Talk

June 1933

Edward F. Daas, Editor
550 North 19th Street
Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

U. A. P. A.

LETTERS

If we'd only spare the moments
To sit down and pen a line
To our many friends who wonder
Why we never write; and pine
For some subtle recognition
When to us they letters send;
Always wondering if we ever
Answers to their quests intend.
Ah, if only time would grant us
Moments for affection's good;-
We'd write just scores of letters
And be better understood!

Wm. Wallace Ellis

OUR BIRTHDAY PARTY

In her minutes of the 138th meeting of the Milwaukee Amateur Press Club held at the Knickerbocker Hotel on May 16th in connection with our dinner party to celebrate another birthday, Bertha Mason writes:

The tables were beautifully decorated with centerpieces of artistically arranged flowers by Margaret Lohr and Mary Nelson. The inner man was amply taken care of with pea soup, prime ribs of beef, accompanied by baked potato, asparagus, salad, rolls and relishes. All topped off with apple pie and coffee.

Jamie of The Sentinel found to his surprise that while every one else was served with mouth-watering beef, his plate was a special production consisting of 1 piece of celery, 3 Ritz crackers, 1 slice of pickle, 2 carrot strips, 1 spray of parsley, 1 lettuce leaf and 1 lonely radish. On each bit of food there was planted a small paper flag listing calory counts. Judging from the sum total, Jamie (who according to his daily column was on a diet) was way ahead on schedule consumption. Mary Nelson's roguishness was responsible for this laugh provoking feature. However, we want to inform you that Jamie finally did get the same dinner as we had. For this one night his diet went far off the schedule.

Margaret Lohr read her story "Springtime for Melanie"; Mary Nelson read a rewrite of her baptism story and Irma Reitzi read a re-write of "Love Isn't Something You Can Afford." The usual criticisms followed each reading. Jamie answered many questions and after much good talk, laughter and visiting, the party came to a close with Jamie carefully balancing his plate of

X-PN 4827
M

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

VOLUME 6
NO. 12

THE MAIL POUCH

SEPTEMBER
1953

GEORGE A. BOEHME
(EDITOR)

2628 NO. RICHARDS STREET
MILWAUKEE 12, WISCONSIN

--***-

X-DN 4827

#417

THE MAN SAYS

X-DN 4827
M

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

PUBLICATION

Edward F. Daas, Editor

550 North 19th Street, Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

Seventy-sixth Talk December 1953

THE OTHER LITTLE ONE

I am sure the little cuddly lamb -
Understood as they laid it beside
The little Boy in the stable bed
And then nuzzled Him gently and tried

To warm Him with its soft woolly coat
And kiss His cheek with a small pink tongue
As shepherds watched in humbleness
And the angels' hosannas were sung.

The Lamb of God shared his bed of straw
With this other lamb - new-born and small
And so they were comforted and slept
Their baby sleep in the cattle stall.

Margaret R. Lohr

THE NOVEMBER MELTING

Since the library meetings are a thing of the past we have been holding a single monthly meeting and these are held at homes. We are still experimenting with the night which will bring the largest attendance. The December one will be held on Friday the 18th at Kay Mann's and the one in January will be held on a Friday at Margaret Larson's. Saturday too, has been a good night for large attendance as was shown by the turnout on November 28th at Ella Laufenberg's. There were seventeen crowded in her living room. The papers read were interesting and received many criticisms and suggestions, more members joining in this much needed work than ever before. It is a hard job to get members to do this constructive criticism, something which not only helps the writer whose paper is being criticized but also the one who tries his hand at it. Those too, who listen profit by it. When you see the faults and weaknesses in another's story and talk about it, you are less likely to make the same mistakes when writing your own. I am greatly pleased not only with the way the members are developing this art of constructive criticism but the way our writers ask for and receive this help. And most important is that they re-write their stories; some of them as often as seven times.

Stories by Zeta Lipscomb, Marian Atwell and Mary Nelson received so much attention that we did not read all the papers received. Margaret Lohr read the poem which heads this column and one other. Ella Laufenberg, truly contrite, read a fantastic account of something that NEVER hap-

X-PN 4827
M

#418

5
Copy

JAN 20 1954

MESSENGER OF INSPIRATION

VOL. 2
NO. 3

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

DR. W. J. THOMPSON,
-EDITOR-

840 SOUTH FLOWER STREET,
LOS ANGELES 17, CALIF.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU!

SOME THINGS WE KNOW ABOUT THE NEW YEAR:

We've taken down the 1953 Calendar that has been hanging on the wall, and in its place is a nice new one marked - 1954. Looking at it we see the whole year outlined, with the months, and weeks, and days, and the dates from January 1st to December 31st. The days will come just as they appear on the calendar, but what they will BRING none can tell! Human Life is a strange and fascinating adventure! What will happen in the next 365 days we do not know!

But We Know Some Things About The Coming Year. We Know That We Do Not Face The Future Alone. One we can trust completely declares - "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee"(Hebrews 13-5); "Lo, I am with you always" (Matthew 28-20) We Know There Will Be Much To Give Us Pleasure. And If Burdens Come, There Will Also Be Given Strength To Bear Them. We Will Be Allowed Special Opportunities To Render Helpful Service To Others, an thus experience the satisfaction that comes to those bringing joy to their fellowman.

If Sorrow Should Meet Us, Divine Comfort Will Sweeten And Srengthen Us During Our Time Of

X-PN 4827
.M

4-MAR 3
Copy-----

#419

MESSENGER OF INSPIRATION

FEBRUARY 1954

VOLUME 2
NUMBER 4

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

DR. W.J.THOMPSON (EDITOR)
840 SO.FLOWER STREET
LOS ANGELES 17, CALIF.

A WONDERFUL PROMISE!

We all need encouragement, and here is a Divine Promise containing a great Inspiration as we face the future, - "I will do better unto you than at your beginning; and ye shall know that I am the Lord". (Ezekiel 36 - 11).
We find this promise is fulfilled in the change from childhood to maturity. God whispers to every growing life:-"I will do better unto you than at your beginning". The beginning of Life is so beautiful - as revealed in winsome childhood, that we sometimes hear a proud and fond mother wish she might always keep her little one in that period of life. But one can imagine the horror of that same fond mother if her foolish wish were granted! To see a son or daughter remaining an infant through the years instead of developing into youth and maturity would be a terrible calamity!
As one puts it:-"A Baby Of One Year Is Natural, and Pleasing; A Baby Of Fifty-one Years Is De-

#470

5 - MAR 29 1954
Copy ____

X-PN4827
.M

MESSENGER OF INSPIRATION

VOL. 2 - NO. 4 MARCH 1954

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

DR. W. J. THOMPSON, (EDITOR)
840 SOUTH FLOWER STREET, LOS ANGELES 17, CALIF.

THE WAY TO SUCCESS!

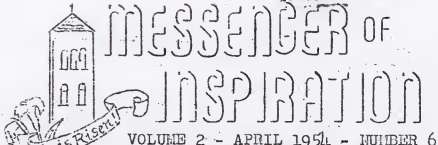
A Canadian writer informs us - "When the Parliament Buildings in Ottawa were burning, the main switch which controlled the lighting was turned off by mistake, and the whole place was plunged in darkness! This added greatly to the horror and the danger. The switch was down a long corridor through which the smoke was rolling, and it seemed impossible for anyone to make the journey and return! Then the people there formed a "human chain" by holding each other's hands - so that the one who went ahead felt the sustaining power of one who came behind him. If he stumbled, the man behind him helped him to his feet, and encouraged him to go on. In this way the vital switch was reached, the light turned on, and many lives were saved!" (Over the world today roll billows of race hatred, and misunderstandings between nations. There is a "switch" that will help to make things much clearer, and better, if we can get to it. But the smoke blinds us! In God's Name, let us join hands, and thus reach out to to turn on the Light of World Friendship.)

Dr. W. J. Thompson

#421

X-PN 4827

5 - AP 27
Copy ---- 195



VOLUME 2 - APRIL 1954 - NUMBER 6
A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSO. PUBLICATION - EDITED BY DR. W. J. THOMPSON
840 SO. FLOWER ST., LOS ANGELES 17, CALIF.

****

EASTER GREETINGS TO YOU!

"How is Christ Risen From the Dead".

(1. Corinthians 15-20)

The story of our Lord's Resurrection is an amazing narrative. Those nearest to the event believed that it happened. There is no other way to explain the dramatic change in the disciples, which transformed them from a company of bewildered men, thoroughly upset by the Crucifixion of Christ, into a band of confident and courageous disciples who went out to thrill the world with their enthusiastic proclamation of The Risen Lord. The Resurrection Story of Jesus Christ has affected more lives and changed more history than all the laws ever written! Unless we Believe the Account of our Saviour Emerging Alive from the Tomb, the Growth of the Early Church, and the Subsequent History of Christianity have no explanation. It is obvious that the Sensible Thing to Do is to Take the Record of Christ's Resurrection at its Face Value. The Transformed Lives of Countless Millions Cannot be Accomplished by a lie! The Easter Story about The Risen Lord is a

X-PN 4827
.M

MESSENGER OF INSPIRATION

MAY 1954
VOL. 2 - NO. 7

DR.W.J.THOMPSON, EDITOR
840 SO.FLOWER STREET,
LOS ANGELES 17, CALIFORNIA

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSO. PUBLICATION

MOTHER'S DAY - MAY 9th 1954

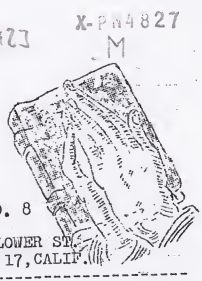
Mother's Day was founded in the United States and it has spread throughout the world. The resolution passed by the House and Senate in 1914, reads (im part):-

"Whereas the service rendered the United States by the American Mother is the greatest source of the Country's Strength and Inspiration; and whereas, we honor ourselves and the Mothers of America when we do anything to give emphasis to the home as the Fountain Head of the State...Therefore, be it resolved that the President of the United States is hereby authorized and requested to issue a Proclamation to Display the U.S. Flag upon all Government Buildings, and the people of the United States to Display the Flag at their Homes, as a Public Expression of our Love and Reverence for the Mothers of our Country."
(This became Law on May 8th, 1914)

It is indeed a good thing that once each year people evertwhere should have their attention drawn to the Place and Power of Mothers in the Progress of Humanity.

#423 X-PN4827
M

MESSENGER OF INSPIRATION



A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

VOLUME 2 - JUNE 1954 - NO. 8

DR. W. J. THOMPSON, 840 SO. FLOWER ST.
(EDITOR) LOS ANGELES 17, CALIF.

GUEST - EDITORIAL BY LIEUT.-GENERAL WILLIAM K. HARRISON, CHIEF OF STAFF, U.S. ARMY FORCES, FAR EAST; SENIOR DELEGATE, U.N. COMMAND TRUCE TEAM.

"It is wonderful to be a Believer in the Lord Jesus Christ, and I am exceedingly thankful that God has led me to Saving Faith in Christ. In the Bible, The Word Of God, the Lord has Promised that Anyone Who Believes in His Only Begotten Son, Jesus Christ, has been forgiven his Sin; also, has received Eternal Life and has entered into The Kingdom of God!

I can testify that God has Done This for Me. God gives us who Believe in Christ a Daily Personal Experience which is Convincing Evidence of the Reality of New Life in the Redeemer. I find that God actually changes my Life, and gives me Victory over the Evil in my Human Nature. I have learned by Experience that God Really Gives Joy, Peace of Mind, and Assurance for the Future. I have absolute confidence that God Goes With Me, and Will Never Fail Me, nor Forsake Me. Anyone who has this Faith can face the future without Fear, Worry, or Doubt. Certainly I have every Reason to be Thankful to God for all He has given to me. And The Blessings Which I Have Received Are

#424 X-PN4827

MESSENGER OF INSPIRATION

VOL.2 - NO.11

SEPTEMBER 1954

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

EDITED BY DR. W.J.THOMPSON, 840 SO.FLOWER ST., LOS ANGELES 17, CALIFORNIA

***

5 OCT 29 1954 #425

MESSENGER OF INSPIRATION

VOLUME 2
NUMBER 12
****

OCTOBER
1954.
****

EDITOR: DR.W.J.THOMPSON, 840 SO.FLOWER ST.,
LOS ANGELES 17, CALIF.

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

FROM UGLY STAIN TO SHINING SPLENDOR!

In the Highlands of Scotland there is a well known inn-with a beautiful refreshment room. The walls of this room are composed of pure white material. One day a party of tourists arrived, and while refreshments were being served, an accident caused the waitress to drop her tray of tea and crockery, and a large, ugly brown stain was made on the white wall of the room!

Shortly after this regrettable accident, a famous artist, named Landseer, came to visit the room.

Landseer was internationally famous as a painter of natural beauty.

When shown the ugly brown stain on the wall he asked for a brown crayon. With this in his hand he worked upon that tea stain - and, from it, on the wall made the picture of a beautiful Highland Stag! Visitors came from far and near to view this marvelous transformation.

This is a parable of what Christ can do in the Spiritual Realm! Down through the centuries, even unto this very day, the Saviour has been taking the spoiled things of Life, and by His Divine Grace, has transformed them into Spiri-

K-PN 4827
.M

#426 NOV 25 X-PN4827 .M

VOL.3-NO.1

NOVEMBER
1954

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSO. PUBLICATION -

Edited by DR. W.J. THOMPSON, 840 SO.FLOWER ST.
LOS ANGELES 17, CALIFORNIA

"In everything give thanks, for This Is The Will of God in Christ Jesus concerning You".
(1.Thess. 5 - 18).

Please observe the exact wording of this counsel from the Scriptures. It does not say -"For Everything give thanks", but it does say - "In Everything give thanks", Learn to take everything - (and I mean everything), to God, and you will discover that when you come to Him with the Spirit of Thanksgiving in your heart, He will indeed change Burden into Blessing, Sorrow into Song, and Trial into Triumph!
Take your Joys, your Problems, your Failures, your Successes - and everything Else, to the Lord.
And as you ask for His Help and Guidance, thank Him for all He means to you - and you will come to know the Secret of the Victorious Life!

---Dr.W.J.Thompson.

#427

NOV 26

X-PN4827
M

MESSENGER OF INSPIRATION

VOL.3-NO.1

NOVEMBER
1954

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSO. PUBLICATION -

Edited by DR. W.J. THOMPSON, 840 SO.FLOWER ST.
LOS ANGELES 17, CALIFORNIA

"In everything give thanks, for This Is The Will of God in Christ Jesus concerning You".
(1.Thess. 5 - 18).

Please observe the exact wording of this counsel from the Scriptures. It does not say -"For Everything give thanks", but it does say - "In Everything give thanks", Learn to take everything - (and I mean everything), to God, and you will discover that when you come to Him with the Spirit of Thanksgiving in your heart, He will indeed change Burden into Blessing, Sorrow into Song, and Trial into Triumph!
Take your Joys, your Problems, your Failures, your Successes - and everything Else, to the Lord.
And as you ask for His Help and Guidance, thank Him for all He means to you - and you will come to know the Secret of the Victorious Life!

--Dr.W.J.Thompson.

#428 X-PN 4827

MESSENGER of INSPIRATION

A United Amateur Press Association Publication
Editor: Dr. W. J. Thompson, 840 So. Flower St.
Volume 3 - Number 2 Los Angeles 17, Calif.
December, 1954

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS TO ALL!

"Oh, come let us adore Him--Christ the Lord!"

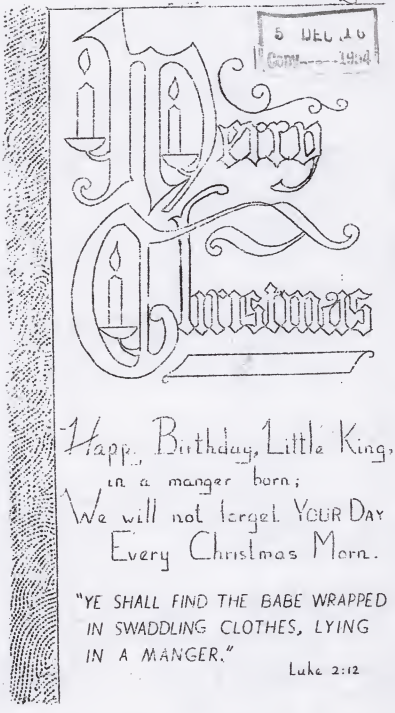
God has brought together in the Christmas story things we never dreamed could be blended--and on a tapestry woven of stable straw and star-light we behold a picture that touches the heart, illumines the mind, thrills the soul, and transforms every part of human life!

The wonderful story of Christmas continues to fascinate each generation of readers because of its truth, and its dramatic contrasts. It is old, yet ever new--timeless, and also most timely! The story is told with a simplicity captivating in its clearness, and at the same time marvelously profound!. It includes God and Man; Angels and Sheep; Wise Men and Humble Shepherds; the darkness of night, and blinding supernatural light; indescribable Glory and common tasks; the riches of heaven and the poverty of earth; deep silence, and angelic music; the mystic splendor of the blazing star, and the dimness inside the manger; and, crowning all, the figure of a carpenter bending tenderly over a happy mother, holding a tiny baby! And the Son of God was born! The

The old Testament opens with the figure of a man in a garden. The new Testament opens with the picture of a child in a manger. Around the figure of the man in the old testament, Genesis weaves the story of "Paradise Lost"; but around the figure of the

5 DEC 10
Copy----1954

#429
X-PN 4827
M
5 DEC 16
Copy ---- 1964



X-PN 4827
M
H4J0

CHRISTMAS JOY

There is a stillness
In the air:
A quiet
You and I can hear,
If we but close our eyes
And know
That God is near.

Joy to the world:
To you, for me;
Long-lasting joy
Eternally. —Bea Winkler.

Then, "Peace on earth,
Good will to man"
Will be reality to all.
Within our hearts
A song will ring;
And on the earth
Its echoes fall.

5 DEC 16

CHRISTMAS WANTS

"What do I want for Christmas?"
Oh darling, don't you know
My heart requires no presents —
Your precious love to show!

I do not need such tokens
To rate your warm esteem:
I find that in the glamor
Of your dark eyes' tender gleam.

The smile with which you greet me
Tells a message quaint and sweet;
The silent vibrance of your lips
On mine, each time they meet.

And so I ask no offering
Of neckties, socks, or things
To visualize emotion
That mutual favor brings.

There is no need for presents
To show your love is true:
The only worthwhile token
I'm asking for is YOU!
—W.W.Ellis.

A431 X-P140
5 AUG 25

Midsummer Knight's Theme!

By Wyllyum Hu Shookispeare.

"The best laid plans of mice and men....!" Now just where have I heard that before? No matter: for "experience is the best teacher." And how....! Perhaps this thunderous report might better have been captioned "A Comedy of Errors." But – we shall see!

First, though, let me express my profound regret for having been unable to attend the recent U.A.P.A. conclave in Kansas City. I had plotted all year to be present and contribute my "two cents' worth" to the general confusion; but the belligerent fates acquired my undying antipathy by ordering me "NAY!"

Then I connived to have a big part (no pun intended, so help me!) of the Konvenshun come to me (even if I am no Mohammed); by inviting the newly-elected president to visit "ELLISONIA." Here again, those relentless Fates almost overturned the apple-cart; because her confirming telegram was not delivered until after her arrival. The conductor belatedly discovered that he had an extra passenger heading toward Cleveland; and had to stop the train and signal the engineer to "back up" to Findlay and unload the unsuspecting Irma who was blissfully snoring after a wakeful night. (At least being president gains some favorable consideration. Egad!) We should have invited Eddie to come along and look after her; but, alas, my hindsight exceeds my foresight! Twenty minutes after her backward arrival, a frantic telephone call rudely interrupted our post-dawn slumbers to apprise us of her presence; whereupon we skedaddled to the station to retrieve A-J's "forgotten" Queen. In our sleepy-eyed haste, I couldn't locate my zither or harpsichord, so she was accorded no musical welcome, either. To cap the climax, she had "fallen for the conductor", and had skinned both knees. (Who envies the president?)

4 NOV 19
Copy-----1954
X-PN4827

It Contains No Bitters

The Martini

Cocktail Twenty October 1954

Served by Martin B. Keffer, Route 5, Box 208, Roanoke, Virginia
Member: American and National Amateur Press Associations

TIME AND AGAIN

By *Louis R. Hammond, 3329 Hillcrest Ave., N.W., Roanoke 12, Va.*

"What is time, anyhow?" I had given very little thought to the matter until a disk jockey on an early morning program asked it, and his query, recurring in my thoughts like a catchy new tune, brought to mind many old saws or expressions.

In variations of time there are: "Eastern Time," "Mountain Time," "Pacific Coast Time," "Day Time," "Work Time," and, in England, "Tea Time."

Time flies, stands still or marches on. Its value varies, with one person claiming "Time is of the essence!" while another shrugs "I have more time than money."

In "time after time" I visualize Time as a dog chasing its tail. And it is found at various elevations, as when I painted the house my wife remarked that it was "high time!" and when I work at the office after five o'clock the company says I am "working over time."

Some people have mastered the art of "keeping time," but others admit "time gets away from me." Like money, some waste time and others save time. Or some lose time and wonder if they have time, and others know how to make time.

Time has something to do with railroad tracks, for I heard a man at the passenger station say the crack train "came in on time."

My father once had a watch that was a part of time. I know this because he called it his "time piece."

It is a doctor, since "time is a great healer"; but it also must be somewhat like a pet pooch, for I have heard people say "I must take time out." It can't be trusted with intimate secrets, for "Time will tell." It must be grown on farms, for I have often heard of "Planting time" and "Harvest time."

Time is inequitably distributed. One person pleads "Give me time," while another promises "I can give you as much time as you want." The last one probably isn't the fellow you borrowed a ten-spot from. But by itself it is not so accommodating, for it is said that "Time and tide wait for no man." It comes in various lengths, for judges measure it off "Thirty days," "Ninety days" "Twenty years."

X-LM4827
5 JUL 29 1954

#433

THE MOSS MEDALIST

JUNE 1954

Grace S. Moss, Publisher
994 Ocean Avenue, Brooklyn 26, New York

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

THE DOCTOR'S DECISION

Doug Richards leaned back comfortable on the bed and took another puff on his cigaret. He was a tall, heavy set man in his middle forties but the lines of worry and anguish on his face made him seem years older. As the smoke drifted lazily towards the ceiling he let his thoughts wander back to the events which led to his being where he was. He could hear Nancy's voice as if it were yesterday.

"But Doug, Honey, you just can't quit, it isn't like you. Lots of fellows come out of the war much worse off than you'll ever be."

Doug eased himself off the bed with the use of his crutches, hobbled over to the window and looked out at the bustling city. Again Nancy's sharp voice cut the air.

"We all know it's not easy to become a doctor with only one leg but you're going to because you are young and I know you can do it."

He had turned from the window and eyed Nancy. She was a small pert brunette with twinkling blue eyes which could often flare up when she was angry. He loved this girl and would do anything for her, that is anything except throwing his life away in an attempt to become a doctor. Whoever heard of a doctor with one leg.

Just then the bell had rung and Nancy had gone to answer it saying, "That must be Mr. Holmes. I'll let him in."

Who the deuce was Mr. Holmes Doug thought, but before he could inquire the sight that met his eyes stopped him cold. There in the doorway was a man in a wheel chair. As Nancy wheeled in Doug gazed, this man had one arm and one leg. "Doug, I want you to meet Mr. Holmes. Mr. Holmes, this is Doug Richards."

Then Doug had heard a wonderful story. Mr. Holmes had been born like this but he had never given up and now he held a very important position in a big real-estate firm. Hearing his story Doug had been awed. If a man with this handicap could perform such a miracle then he too could become a doctor.

Doug had entered medical school and worked long and hard. Finally when he received his degree he had set up shop in Waverly. At first business had been very slow, Not many people were willing to trust themselves to a young doctor with no background except that he had lost a leg in the Marshall Islands during the war.

Then one day as Doug was sitting in his office wondering where his next meal would come from, he heard the buzzer signifying that someone was in his outer office. He walked to the door adjoining the two offices and opened it. He was confronted by a small, dirty looking man who was holding his left arm.

"Won't you come in, sir, and tell me your trouble?"

"Yea, thanks, Doc." Doug told the man to be seated, rolled up his sleeve and looked at the wounded arm.

X-PN 4827
IM
#434
5 OCT 29
1954

The Midwest Amateur

A United Amateur Press Association Publication

Number 1
October 1954

Editor:
Anthony Zoubek
1604 So. 50th Ave.
Cicero 50, Illinois

From the Editor

SOLDIER'S PRAYER

Where'er you go, my darling,
May the Lord walk at your side;
May He watch and always guard you
And fill your heart with pride.

May He keep you always happy;
May your cares be very few.
May He keep the love light burning
'Til I return to you.

And though the days be many,
And I am so far away;
May the Lord help you remember
I will return someday.

And now that day is over
I will dream tonight of you;
I know I need not worry
'Cause He'll watch over you.

I'd like to thank all of you who did such a grand job of welcoming me into the U.A.P.A. with your cards. This is the first time I've ever come into contact with such an enthusiastic group of people and I'm looking forward to hearing from and meeting any and all members of the Association. I'm also enjoying the papers put out by the members.

As this is my first attempt at publishing, I'd certainly be happy to receive any comments or criticisms anyone wishes to offer.

I have found that as I write, I like to use some of my characters over and over again, directing them into different situations. I am going to use certain of these characters, acting as staffmembers; in THE MIDWEST AMATEUR and let them relate their adventures. In this issue, *Solar Sam* will introduce himself to you.

Solar Sam

I'm Solar Sam, the saucer man;
I've come from outer space.
I stop to chat of this and that
As I go from place to place.

While in the blue, I've found a few
Worlds such as you have here.
So though I roam, I feel at home
No matter where I steer.

I'd like to tell (perhaps not well)
Of all I see and do.
From time to time, in prose or rhyme
I'll tell it all to you.

So come along with me and take a

TRIP ON A FLYING SAUCER

Why don't you take a trip on a flying saucer,
And leave your troubles behind;
Just the thought of a trip on a flying saucer
Brings so many things to mind.
You'll have so near
Someone that's dear
As you sail off through the sky;
And when so fast
The time slips past
You will hate to say goodby.
That's when you take a trip on a flying saucer
Away through a starlit sky.

Why don't you take a trip on a flying saucer,
And make all your dreams come true;
You take the longest trip on a flying saucer,
And you'll nevermore be blue.
So when you feel
That life's too real,
And you'd like to get away;
You take your friend
Where troubles end,
And remember what I say:
Just take a long, long trip on a flying saucer,
And dream your troubles away.

X- PN 4827
M

5 - AP 27
NOV 1954

A435

monarda

Of The Allegheny National Forest

Editor - Sadie Stover Cunning Box 331, Sheffield, Pa.

Vol. I April and May, 1954 No. 2

Just My Type

Beauty was meant to love - so, what's keeping so many of us from the surrounding countryside all throughout the summer?
What we need more of, is worshipers and less warshippers!
Wild women are like weeds; we have no good use for them.
During the warm weather, melted snow is like water under the dam.
No one, absolutely no one, is perfect outside of God.

By Walt Werner
Route 1, Box 122, Kenosha, Wis.

- - - - - - - -

April Showers

I think that April showers falling are like tiny drummers calling to the flowers in the ground, reminding them it's time to bound from the shelter of the soil; to break through their shell-like coil, and be ready to dance with the rain when it comes pattering down again.

I think that April showers drumming, with it's soft, irregular strumming, is like sweet music to my ear, and as I listen I can hear it lightly dancing on the shingles; such rhythm gives my feet the tingles, and I want to dance with the rain, but instead I go walking down the lane.

The song birds seem to sing the more when from the sky the raindrops pour; there is nourishment in every drop for the farmer's waiting crop, and when I see the flowers bloom, that delight me with their sweet perfume; I'm glad that April showers fell to help the earth her beauty tell.

- Sadie Stover Cunning

I wish to thank all you wonderful people out there for sending me such friendly greetings in cards and letters. They are greatly appreciated. To all who write to me I will send view cards from the Allegheny National Forest.

Sadie Stover Cunning

You have often heard the saying, "What you are speaks louder than words." This is true. The world will judge us by our actions, because being and doing are closely related. We are constantly giving in a large or small degree, and we receive as we give.

We are always working at something. We feel better when we are busy. It is a way of life for us, to be useful, to our family, our friends, and our community, and the way we live builds character. Others will know us by our reputation.

- Sadie Stover Cunning

Member of UAPAA and UAPA

5 NOV 26 1954

#436

MONARDA

Of The Allegheny National Forest

Editor - Sadie Stover Cunning Box 331 Sheffield, Pa.

Member of UAPA and UAPAA

Vol. I October and November, 1954

X-PN4827
-M

Have you ever noticed how many people there are who are devoted to an ideal? Maybe you haven't given attention to this kind of observation before, but if you will look around you and study people as they come and go you will find most every one has some kind of an ideal, or pattern within their own mind to live up to.

To be devoted is to have a strong attachment for; an ardent love and affection for a certain way of life. The ideal, or pattern set up in mind can take many forms. There are those who are devoted to the stage, the theatre, acting, while others yield their hearts to poetry, prose, and other literary work. Then there are others who pay homage to the ideal of public service, to health and exercise, to home economics and many other projects too numerous to mention.

At first glance it may seem like nonsense to be so charmed by the magic of an ideal, but when it is a constructive ideal like the ones mentioned above that help the person to be better; to live a more upright and honest life, we can see that such an ideal is educational as well as useful. It helps one to use good judgment and common sense in ordering their thinking and actions along the pattern held in mind.

The most of us need an ideal to work up to so as to keep our minds well balanced, and to help us lead good, useful lives. In this way we can be assured of being a comfort and a blessing in the community in which we live and to the whole world.

- S. S. C.

Mis-Mated

They were never meant for each other
A true pair they could not be,
The one was long and slender,
The other stout, you see;
The one's complexion dark tan,
The other shallow grey,
Now what ever prompted me to wear
These unmatched stockings today!

-Lorraine M. Jolian

- - - - - - - - -

"Ode to Monarda"

Now "Monarda", it seems to me,
Is noted for its poetry,
As well as interesting prose,
As most everybody knows.

- G. Edward Lind

4-MA 3
X-PN 4827

THE MAIL POUCH

FEBRUARY 1954

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSO. PUBLICATION
VOLUME 7 - NUMBER 5

GEORGE A. BOEHME, EDITOR - 2628 NO. RICHARDS ST., MILWAUKEE 12, WIS.

MAGNIFICENT VALLEY
by
Roy D. Lane, Dunnegan, Missouri

Oh magnificent valley, how heavy my heart
As from your sweet presence, I daily must part,
The smile of the roses, and blue-bells so rare,
The hurry and scurry of the squirrel and the hare.

All seem to be calling to quickly return
Where the lamps from the window so silently burn.
Even the hills that slope softly to the dawn
Down to the river where the beautiful swan-

Is swimming along on the path of the tide
Calls me and beckons to ever reside
Beside the cool waters where breezes sigh soft,
Where birds in the trees twitter and scoff.

Oh magnificent valley as from you I fly
I'll remember and adore you until the day that I die,
Though away I may be in a far distant clime
My thoughts will be of you, most of the time.

And though my heart breaks in shades of despair
The sun will reflect my love for you there.
In fancy I wander, many times in my dreams
Beside the cool waters of thy gurgling streams.

In fancy I see as time takes it's flight
The moon-beams embracing thy form in the night.
So I am resolved, to you to flee
To dwell in thy presence, ever happy to be.

**** - ****

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

A gaunt, awkward, small town attorney, who had come to Cincinnati on the McCormick reaper case, was once snubbed and ignored by his illustrious fellow lawyers from the East. All of us are constantly deceived by such first impressions. He was ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

- George A.Boehme.

5 - MA. 29
Copy ---- 1954

X-PNA 827
M
MARCH
1954
11435

THE MAIL POUCH

VOLUME 7
NUMBER 6

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSO. PUBLICATION

GEORGE A. BOEHME
- EDITOR -

2628 NORTH RICHARDS STREET MILWAUKEE 12, WISCONSIN

****

GEORGE WASHINGTON

At a ~~recent~~ George Washington Dinner which I attended recently a discussion started between about a dozen of the diners if our first President would measure up to present Democratic or Republican standards. It became quite a debate and came to no general or agreed conclusion. I was a very interested listener and did not take part in the discussion. This fact was noted by one of my friends who knew that our Mr. Washington held a very dear and honored spot in our heart. This no doubt prompted him to ask me my opinion. My answer closed the debate:- "Measuring in terms of present day policies of either of the two parties ~~I believe he would have none of either. But what if I am wrong as~~ some of you who claim he was one of the two or right as to the opinion of the ones on the other side, what difference does or would it make? Suffice, he was a real American, tie whatever label you desire on his lapel. He would still be to all of us the greatest of them all".

Today we know all of Washington we will ever know; there are no more documents to present, no partisan witnesses to examine, no prejudices to remove. His purity of purpose stands unimpeached; his steadfast earnestness and sterling honesty are our priceless examples. We love the man. We call him Father.

--***-***

When things go wrong, as they
sometimes will,
When the road you're trudging
seems all uphill,
When you want to smile, but you
have to sigh,
When care is pressing you down a
bit -
Rest if you must, but don't you
quit!

If some mud gets spattered on you,
Let it dry.
That much sense you have with
clothing:
Why not try
The same if folks spatter muddy
talk
On your name?
If you're patient and keep silent,
Theirs the shame.

Observed by Dr.W.J.Thompson

OPEN YOUR EYES AND THE WHOLE WORLD IS FULL OF GOD.--JACOB BOEHME.

3439
X-PN 4827
.M

MAY 1954

THE MAIL POUCH

VOLUME 7
NUMBER 8

STRIKE!

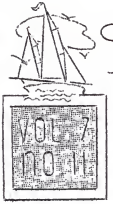
A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION
PUBLICATION EDITED BY

GEORGE A.BOEHME 2628 NO.RICHARDS ST
MILWAUKEE 12, WIS.

***

L-PN4827

Aug



THE MAIL POUCH

AUGUST 1954

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION---EDITED BY

GEORGE A. DOEHME
2628 NO. RICHARDS STREET
MILWAUKEE 12, WISCONSIN

****

--OVER THE HILL--

****

The recent convention brought to a close another year of UAPA activity. The delegates at Kansas City vied with the State of Missouri American Legionnaires delegates for honors and accomplishment. Just what the A.L. accomplished is vague, but the UAPA delegates at the Saturday banquet were told by Mr.Lloyd T.Griswold, manager of the Muchlebach Hotel (member of the UAPA) that what we have lacked in number in comparison we certainly made up in activity, spirit and accomplishment; and that we were a credit to the people we represented and that Kansas City was proud to have us as guests.

In other papers you will be informed in detail - as to just what took place at meetings - at dinners - at the wonderful places on the program planned for entertainment and education.

As the presiding officer at the business sessions I can truthfully assure you that these sessions, well attended, were in all respects, a co-operative endeavor to promote the principles of good fellowship and the purpose of the Amateur Press.

The election of our new slate of officers should bear out the fact that we will 'go forward' and should again vindicate the honest intent of those at our helm. Contrary to word making the rounds that some of the officers were not candidates we have no reason to believe such was the case. All candidates on the ballot were duly nominated and had accepted their nominations. Do any believe that we who had the task of getting the names of nominees and producing the ballots would try to pull off any shenanigans as implied? We have the proof that all candidates were entitled to their place on the ballot and that the officers elected and so declared by your past President, should warrant your respect and confidence.

The year and the election is over. A rather heated campaign in many ways above good taste and purpose brought out a good vote and the result very clearly demonstrated the sincere desire to go along with the past performances. Performances that have made the UAPA the outstanding Amateur Press Association in the world today.

So to the officers elected and to all members of the UAPA we extend a hearty promise that we will ever be sure that your all efforts will be only those to enhance the welfare of our beloved organization.

George.

THE MAIL POUCH

A
UNITED AMATEUR
PRESS ASSOCIATION
PUBLICATION.
****

GEORGE A. BOEHME, EDITOR
2628 NO. RICHARDS ST.
MILWAUKEE 12,
WISCONSIN

September Song 1954

VOLUME 7 NUMBER 12

****

2441

X-PN4827

5 SEP 22

A LIGHT WILL DAWN

by
Betty M. Tousch

We are brothers
Though we may be white, or red, or black,
Or even yellow.
All hearts are red, and beat great symphonies
Of joyous love, or trembling fear,
Or swing into crescendoes
Of thundering hate;
Free to be tuned to our own taste,
Worshipping God, we seek the same great heights,
For there is a oneness.
The same gold disc of sunlight
Shines down to warm us all;
~~For some Great Force has planned for us~~
To live with one another.
The scourge of wars may scar us,
But each other, we cannot escape.
Like filtered sun-light, a light will dawn
In man's slow mind
That we were meant to live, peaceable,
Together.

A MANSION FAIR

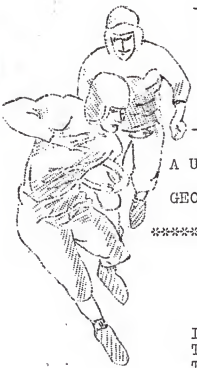
by
Loreta Inman

Built of lumber rough of hew,
The paint old and shabby too;
My dear, humble cottage home
Has charm for no urge to roam.

From windows come lovely view,
Beauties' castles never knew.
In the tree-shadows soft glow
A streamlet's limpid waters flow.

Each year trumpet vines delight,
Entwining the fence of white;
And in my fond picture view
Are song birds of every hue.

Not the house in which we dwell
Will express love's joyous spell,
But when God our heart-rooms share
The soul becomes this Mansion Fair.



THE MAIL POUCH

OCTOBER 1954 VOLUME 8 NUMBER 1

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION - - -

GEORGE A. BOEHME, EDITOR 2628 NO. RICHARDS STREET
MILWAUKEE 12, WISCONSIN

OCT 29 1954

X-PN 4827
.M

OCTOBER GARDEN

by
Nona D. Spath

I went into my garden
To say a fond farewell
To all my gorgeous flower friends
That I had loved so well.

The hibiscus bush was failing,
The salvia still was bright;
The sun-flower faces were quite pale
And showed some signs of blight.

The chrysanthemums were curling
And marked with points of black;
The dahlias hung their lovely heads,
The glory vine was slack.

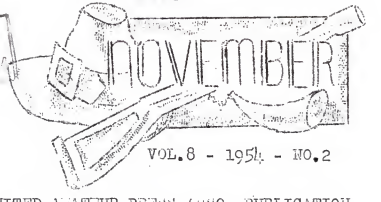
The marigolds were languid;
Not quite so debonair
As when they vied with zinnias,
Their brilliance to compare.

This fragrance soon will waft away
Into another sphere;
But will diffuse itself throughout
The garden planned next year.

*** - ***

Funny, isn't it what some piece of writing will suggest to one. This beautiful poem, 'OCTOBER GARDEN' suggested the sordid truth of life, deterioration, the loss of gay young youth, the beginning for many of us older ones of the end. Bleak as the picture portrays itself, we no doubt will place a higher value on the time still alloted us and in the golden harvest days of our lifes, lead a better, cleaner 'autumn time'. Not that we are afraid, but because we are beginning to realize that time is moving on very rapidly.
The other day I again heard the adage. 'feed a cold, but starve a fever'. How silly! I have had both for days. When I'm hungry, I have a fever, when I don't it isn't time for meals. Some situation, eh?

THE MAIL POUCH



VOL.8 - 1954 - NO.2

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSO. PUBLICATION

GEORGE A. BOEHLKE EDITOR 2628 NO. RICHARDS STREET, MILWAUKEE 12, WISCONSIN

5 NOV 26 1954

X-PN4827 M

A REQUEST

I would like to extend my very best thanks to all members of the United Amateur Press Association for the cards and letters I received in memory of my husband, George D. Palochek.
I shall always feel proud and happy in the knowledge of the two years we were married.
Life was wonderful, but God in his infinite wisdom, saw fit to call George Home to His Realm. God knows I miss George very much but I do hope I can reconcile myself with God's Way and am sure He shall lay His comforting hand on my heart. I take great comfort from the following lines -

Count your many blessings,
Name them one by one,
And it will amaze you
What the Lord has done.

The following poem was mailed to Mr. Palochek, by Betty L. Tousch, 3259 Madera Ave., Oakland 19, California for his Autumn copy of Blooming Creations. Mr.Boehme promised to publish it here in George's memory. I know that he would have liked the poem, and I thank Betty for it and Mr.Boehme for publishing it.

Mrs. Geo.D.Palochek

AUTUMN RACE

Swirling her skirts of russet brown,
Autumn first makes her formal bow.
She picks red leaves from the hem of her gown
And flings them high to a wind passing by.

She flashes a smile with lips that are red
From blue crushed grapes readied for wine.
She wears a gold wreath of wheat on her head,
And dances in shoes that are milkweed pods.

The wind catches her in a wild embrace
As they whirl with leaves in a merry chase.
Flurries of snow soon end their race -
And Autumn goes to sleep, blanketed white.

X-PN 4827
m

THE MAN SAYS

January 1954

JAN 20 1954
#444

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

PUBLICATION 5

Copy

Edward F. Daas, Editor

550 North 19th Street

Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

Seventyseventh Talk

JANUARY

Like all, begin the fresh New Year
Courageously, with hope and cheer;
To leave behind the Old Year's ills,
Sorrows and doubts, frustrated wills.
Effie Shorey

* * * * *

THE CHRISTMAS PARTY

In place of the annual Christmas dinner party at a hotel, we had the usual monthly meeting at Kay Mann's on December 19th. With so much sickness in the Milwaukee group it was a wise thing that we did so. Both Margarets were recuperating at home after being hospitalized; George had a long spell of bronchial illness which kept him from work the last two weeks of the year; Irma too, had a sick spell and since I did not want to be left out in the "cold", I developed one during the Christmas celebration! It did not prevent me from having ten continuous glorious days of celebration.

Christmas cards to the number of 193 reached me and I wish to thank the many who sent them to me. Many of them had messages or notes which I appreciated. It is wonderful to be remembered by your friends, especially during the Christmas season.

Each time that Kay had the club for a meeting at her home, I lost my way! That confounded moat with which King Arthur surrounded his loved ones confused me on the previous visits but this time I was not going to be lost! Oh, no! Take a Sherman bus, Bertha wrote and so I read it. Easy? I took that bus on my corner and intended to ride to the 4600 block. Just as simple as that but I had reckoned without the bus company since it had re-routed many of its buses and as Kay's home is on the way to the North Pole (so it seems to me) I was deeply interested in "Gone With the Wind" when I noticed that I was not on Sherman Boulevard, became panicky, rang the bell, got off and then got on another bus bound in the other direction only to be amazed that the house numbers were going downward instead of upward and I was almost half-way home before I got off, got my bearings, made the correct connections and finally reached Kay's.

What a pleasant surprise awaited me! Our charming "gramma" from Juneau was there, the guest of Mary Nelson. Ida had brought one of her famous fruit cakes for the Santa Claus grab-bag and I was the fortunate one to get it. For the third consecutive year Mary "grabbed" the gift donated by Irma Schmidt. Each was

#445
4-MAR 3.
X-PN 4827

THE MAN SAYS

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Edward F. Daas, Editor

550 North 19th Street, Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

Seventyeighth Talk February 1954

BLUE-PRINTS FOR DESTINY

Intellectual Honesty
Human Dignity,
Freedom,
Co-operation,
These are real blue-prints
For
The Unavoidable Future.
Thomas Vaughan

THE UNPREDICTABLE

The day of miracles isn't past. The 16th of January brought zero weather and the weatherman prophesied a snow storm. It was too late to call off the scheduled meeting at Margaret Larson's. Of course I knew Bertha would come! Her motto is: "If the weather is not too bad for Eddie, it isn't too bad for me" And with Margaret, the three of us could play Bridge. And if Irma braved the weather and braved my displeasure by wearing her "little old grandma" warm cap, I'd forgive her and try to beat her at Canasta. It is so silly to worry! Members came and came until the room was jammed and nearly all members were present. Even Maurene came all the way from her far-a-way home. Such courage and such enthusiasm should be emulated by the others. Margaret Lohr, still unable to leave her home, sent her regrets and two poems. Col phoned she could not come but sent her love to the poets and peasants. (Glad she included me in the latter category.) Ruth was in sunny Florida visiting her parents. (Lucky girl) Mary had to attend a "hen party" which had been postponed, again and again. Ella Was unable to come because of her father's illness. Apparently Mabel was afraid to venture out into the cold and snow. The final count of noses showed seventeen present!

Bob always has a few tricks up his sleeve so when he was asked to read his story. he first read a slew of very funny quatrains. His story about a dying woman kept you spell-bound until the shocking finale. Bob should have had this at our Hallowe'en party. Margaret read a story for very young children. If she submits this to a publisher she ought to accompany it with a record of her reading of same. Irma too, had a children's story she wanted to read before Larry Sternig's arrival in order to get our reaction. Marian read her revised story, "The Wolf Whistle. After Larry(s Arrival, Bob was asked to read again his story. Larry then told him that while it was well written it was not what publishers wanted. He advised him to keep on writing and writing and that he would have no trouble selling his work. Larry also told of his pride in Irma's son John. In less than two months he had sold four of "Jack Ritchie" stories.(One appeared in the Chicago Tribune on January 24th.)

#446
5 - MAR. 29
X-PN 4827
M

THE MAN SAYS

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Edward F. Daas, Editor

550 North 19th Street, Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

Seventyninth Talk March 1954

ST. PATRICK'S DANCE

We met one night at a St. Patrick's dance.
I felt in my heart that this was romance;
My heart skipped a beat at the very first glance.
I met my fate at that St. Patrick's dance.

Her eyes were brown, her hair was a flame,
I had lost my heart ere I knew her dear name.
Then we met and I said, "dance?"
I will bless forever that St. Patrick's dance.

Now we are wed and so happy are we
In our dear little home, just Luella and me.
Each year we honor that sweet happen-stance
By attending a good old St. Patrick's day dance.

Libby Mae Austin

* * * * *

YOU NEVER CAN TELL

This winter like the last one, has been a mild one with little snow. But two hours before the scheduled February 26th meeting, it began to snow, heavy enough to delay traffic. Six of us waited in the shelter of a doorway for over 30 minutes for our bus. When we reached 82nd street, Winfrey met us and drove us to the home of Mrs. Harvey Noyes. Her home, illuminated brightly, and the falling snow made a Christmas card setting. Mrs. Noyes too, made a pretty picture, in a bright red gown which set off her beautiful silver hair, and her smiling welcome to her guests. Much to my surprise the room was filled and when Maurine arrived, the member making the longest trip to attend, there were 25 present, the largest meeting since the one at Dee Tucker's, June 20, 1950. The only absentees were the two Georges and their spouses (or is it spises?). Three prospective members, Miss Opperud and Mrs. Lembke, teachers, and Holly Haas, teenager, were also present. And the papers which were thrust into my hands! Before the evening was over, Bob, Marian, Kay, Margaret Larson, Mary and Irma Schmidt read stories, all of which were given the usual criticism. Poems were read by Maurine, Margaret Lohr and Miss Opperud. While these were being read the members autographed some forty or more birthday and welcome cards. There was no time left for reading stories by Mabel, Ella and Irma Reitci. Wonder what I could have said to have brought this deluge of papers? When we adjourned to the dining room we saw what the

X-PN 4827
M
#447

The Man Says

Edward F. Daas, Editor
550 North 19th Street
Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

Eightyfirst Talk May 1954

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

****

ALWAYS TODAY

No longer do the thoughts of winter
Cloud the brow;
Summer is forever, the earth and all
Things upon it will not part:
Our faith in friendship is renewed,
And the plighted vow
Of love eternal fills the heart.
Life is sweet, no use to waste
Precious time in vain regret,
Today is here, tears of yesterday
Tomorrow's rainbow will beget.

Paula Nelson

* * * * *

COMEDY OF ERRORS

About three months ago Ethel invited the club to meet at her home in April. Marian who spends the summer months at Marinette operating one of the Truman drive-in restaurants mentioned to Irma that she would like to have the club before she left for the north. After I had Ethel postpone her meeting to June I phoned Marian to set the date for the April meeting. But the dear girl in true womanish style had new ideas. They (the Trumans) were going to buy a home in the Fall large enough to entertain more Guests than they could at present. Then too, she was leaving earlier this year, in fact before Easter. So arrangements were made to hold the meeting at the Y.M.C.A. on Monday, April 19th and notices were mailed. Mary's enthusiasm carries her far but that night it was too early. She arrived before 7:30 and finding Room 302 was used by another group she inquired at the desk only to be told that the meeting was listed for the following night. Too bashful (?) to sit among all the men in the lobby she left before any of us arrived. The poor girl did not know that the Mapcers always come late. It was true that the clerk had entered our meeting for the 20th. Every meeting room was occupied! We sat around until a committee room was vacated. It was in such a maddon away place that you needed a lantern and map to find it. In spite of all this there were a dozen members at the meeting. It was IRMAS' night for the two of them managed to hold the spotlight. The Reitci one read a story which while rejected by American had brought a letter of commendation from the editor with a request to see more of her work. The silent (?) one read a radio script, a love story, which was given almost an hour of constructive criticism. We visited the Harmony for a wee (?) bit of lunch.

X-PN4827 .M
2 MAR 4
#4418
M.B.S.

THE MAN SAYS

Edward F. Daas, Editor

550 North 19th Street, Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

Eightyfourth Talk August 1954

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

ELECTION RESULTS:

Irma Reitci, President	152
John J. Quigley	64
Leslie Shaw, 1st V.P.	155
Herman L. Nelson, Jr	60
Esther Spearrin, 2nd V.P.	104
Bonne L. Parker	84
Alpha L. Buntain	19
Marvin Sanford, Off.Editor	158
Benjamin N. Johnson, Jr	48
Chicago Convention City	73
New York City	60
Wheeling	28
Youngstown	24
Against Amendment	129
For the Amendment	85

* * * * *

A HOT TIME

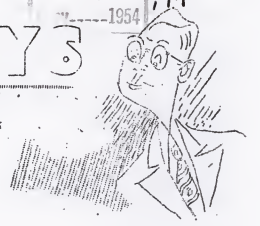
The 112 weather which Kansas City enjoyed (?) the early part of July probably was the cause of the small attendance at this year's convention. The Milwaukee delegation of seven arrived in Kansas City a day earlier and were joined by Grace Moss who had flown from Brooklyn. I do not like hot weather but can truthfully say it did not interfere with my enjoyment of all that took place with the possible exception of the museum trip. The hotel was air-conditioned and my room was almost too cool, so enjoyed my sleep every night. If you stayed on the shady side of the street, the heat did not bother you especially since there was a breeze most of the time. The delegates who had arrived, with Belle Mooney, had dinner and then talked in the hotel lobby until the sandman called. But Grace and I were still wide awake so we saw Danny Kaye's funny show "Knock On Wood."

THE FIRST DAY

Only twenty members were in attendance on Thursday when President George A. Boehme called the convention to order. Belle Mooney welcomed the delegates. Maud Curtis, Alyce W. Cocks and Grace Moss were appointed to serve on the Election Committee with the Custodian of Ballots, Lloyd Griswold, and the Secretary. Olive Roberts, Leona Velen and Bernice Wilkins were appointed on the Resolutions Committee. Messages by the President, Secretary, Treasurer and Official Editor-Mailer were presented in person and the report of the Publicity Director was read by Belle Mooney. The latter also read a poem dedicated to the convention written by Sylvia E. Sprout. A lengthy informal discussion on association affairs preceded the adjournment at noon. In the afternoon the delegates visited the new Museum which is still in its initial stages. Many snapshots were taken and if the camera owners will send me copies of their work promptly, I may be able to get them in THE UNITED AMATEUR. I have seen a few advance copies of those taken and would like to see all the others.

#441
5 OCT 29 1954
PN4827

THE MAN SAYS



A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

PUBLICATION

Edward F. Daas, Editor

550 North 19th Street, Milwaukee 3, Wis.

86th Talk October 1954

NATIONAL POETRY DAY

This day is set aside to say
The nicest things about the way;
Thoughts of an elusive hour stay
To live in poems day by day.
Loreta Inman

* * * *

A BUSY MONTH

The first mailing from the home of Irma Schmidt was on the 11th of last month. Everything moved along rapidly and the job was done in less than no time. Of course, there was George, the other Irma and I to help. I believe I have a solution to the problem of identifying the two Irmas. I'll call the Mailer Irmakin which is a diminutive (I hope) and an endearing term of her name, Irma. Irmakin and her tall son Jerry called for George and the papers he had mimeod during the week, then called for Irma and me. When we arrived at the Schmidt home we assigned a job to each one and all the collating, packing, stamping was done shortly after 10 o'clock.

Then we sat down to do justice to the "piece de resistance" created by Donald, Irmakin's other son who had been watching television while we had slaved! We forgave him for his neglecting us when we investigated his creation. I discovered that it consisted of a base of angel food, topped with whipped strawberry jello which in turn was topped with vanilla ice-cream and all of this covered with crushed strawberries. Yum! Yum! But where, oh where was the coffee? I was expecting Irmakin to bring a large coffee-pot from the kitchen but instead she came with a tiny cup (about the size of a walnut) of coffee and told me that it was all I'd get. She relented however, and I was given the usual number of cups. Irmakin and Jerry chauffered us to the post-office where we delivered the Bundles before midnight and then saw us to our homes.

I cannot understand why the members make fun of my coffee-drinking. At Kansas City I was given a half-cup with a card:

To Eddie with our best wishes--

We have often been told--
Coffee! Coffee!--too hot or cold
For our famous Eddie Daas
Will never, never do.
So if we may be so bold
The correct amount, wherever he goes,

Nov 25
X-PN4827
.M
#450

The Man Says

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Edward F. Daas, Editor

550 North 19th Street, Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

87th Talk November 1954

THANKS FOR EVERYTHING!

I send you thanks for everything,
Creator of my life,
Though of its pain I am not fond,
For hope of better life beyond
To Thee I sing.

So thanks for joy and sorrow,
Good and bad,
For blessings and for trials
I have had,
Since both the evil
And the good
Are swallowed up by Life itself,
When understood.

Ester Collins

* * * * *

BUSINESS AND PLEASURE

On October 28th your President and your Secretary went to Chicago to attend to some business for the United. We were met at the depot by genial Fred Eichin and had an early dinner. At the Atlantic Hotel where the Chicago Writers Club meets and here we renewed friendships with George Ciancio and his mother, Irma Keehn, Brauner Ostergaard and his bride. When I saw Ralph Bushee, I asked Fred, "Where is the piano? The candelabra? And brother George? Isn't that Liberace?" For Ralph is the typical artist with bushy black hair, sparkling eyes and a most friendly smile. He was the Chairman so we had the pleasure of hearing his splendid readings of some of the papers on the program. Dr. Margaret Jones had a rather serious look while her story was read. Our own Irma was asked to join in the criticisms which followed. She did this in her usual thorough manner. After the meeting Dr. Jones approached Irma and with gleaming eyes thanked her, telling her that it was just what her daughter had said. Two poems by Tom Brown, an 18 year old lad, were read and criticized mostly on the subject matter. Both poems showed careful and true workmanship and I would like to see more of his work. Especially would I like to have him write a short story about the under-privileged boys he teaches. Nona Spath and Lorraine Good, both of the UAPA, were guests and it was their introduction to an A. J. meeting. After the meeting we went to Toffenetti's for a snack where we had an opportunity of becoming better acquainted. We hope it was the first of many more such meetings before the July convention. And may we become better acquainted in the interim.

The following noon we had luncheon with Mr. Depler at the Graemere Hotel after which we were shown some of the rooms and accommodations of the hotel. This will be the convention headquarters of the Convention, July 7th to 10th. These will be the room rates for the convention delegates only: Single, $5.75 to $6.50; double,

#451
5 DEC 16 1954
Copy
X-PN 4827
M

The Man Says

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Edward F. Daas, Editor

550 North 18th Street, Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

Eightyeighth Talk December 1954

C H R I S T M A S

Paeans of Praise we sing to Him
Born today in Bethlehem:
God incarnate who can bring
Peace to all. Yes, to ALL men.

Christmas comes but once a year?
Nay! Not if His Word is true -
"Lo, I am with you alway," -
Omnipresent, "I in you."

Then, we joyfully can say,
"Every day is Christmas Day!"
Agatha G. Southern

* * *

A HECTIC MONTH

George Boehme suffered a heart attack on the 11th just two days before the scheduled mailing of the November Bundle. There were still three stencils to be mimeographed and Irma Schmidt and Norbert Marciniak offered to do them. That Saturday all the work on the Bundle was done with the exception of these two papers. Irma and Rita Reitci were helping Irma the Mailer when Sherman Cole and I arrived. Sherman remained just long enough to be introduced and returned to his family at the hotel. Jerry Schmidt who helped with the mailing was the chef of this evening and served his specialty - broiled hamburgers.

Sunday afternoon I visited George at the hospital and after that my visits were almost daily. As we became better acquainted with the two patients who were in the same room with him we began "operation kidding" and the room soon had the reputation of being the "happy room", at least among the nurses on that floor.

Monday night after an excellent dinner at the hospitable Schmidts we enclosed THE MAIL POUCH and the letter from the Executive Board. From the amount of these papers left after mailing it is possible that a carton of the Bundles did not get these. If you did NOT receive them advise me. The Bundles were taken to the post-office that night.

The daily visits to the hospital cut heavily into my schedule. St. Mary's is at the other end of town and during the three weeks that George spent there I covered more bus mileage than I did the rest of the year. Then too, Irma and I had colds contracted during our Chicago visit. To make things worse she developed some spine trouble apparently caused by her fall after a Library meeting some two years ago. Later, X-Rays and a thorough physical examination showed that it was not the "malignant disease" she had feared but a spinal maladjustment which will

H452
APR 10 1955
X-PN4827
-M

THE MAILER

VOLUME 16 *MAR., 1955* NUMBER 8

Next Mailing Date, April 16, 1955

THE next mailing date has been set for April 16th to allow time for mailing. As I have asked, please send 370 copies along with a 20 cent per lb. mailing fee payble to mailer. Send to 402 N. Birch, Creston, Iowa. fold to 6x9 size.

NEW MEMBERS

W. N. Hall, PO Box 311, Deland, Florida
Mrs. P. Marchisio, 102 Varni Rd., Watsonville California
Spencer Irwin, 10703, Ashbury, Cleveland 6, Oh.

REINSTATEMENT

Louis Lockhart, 803 7th Ave., Chas. City, Iowa
James Person, Gulfosd College, No. Carolina

ADDRESS CHANGE

Charles Russell, 2616 Sunset, Blvd Broomall, Pa.
John Clark, PO Box 815, Calif. Sta. Poly., Col. San Luis Obispo, California

X-PN4B27

[illegible] Morris St.
Phila., 25, Pa.

#1453

Volume 3
No. 2

M U S E T T E

God's Gifts Are Free!

Did you ever stop to think about
The blessings that are free,
A mother's love, a Daddy's care,
And peace and liberty?
A moonlit sky and stars that shine,
Refreshing raindrops, woods of pine,
Summer, winter, autumn, spring,
Flowers, snow and birds that sing,
Ponies, pets, and sandy bays,
Sunny hours, happy days!
Gifts from God to you are FREE,
Because God LOVES you so, you see!

Margie Zimmerman

6 - JUN 9 - 1965
Copy

5-DEC-2
Copy 1955
#454

THE MIDWEST AMATEUR

Number 5 November 1955

X-PN 4827
.M

From The Editor

Because I Know You

You ask me why I am so glad;
Why it seems I am never sad,
Why my skies are always blue;
It's all because I know you.

And if you ask me why I'm gay,
Why I'm happy every day;
Why each morn brings joy anew;
It's all because I know you.

And if I live to be so old
That men will change tin into gold;
My days of sadness will be few—
And all because I know you.

Best Wishes . . Since there will be no December issue of "The Midwest Amateur", I want to take this opportunity to wish every one and their families the best of everything during the forthcoming holidays.

X-PN 4827
.M
#455
5-OCT 26 1955

Another **MICROCOSM** by (the third)

penuriously perpetrated at PINION PRESS by Fick, who cannot through personal experience recommend Mother Sill's Seasick Remedy; spending two years before the mast dim years ago, he felt best when the sea was roughest. No address is given; (who cares where that old buzzard roosts anyway?) And why encourage mail when there is a stack unanswered from last June and July? I despair of catching up; whenever things look promising on that score I wind up starting another journal—*p-b-f-f-t! C'est la guerre* . . . . . October 1955 . . . . . .

CASUAL NOTE OF WARNING

The next edition of our companion publication, *Smoke Signal,* will be mailed privately. Previous issues were mailed in the A A P A bundle; privately it went went to about 70 in N A P A preventing duplication where many belong to both associations.

If there is any reason why you think *you* might not receive the 24-page *Smoke* 7 and want same, you assure yourself of a copy by asking for it. In support of this stand for private mailing I have found the case best stated by Ernest A. Edkins and Tim [*to page 4*]

#456
5-OCT 2 0 X-PN 4827
Copy-----1955 F.M

THE MIDWEST AMATEUR

No. 4 August, 1955

From The Editor:

To the average three year old girl, a birthday is something special. It means cake and ice cream and gifts and so many other little extras that don't come along with every day.

Debbie Ann Hadfield of 230 Rose St., Park Ridge, Illinois, was three years old on August 5. But it meant absolutely nothing to her. For Debbie has been in a coma since last November 13, when she was stricken with encephalitis (sleeping sickness).

Since then, the doctors have done all they can for Debbie, but she has not responded.

Debbie's mother, Mrs. William Hadfield, has made an appeal for prayers for her recovery. Perhaps, if enough people request it, the Divine hand will intervene, and she will be cured.

Will you, too, offer your prayers for her recovery? It matters not what your religion may be; it's what is in your heart as you pray that counts.

X-PN 4827
.M

THE MOVING THUMB

August 7, 1955

Amateurs Toil for NAPA

There are exes all over the place. Five former official editors, one of them an ex-president, are here this afternoon. Three of them are setting type, one is writing copy, and the last is cajoling the others to set, not sit, or to scintillate. An ex-secretary is preparing supper. An ex-judge has named the paper, recalling of course the *Moving Finger*, 1941 convention daily. It was suggested that Bob, having set no type since 1941, might better have called it the Rusty Thumb.

Helen Babcock's Cleveland relatives are to blame. News that she planned to visit them got round. Planes, trains, buses, and the Van Aken Rapid supplemented the automobile to transport distant amateurs to 18523 Newell Road. Even the weatherman helped. A month-long heat wave was broken just in time to make the day comfortable for Alfred, Helen, Martha, and Susan Babcock, Verle Heljeson, Bob Dunlap, Earl Bonnell, Marge Adams, Harry and Jessie Martin, Frank and Anne Swinarski, Iva McCarthy, Helm and Bernice Spink, and John Gillick.

Though a man of many facets, John is not yet able to be in two places at the same time. Consequently he arrived after several of the travelers had departed.

Milton Grady couldn't quite make it but sent two books of candid shots taken at the Denver convention.

#458 X-PN 4827
.M

Messenger of Inspiration

A United Amateur Press Association Publication
Editor: Dr. W. J. Thompson
840 S. Flower St., Los Angeles 17, California
Volume 3 ..... October 1955 ..... Number 12

Guest Editorial by Robert B. Pattison

LIFE AT ITS BEST!

"To be in love with life, and the Giver of it; to practice the presence of God; to forget self that Christ may be remembered; to be strong enough to master evil, and wise enough to let the good master us; to see in every friend definite proof that God is good; to see in those we may dislike an opportunity to show that love never faileth;

"To turn hindrances into helps; to see the light along the edge of every shadow; to know that sorrow can be a shining stairway leading to the Palace of the King; to be a living example of lasting joy rooted in Christian faith--*This is Life at its best!*"

§§§§§§§§§§§

2459
X-PN 4827
.M
5-OCT 26
Copy-----1955

M I R A G E S

IF
(Revised)

If I were a little bird
Perched in a maple tree,
I'd dash right down and scold
Until you noticed me!

And if you said "Hello dear"
I'd spread my wings real wide,
I'd chirp and prance and hop
To quickly reach your side.

If I were a little bee,
I'd buzz into your ear
The very kindest words
You ever wished to hear.

And if you smiled a bit,
Into the sky above
I'd sail my tiny wings
To tell the world my love!

If I were a soft white cloud
Traversing a sunlit sky
-And you should walk beneath
I'd look down from on high,

And send the gentlest breeze
To brush your cheek like this
And you would never know
That it had been a kiss!

A Second Publication

Margaret E. Thomas
Alexandria, Virginia
October 1955

PN 4827
.M
It Contains No Bitters
Copy 1955

The Martini

Cocktail Twenty-two October, 1955

Served by Martin B. Keffer, Route 5, Box 606, Roanoke, Virginia
Member American and National Amateur Press Associations

The Lost Ship

BY *Margaret Dills Gawthrop*

(The following is a scene from an OPERA, presented to any writer who may desire to finish it, locate a musical composer and a producer.)

CHARACTERS

LAUGHETTA, *the heroine, a winsome lassie of some fifty summers, very broad in the beam, playing the part of a sixteen-year-old ingenue. She has a deep bass voice and a coy manner.*

LOVEALL, *the hero, an emaciated but earnest specimen, desperately in love with* LAUGHETTA. *He is some twenty years her junior, which makes the plot more plausible and more romantic. Also in contrast (you have to have contrast) he has a high-pitched tenor voice. Thus he and* LAUGHETTA *complement each other, for he hits the high notes and she hits the low notes. One wonders which will get there first. As an added attraction both sing off key.*

CHORUS *of Males and Females.*

They don't matter much, but you can't have an OPERA *without them. These characters may be any size, shape or age. They know little of the rudiments of music, but are cheerful.*

THE CAPTAIN. *He really isn't important, but has to be there for atmosphere.*

Then, there is THE ORCHESTRA. *It's down in the pit (the lower, the better).*

SCENE.—A ship at sea. This setting may be arranged by installing a swimming pool on the stage. (Don't ask me how; that's your problem.) Needed is the deck of something resembling one side of a ship, and a wire stretched overhead on which a fowl may be drawn back and forth to give an illusion of flying. It doesn't matter what kind of fowl; no one will notice whether it is a chicken, a sea gull or a pelican. It's a Bird of Ill Omen—that's the main thing.

The water should show turbulence (you can figure that out, too). As the scene opens LAUGHETTA *and*

X-PN 48 27
.M
5-DEC 28
Copy 1955

Messenger of Inspiration

A United Amateur Press Association Publication

Editor: Dr. W.J. Thompson
840 S. Flower St., Los Angeles 17, California

Volume 4 ..... December 1955 ..... Number 2

Christmas Greetings To You!!

****

Editorial by Dr. W. J. Thompson:

THE THRILLING STORY OF CHRISTMAS!

Bethelehem, is the birthplace of the sweetest story ever told! There is nothing in all literature to be compared with the Gospel stories of the Birth of Jesus Christ in Bethlehem. They have cast their spell on music, and art, and on Life itself. The thrilling story of Christmas continues to fascinate each new generation because of its truth, and its vital meaning for every individual. It is old, yet ever new; timeless, and also most timely! The story of Christ's Coming To Earth is told with a simplicity captivating in its clearness, and at the same time marvelously profound! Its beauty is beyond description - simple, yet sublime- so *homey*, yet so heavenly!

In *Matthew's Gospel, Chapter 2, verses 1 and 2,* we read:

(cont. next page)

X-PN4827.M 4462

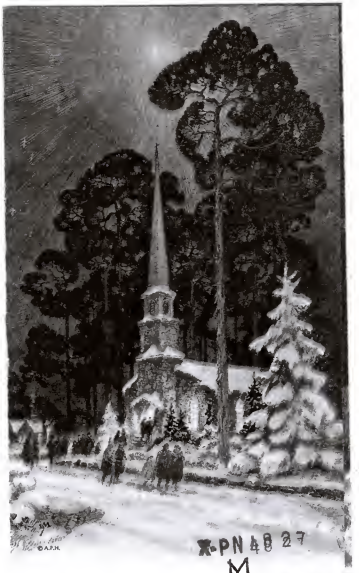
Margie Zimmerman-Editor
2534 East Norris Street
Philadelphia 25, Pa.

Christmas, 1955.
Volume 3 U.A.P.A.
Number 3 Publication.

"MUSETTE!"

The Christ Child Lives!

The Christ Child opened wistful eyes
And saw the wisemen there,
Kneeling at His manger bed,
In consecrated prayer.
Men worshipped Him from near and far,
And offered gifts of love,
And praised the Babe of Bethlehem,
The Saviour from above!



X-PN4827
.M
4463

Merry Christmas
Wishes

PN4527
.M

5 MAR 16
Copy-----1955

Some 600 copies of this trivia distributed but definitely not calculated to cause any oohs or aaahs in amateur affairs; a stab with a rusty bodkin at fun in preference to laureates by Al Fick of Fort Johnson, N.Y., who composed in the stick while suffering chronic aprosexia; printed on a 7x11 Pearl treadle press, vintage 1905, distilled by Golding .·.

Microcosm

Number 2 .·. February 1955 .·. AAPA .·. NAPA

Don't Shed Any Tears

over the hard-working printer-publisher slaving behind a hot typestick; he is simmering in a stew of his own concoction, and from which no emolument can entice him. From the welter of printing processes available today, an amateur publisher would have no trouble finding a method cheaper and less exacting than letterpress. Yet he snail-paces along his furrow like an ant lugging a burden thrice its size.

By logic, then, it must follow that he is as much interested in manner of presentation as in the subject matter. Happy day when the writing, too, has merit!

3465 X-PN4827
APR 10 1955

It Contains No Bitters

The Martini

Cocktail Twenty-one March 1955

Served by Martin B. Keffer, Route 5, Box 606, Roanoke, Virginia
Member: American and National Amateur Press Associations

IT HAPPENED IN DODGE

To the Man Who Didn't

By *Westerner John R. Brann, 316 South Holbrook, Fort Scott, Kansas*

BILLY WARE'S yellow killer eyes flicked over the Rolling Bar B waddies one by one as they carefully singlefooted around him where he stood twisting a braided quirt in his hands in front of the tie-rack. It wasn't fear, but just common sense that led them around the gun hawk, their faces bleak as they followed almost in the exact footsteps of the ramrod in the lead.

As the last cowhand walked carefully past, Ware let a simper run across his hard features, and turned his indifferent gaze on the wagon they had quitted. The oldster who always brought up the drag and was beneath Billy Ware's contempt was tying the team when a colt that had been running alongside the mare on the trip to town, ran up on the boardwalk before the lounging man. Ware's arm shot out, slapping the braided quirt across the colt's eyes.

Pop swung around as the colt bolted past him to the protection of its dam, and without apparent interest snapped the end of a rein at the killer Ware, leaving a welt across his cheek.

Furious, Billy flung the quirt at the old man, knocking his hat off and staggering him. Pop's hand fell toward his lone gun, and Ware, crouching, spread his hands like talons above the twin gun butts and grinned an evil grin. Stiff-legged, they started walking slowly toward each other, Ware with his taunting killer grin and Pop with his whiskers bristling violently as he chomped furiously on his mouthful of tobacco.

One of the Rolling-B hairpins had looked back, and yelled. Neither the killer nor the old man paid him any attention.

When they had bellied up to where they almost locked horns, Pop clawed for his short gun and started to say something. Neither move was completed, as Billy's hands slid his weapons out with the speed of long practice when he saw the old man make his gesture.

"I tolm," Pop shrilled, "to 'Make yer play.'"

2066

5 - AUG 10
Copy 1955

The Magnet

No. 3 New Rochelle, N. Y. July 1955

HAVE YOU A LITTLE ALLERGY IN YOUR HOME?

Good afternoon, sir. The doctor will see you now.

Sit down. How are you? What is the trouble?

Well, doctor, my nose is constantly running. I've tried all kinds of remedies—pills, powders, vitamins. Nothing seems to help.

How long have you had this condition?

Doctor, my nose has been running for the past two months.

Well, let's see. . . . . Pulse is normal. . . . . Blood pressure is okay. . . . Your heart seems to be all right. . . . Lungs are sound. . . . I see no sign of infection in your nose. . . . Quite simply, my diagnosis is that you're allergic.

Allergic? Allergic to what?

Have you a dog? *No.* A cat? *No.* Do you have a monkey? *No.*

Have you ever been close to a rhinoceros? *No.*

When did you last visit Ethiopia?

I have never been there.

Do you use a shaving brush? *Yes.*

Ah, I see. Do the bristles in your toothbrush ever come loose? *Yes.*

#467 X-PN4827
M
Copy-----1955

VOLUME 3 NUMBER 4

MESSENGER OF INSPIRATION

FEBRUARY 1955

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

EDITOR:-DR.W.J.THOMPSON, 840 SO. FLOWER ST.,
LOS ANGELES 17, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

"WIDEN THE SWEEP!"

When the great steamship, the "MAURETANIA" was launched it was found lacking in speed. A famous Marine Engineer was called to solve the problem. He took the plans and the blue-prints of the vessel, and examined them carefully and critically. He reported that the lines of the fine ship were all that could be desired; that the engines were in perfect condition, and the huge boilers entirely adequate. There was just one thing wrong with that wonderful vessel - and when this was put right he gusranteed top speed! He gave his solution of the problem in six words:

"WIDEN THE SWEEP OF THE PROPELLERS".

This was done immediately, and the magnificent ship achieved the desired speed!

Friend, if you would go through life successfully, -"Widen the Sweep" of Your Sympathies! Be more Thoughtful, more Loving, more Helpful, more Understanding - and God will Bless You and make You a Blessing!

Dr. W. J. Thompson

#468 X-PN4827 APR 23 1955 M 5 Copy

MESSENGER OF INSPIRATION

A United Amateur Press Association Publication
Editor: Dr. W.J. Thompson, 840 So. Flower St.
Los Angeles 17, California
Volume 3 APRIL - 1955 Number 6

EASTER GREETINGS! "THE LORD IS RISEN!"

Proof of The Risen Christ!

"Jesus Himself drew near, and went with them."
(Luke 24-15)

This is a scripture reference to the Risen Christ who met Cleopas and His companion walking along the way to Emmaus. They were greatly troubled over the crucifixion and death of their Master, Jesus Christ. It seemed like the end of all their hopes, and they were discussing their sad plight, when "Jesus Himself drew near and went with them." "He drew near." Of course He did! That is just like Jesus! These two tired travelers, deeply disturbed regarding the recent terrible events, were discouraged about the serious situation, when—"Jesus Himself drew near"— and it made a marvelous difference to these sorrowing sojourners! His very presence seemed to change everything, transforming gloom into glory, sadness into song, and tribulation into triumph!

We need to remind ourselves that the Lord who did this long ago is still the same living Divine Companion—and He is eager to do for us what He did for those two forlorn and downcast disciples on the way to Emmaus. "Jesus Himself drew near, and went with them." These eight words present a true and inspiring picture of the Easter Christ as the Divine Companion who draws near at this moment to help you! Whatever your burden or problem, let the Risen Lord bring you comfort, and courage, and cheer. He will change your misery into music, your sorrow

#469
5 - JUN 2 - 1955
Copy
X-PN4827

MESSENGER OF INSPIRATION

A United Amateur Press Association Publication.
Editor: Dr. W. J. Thompson
840 - So. Flower St. Los Angeles 17, Calif.
Volume 3 May - 1955 Number 7

A WONDERFUL FRIENDSHIP!

In the Gospel of Luke, Chapter 12, verse 4, we find these words, used by Jesus Christ when addressing His disciples:-

"I say unto you, My friends."

True Friendship is one of life's priceless treasures; and in this wonderful experience our Lord leads the way. A popular hymn begins with the words, "What a Friend we have in Jesus." It is true that we have in Him our supreme example in friendship.

As you travel on Life's Road
This truth should be understood
Whatever the years may send
You will always need a friend!

And wherever you may go
Here is something you should know--
Others yearn for friendship too;
Be sure they find this in you!

#47
MAR 24 1955
X-PN4827
.M

MESSENGER OF INSPIRATION

A United Amateur Press Association Publication

Editor: Dr.W.J. Thompson
840 - So. Flower St. Los Angeles 17, California
Volume 3 MARCH - 1955 Number 5

ON LIGHTING A CANDLE!

Long ago, in the "British Weekly", I read a little story that made a deep impression on me. A girl asks a relative - "What can one do when the best is taken out of life, when disappointments follow each other, and the sun of happiness sets in darkness?" And the relative replies - "At such a time, my dear, there is something one can do; and that is, after a time -- (not all at once), but after a time, one lights a candle called patience, and guides the footsteps by that!"
She asked if it burned brightly, and he answered, "It burned very badly at first, did my candle, and I stumbled frequently. But I find it burns brighter as time goes by-- and now it really lights the way!
And this is my advice to you -- use the flame of faith to light your candle of patience, and go bravely and hopefully on your way, remembering that you are not alone--for wherever you go you will meet noble men and women "carrying such candles".
To many individuals come experiences which seem to blot out the sun -- disappointments, difficulties, personal disability, or the death of one greatly loved--or some other devastating fact. And the question comes, "What can one do when sorrow strikes and darkness envelopes life?

#471
5 - AUG - 1
Recv. 1955.
X-PN 48 27
M

MESSENGER OF INSPIRATION

A United Amateur Press Association Publication.
Editor: Dr. W.J. Thompson, 840 So. Flower St., Los Angeles 17, Calif.
VOLUME 3 NUMBER 9

"Miracle" Edition)-July - 1955

Foreword: "I believe in miracles because I have seen so many of them! And I think that one of the greatest miracles is, in a crisis, when we just do our best and go even a little way with God—He always does the rest! It is marvelous how God helps us when we start to help ourselves, and at the same time co-operate with Him". (T.L. Masson)

****

ABOUT MIRACLES!

I believe in miracles, since I know
They have happened to me as on I go;
When I prayed for help, while doing my best,
I found the Lord answered—He did the rest!

I believe in miracles, and can prove
God's power is just as great as His love;
In time of weakness His strength came to me;
When lost in darkness His light made me see!

I believe in miracles, that is why
My hope shines bright, my courage is high;
So, whatever miracles mean to you,
I believe in them, for they make life new!

Dr. W. J. Thompson

X-PN4027

5 JAN 27
Copy

MESSENGER OF INSPIRATION

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
VOLUME 3 JANUARY 1955 NUMBER 3

EDITOR, DR. W.J.THOMPSON, 840 SO.FLOWER STREET
LOS ANGELES 17, CALIFORNIA

A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU !

A WONDERFUL COMPANION FOR THE NEW YEAR

"They went both of them together",
(GENESIS 22, VERSE 6)

These six words are taken from one of the most familiar stories in the Bible. We knew the fascination of it in our childhood, and we return to it amid the deepest experiences of manhood and womanhood to find that the story has not lost its power to appeal to us!

"THEY WENT BOTH OF THEM TOGETHER"-

The inspired writer of this marvelous story in the Book of Genesis shows us the figures of Abraham and Isaac on that memorable walk to Moriah, and he informs us, "They went both of them together"!

We do not know what was passing in the minds of father and son as they went along the road together, but we know that God was with them, guiding and guarding them - and on that dramatic day the Lord changed trial to triumph, and instead of disaster came Divine Deliverance!

As we face the New Year we are offered the companionship of the Eternal God!

X-PN 4827
.M
JUN 24 1955
Copy
#473

MESSENGER OF INSPIRATION

A United Amateur Press Association Pub
Editor- Dr. W.J. Thompson, 840 S.Flower St.,
Los Angeles 17, California
Volume 3 JUNE 1955 Number 8

LIFE'S WONDERFUL MEANING!

In the history of the world, and in the experience of the individual we find much that bewilders us because so many things seem to contradict each other! Mere human wisdom is unequal to the task of reconciling and interpreting these happenings intelligently and satisfactorily. Joys and sorrows, triumphs and defeats, hopes and fears, high aspirations and low desires, all appear jumbled together in a hopeless and meaningless tangle! We try one philosophy after another listen to many teachers, and read numerous books, but through it all we feel a sense of dissatisfaction and unrest. We ask ourselves--"Is there any real meaning to life?" We are baffled in our attempts to find an explanation of the conflicting events in history and in individual experience. We cannot find the key to life's meaning, and finally admit the problem is too great for us to solve! Then we make the thrilling discovery that we were never meant to understand the meaning of existence with our own unaided wisdom. Our very limitations are Divinely planned to draw us close to Him Who alone can help us grasp the significance of life, and the marvelous worth of each individual.

MELLEMMA

Vol. February No.

#474

Mar. 24
Copy 1055

X-PN 4827
/M

TRANSFORMATION

My home would not be complete
Without a flower bed;
Without some ramblers by the fence
In shades of brightest red.

I treasure pink peonies
Beside the garden walk,
A row or two of blue iris,
And clumps of salmon phlox.

My flowers are dear to me
For they have helped to create
A home, where there was but a house,
Beyond the garden gate.

Emma Stewart Jacobson, in "Fireside Fancies"

.....

NIGHT'S PRELUDE

A daintily hand scattered stardust about;
Then opened her jewel box and hurled
Rubies, and sapphires, and amethysts
Over a sleepy world.

She tied strands of moonglow about its waist;
Then polished the coppery moon.
She filled both the dippers with diamonds
Left from a night in June.

She sat on a comet's tail gazing at
The enchanting, magical sight.
Then, over all, her black robe she tossed.
Suddenly, it was night!

Emma Stewart Jacobson, in "Fireside Fancies"

.....

FIRESIDE FANCIES ($1.00) MAY BE ORDERED BY WRITING TO:
EMMA JACOBSON, 18 CREED ST., [illegible], OHIO

MEET EMMA

MAR 24
Copy 1955
#475
LPN4827
M

THE FOUNDATION

A home would not be complete
without a flower bed;
without the members of the house
in shades of brightest red.

I treasure dear Jacobus
beside the garden walk,
a row or two of blue iris,
and clumps of daisies quick.

My flowers are dear to me
for they have helped to create
a house, where there was but a house,
beyond the green gate.

Emma Stewart Jacobson, in "Fireside Fancies"

****

NIGHT'S PARADE

A dainty hand scattered starlight about;
Then opened her jewel box and hurled
Rubies, and sapphires, and amethysts
Over a sleepy world.

She tied strands of moonglow about its waist;
Then polished the drowsy moon.
She filled both the dippers with diamonds
Left from a night in June.

She sat on a comet's tail swaying at
The enchanting, magical sight.
Then, over all, her black robe she tossed.
Suddenly, it was night!

Emma Stewart Jacobson, in "Fireside Fancies"

****

FIRESIDE FANCIES ($1.00) MAY BE HAD BY WRITING TO:
Emma J. Jacobson, 10 Orchard St., MANSFIELD, OHIO.

5-DEC-2
Copy 1955

H476

Messenger of Inspiration

A United Amateur Press Association Publication

Editor: Dr. W. J. Thompson
840 S. Flower St., Los Angeles 17, California

Volume 4 ..... November 1955 ..... Number 1

X-PN 4827
,M

Editorial by Dr. W. J. Thompson

HOW THEY FOUND CHRIST!

A famous English preacher, Dr. Alexander McClaren, preached a series of special sermons, hoping to win a certain brilliant skeptic to Christ. One day this individual presented himself as a candidate for church membership! Dr. McClaren was delighted. He asked the former skeptic which sermon had conquered his doubts and caused him to decide for Christ and the church. He replied, "None of your sermons won me! But last Sunday after service, I started to leave the church, and I assisted an elderly lady down the steps leading to the street. She thanked me for helping her, and then said, 'Please let me ask you if you love the Lord Jesus Christ? He is my Saviour, and He means everything to me!' Her direct and sincere question so affected me I could not forget it. I realized I was on the wrong road without Christ, so I turned around and came to the Lord! I now present myself as an applicant for membership in the church!" Simplicity succeeded where scholarship failed! *(This is not to disparage preaching, but to emphasize the power of personal inquiry.)*

Continued....

HMT X-PN 482 7

Messenger of Inspiration

A United Amateur Press Association Publication

Editor: Dr. W. J. Thompson
840 S. Flower St., Los Angeles 17, California

Volume 3 ..... Sept. 1955 ..... Number 11

Guest Editorial by Grenville Kleiser

THE PRESENT IS YOURS!

"There are many fine things which you mean to do someday, under what you think will be more favorable circumstances. But *the only time that is surely yours is the present,* hence this is the time to speak the word of appreciation and sympathy, to do the generous deed, to forgive the fault of a thoughtless friend, to sacrifice self a little more for others.

"Today is the day in which to express your noblest qualities of mind and heart, to do at least one worthy thing which you have long postponed, and to use your God-given abilities for the enrichment of less fortunate fellow travelers. Today you can make your life significant and worthwhile. *The present is yours to do with it as you will!*"

§§§

#478
5 - AUG - 1
Copy. 1955

THE MAN SAYS

X-PN 482 7
M

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

PUBLICATION

Edward F. Daas, Editor

550 North 19th St., Milwaukee 3, Wis.

Ninety-fifth Talk July 1955

A HOT TIME IN CHAICAGO

With the thermometer registering between 80 and 98 degrees every day, the Chicago convention proved a hot one although there were no heated arguments, in fact one of the most peaceful on record. On the contrary never before has there been shown such co-operation by a few who helped when the announced speakers did not appear.

My hat is off to Bea Dragin who offered to help and then did so much to make the Jade Room programs a success. Without a stage or curtains she put on her puppet show. She had an exhibition of her soap models on display; was one of the two members who had written poems on "The Mirror"; read some of her own poems from her book, "Nippers Unlimited" and donated ten copies of this book to the Secretary for his Welfare Fund. These may be obtained from the Secretary at $1.50 per copy. I enjoyed reading the book from cover to cover and can recommend it for gifts for birthday or the holidays. She is a professional baby sitter and her poems tell about some of the babies she has "sitted" for.

Nona Spath offered her services early in the year and on account of the small attendance, had little to do. She had a poem by Dorothy Glass, her sister-in-law, and read one of her own. She was registered at the Graemere and attended all of the sessions and programs. Nona had a lot of trouble in opening her room door and invariably a bellboy had to be called to unlock it. Thanks, Nona, for your help. It kept my spirits up.

Bill and Easter Ellis were among the early arrivals. They brought Estella Scharf, Ann Wiestling and their friend Clara Goebel from Wheeling, West Virginia. This brave group braved the sun to attend not only the scheduled trips but others besides. In fact we never saw them after they left Sunday morning for Lincoln Park. I know the zoo-keeper did not detain them for I have had the con-

X-PN 4827
.M
#479

THE MINUTE MAID

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
To honor the Secretary of the Milwaukee Club

Bertha Mason

732 North 17th Street, Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

September 1955

AN INTRODUCTION:

For several years Bertha Mason has been writing the Minutes of our monthly meetings and we have always wanted to show that we appreciated her work for the Milwaukee Amateur Press Club, therefore this surprise to her. Since the account of recent meetings were not published in the Bundle, this is a good time to get caught up on this task. As you know the Milwaukee club is the most informal and the friendliest group in the U.A.P.A. and we do not operate under parliamentary law; do not have a Constitution; motions are never made; and there are no activity requirements. It is probably on account of this that the club has met so regularly; has helped those who write make their work better, and always held jolly gatherings. And much of the success of the club is on account of Bertha Mason, a most loyal, faithful and cheerful friend to whom this issue is dedicated.

George and Eddie

THE MINUTES

The 163rd meeting of the Milwaukee Amateur Press Club was also the occasion for the Club's Birthday dinner. It was held on May 21st at the Knickerbocker Hotel.

Mary Nelson, who took care of the table decorations, carried out the writing idea to perfection, in the form of small plastic typewriters with a keyboard that could be touched and which moved the roller. These held a tiny scroll in the roller bearing greetings for the Club's 8th annual birthday. The typewriters were mounted on dainty lace paper and tied with sheer ribbons. They are really a lovely keepsake which intrigues every one who sees them. The flowers on the table - lovely roses of all colors - were a beautiful touch. Mary is one of the members who can be depended upon for a first rate job on anything assigned to her.

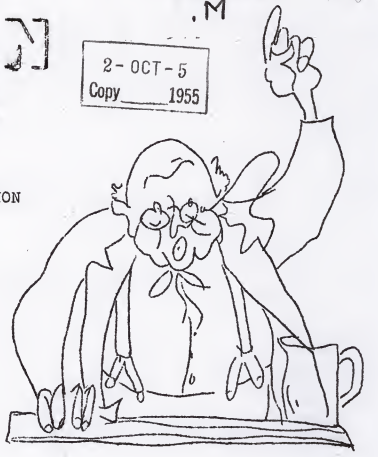
We had a delightful group of guests. Our principal speaker of the evening being Mr. Al Nelson of Delafield, a free lance writer. I am sure that all of us went away from the evening with many practical ideas for writing - all we need is to get it. (Bertha, are you listening?)

There was also Margaret Freer from Oconomowoc and John Miller from Pewaukee, who have a quarter hour program, weekly, on a Hartford station. It is called The Poet and the Peasant. I'm sure it is very interesting listening and some of us regret that our working hours do not permit us to enjoy their program.

From Chicago-land, our popular member, Paul Pross, Jr., was there with his friend and manager, Otto Anderson. If you have ever heard

X-PN 4827
.M
2-OCT-5
Copy____1955

THE MAN SAYS



A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

PUBLICATION

Edward F. Daas, Editor

550 North 19th Street

Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

Ninety-seventh Talk

September 1955

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

HAUNTING BEAUTY

Not for me, beauty on a pedestal,
Acclaimed by all and with its price in gold,
Faultless, and to the highest bidder sold,
And then enclosed behind a great high wall.
Nor is the beauty that I should recall
The singing voice trained to a perfect mold,
A wondrous trill - high C to reach and hold,
For when I've heard it I feel I've heard all.

But haunting beauty comes to me in ways
I scarce expect the cadence of a voice
Of mother as she calms her baby's fears;
The cheerful facing of relentless days,
Compassion lighting up a dreary choice---
It is the beauty that's distilled from tears----

Irma A. Keehn

* * * * * * *

A BELATED THANK YOU

During thepast twelve months I have been wanting to express my thanks to Irma Schmidt and her nice family for the fine co-operation in getting the Bundle mailed each month. Frequently I did have some words of commendation at the end of my chat in these columns only to find that I had more copy than would fit the page. So it had to be cut to the minimum or omitted entirely. To make sure that such a thing will not occur this month I will

X-PN 4827
.M
#431

THE MAN SAYS

5-DEC-2
Conv 1955

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

PUBLICATION

Edward F. Daas, Editor, 545 North 19th Street, Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

Ninety-ninth Talk November 1955

VOICES OF PRAISE

Ever the earth remembers,
And with November days,
Puts on bright garments of crimson
And flaunts her joy and her praise.

Beauty singing from treetops,
Beauty whirling and gay,
Wings from the orchards and meadows,
Tumbles in bright array.

Harvest of apples and ripe grains
Scatter the waiting floor,
Earth is glad, hear her music...
Breezes sing at your door.

Beauty crimson and scarlet
In whirling seedlet and pod,
Ever the earth remembers;
And lifts up its voice to God.

Helen Loomis Linham

* * * * *

A NEW ADDRESS

There is one thing I dislike very much to do and that is to change my address. That means moving and that is what I had to do last month. I had lived at the 550 address for six years and had hoped it would be a permanent one but the landlady decided to alter the rooms into apartments so the three bachelors who had lived there six, eight and thirty years respectively had to vacate. With so many envelopes and application blanks with the 550 address in circulation, I wanted, if possible, to have the same mail-carrier at the new address. I was most fortunate in getting located just across the street. My mail is delivered promptly and the carrier does not have to write a forwarding address on each piece of mail sent to the old address.

When I moves six years ago, I vowed never to accumulate so much stuff. But here the same problem came up. What to destroy and what to move. I packed things for two days and carried them across the street to the new place. I still have to unpack some of the boxes. It is slow work because this time I am labeling all the files and small boxes. Perhaps I will not have to waste so much time looking for papers or other objects as I have done heretofore. Then too, my new quarters are larger and when there is sunlight I have it all day long.

The Milwaukee club met October 14th at the home of Kay Mann and I was delighted to see that Kay's hair had grown back into its natural loveliness. Kay should not ever again let Arthur cut her hair with the lawn-shears. There was a good attendance and Frank Augustin made his first appearance in the group. He read a very well written story of a mad dog which kept us interested throughout. He has a wonderful talent with descriptions. We lived all through that hot afternoon in Kansas and kept us keenly interested in the plot of the story. We are glad to welcome him into the United and the Milwaukee Club. A fine addition to Ajay.

THE MINUTE MAID

X-PN 4827

November 1955
Number Two

Bertha Mason, Secretary
732 North 17th Street
Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

Published by the Milwaukee Amateur Press Club

5-DEC-2
Copy 1955

AUGUST 1955

The 166th meeting of the Milwaukee Amateur Press Club was held on Saturday, August 27th in the home of Margaret Lohr.

We had the pleasure of several guests for the evening - Cel Keiser's and Margaret Lohr's sister were present as well as Louis G. Brechler of Madison, an ex-president of the U.A.P.A.

After birthday and welcome cards were signed, the minutes of the previous meeting were read and the evening got under way.

Ella Laufenberg read an amusing story, "Beginner's Luck", which was about an irresponsible housewife who invested a sum of money in the stock market and made a very good profit. This proved both amazing and mystifying to her C. P. A. husband who found it necessary to balance her check book for her each month.

Our visiting President of the Uapa, Larry Doucette, read Chapter Nine of Rita Reitci's book, "The Year of the Horse", which we are following with great interest.

We were very happy to welcome a new member into our group. Her name is Marjorie Egner and she is both talented as well as very charming. She read us numerous short poems written for six year old children and each one was more delightful than the preceding one. They bore such titles as The Secret, Spring Song, Brown Cocoon, Worms, At the Start, Ladyslippers, Raindrop and Glow Worms. She has a definite talent for this type of writing. Perhaps having five youngsters of her own has been a big help in inspiring her.

Mabel Gould expressed a very beautiful thought in her poem called. "Unmistakably Me". Mary Nelson then read her poem, "Immortal Author." This seemed to be the children's hour since Margaret Larson also read several poems for children. They were called Winter Wind, Just For Grownups, Just Wishing, Someday and My Mother. Each was written in the spirit of a child and their thoughts expressed with humor and imagination.

Our hostess, Margaret Lohr, next offered two of her very beautiful mood poems. Her skill with descriptive words weaves a spell for her listeners.

Mabel Gould next offered two inspirational pieces - one dealing with Boy Scouts and the expression of ideals as taught in scouting. The other was on "Home" and what it means to all of us.

When time for lunch arrived we found the table decorated in a bon voyage motif with a trim silver ship the "Liberte" placed in the center. This was the occasion of a going away party for Cel Keiser who left the following Friday for Europe. We trust the ship will bring her back to us filled with strange and exciting tales of fun and adventure.

MAR 24 1955
X, M 827
M
H483

The Midwest Amateur

A United Amateur Press Association Publication

Number 3
February 1955

Editor:
Anthony Zoubek
1604 So. 50th Ave.
Cicero 50, Illinois

From the Editor

Blue Monday

It's blue Monday. The time drags by.
I can't help wonder—will I die?
I am so tired; my head aches too.
Just why is Monday always blue?

It's blue Monday. My brain works slow.
It feels worn out; can't make it go.
What ever I do takes so long;
I just can't wait 'til Monday's gone.

Country Cal

A Stormy Day

The storm howls out, but I don't care,
I'm safe inside where climate's fair.
While snow blows far and wind is cold,
I read of men in tales of old.

The chores are done, the water's in.
I think of that, and then I grin,
For who would want to struggle through
The drifts so deep? Not I nor you.

The cows are fed, the milking's done,
Now down I sit to have some fun.
To talk and sing, to laugh and shout,
And guess who'll win the ten round bout.

The sun may shine tomorrow morn,
And Earth will seem to be new born.
Then from the south warm winds will blow;
The snow will melt and grass will grow.

And on the day when grass is green
Today will be just one more dream.
And when the sun gives forth its rays,
We'll wish once more for wintry days.

Mountain Willie

Editor's note: We were driving back into the city one day last summer when we stopped off at a small roadside restaurant to eat. The only seats available were next to a rather bedraggled looking young man. We got to talking and this is the story he told us:

Susanna Blues

With a dollar in my pocket
And a torn shirt on my back,
I'm a-leavin' all my worries
In my tumbled-down shack.
I'm a-goin' to the city and
Forget about my Sue.
If you ask me why I'm goin',
Here's what I'll say to you:

I'm feelin' mighty lonesome,
I'm feelin' pretty blue;
I think about Susanna
And I don't know what to do.

I used to have a lady friend
And she was mighty sweet;
The fellows all would envy me
When we walked down the street.
She said to me, "I love you, Will,
I hope you love me too."
And this is what I said to her:
"I will never leave my Sue."

But then one day a stranger came
And caught her pretty eye;
It wasn't long before I knew
I'd have to say goodby.
I watched them walkin' up the aisle;
They promised to be true.
Now I'm goin' to the city and
Forget about my Sue.

X-PN4827
M
#1484

MONARDA

Of The Allegheny National Forest

Editor - Sadie Stover Cunning Box 331, Sheffield, Pa.

-Member of UAPA and UAPAA-

Vol. 2 April 1955 No. 6

The Best in Us

Catastrophes bring out the best in people. It is too bad, in a way, that this is so. If the best could be foremost at all times, the world would be quite a different place than it is.

But No; people lust for money for something better than the other fellow has; they think it is cute to chisel or cheat; they love to repeat malicious gossip; they pass lightly over the needs of their fellow man.

Only a fire, an earthquake, a tornado, or some other harsh manifestation of Nature will shake them down to their roots, so that they bestir themselves to do something for the fellow in the greatest distress.

It is true, that they come through with a bang, and go all out in helping the distressed to get back on their feet. The same amount of compassion, given in small doses, day by day, would do much to enrich the lives of all around us, and by so doing, our own lives would be the richer.

- Frances Lovell

After the Rain is Over

The rain is over,
And gone is the thunder;
The clouds that sheltered it
Are breaking asunder.

Radiance points earthward
To the pot of gold
Where treasure lay buried
For the brave and bold.

Bright as a halo
Remembered on high,
A gold and orange rainbow
Arches across the sky.

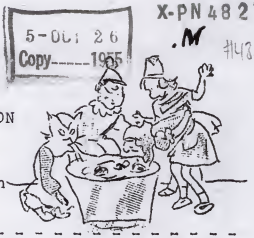
Slowly, very slowly
The bright rainbow fades,
Softly and silently
Evening draws the shades.

- S. S. C.

"Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father."
- James 1:17

X-PN 4827
.M
#4435
5-OCT 26
Copy 1955

THE MAN SAYS



A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Edward F. Daas, Editor

550 North 19th Street, Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

Ninety-eighth Talk October 1955

LADY AUTUMN

She gathers, through the summer,
The blood red and yellow of
tulips in the spring,
And gold that flashes through
the air,
Sun, reflected on a fleeting wing.
The rosy glow of peaches,
The pinks of flowering trees,
The lovely brown of a new born
colt;
Girl's pastel gowns a'dance in
the breeze.
She attires herself in her
wardrobe
And emerges, quite sudden, in fall.
In a burst of wondrous glory...
Lady Autumn displays them all.

Virginia A. Hahn

* * * * *

AT A WRITERS CONFERENCE

During the hottest summer in my life, I lost seventeen pounds. Not only the heat, more than thirty days were in the nineties, but with entertaining our president for eight weeks, I should have spent some time at the lakes. But it was not until September 23rd that I was able to drop A.J. matters to attend the annual Conference of the Wisconsin Regional Writers Association at Green Lake, Wisconsin.

The Conference was held on the grounds of the American Baptist Assembly. It is a real beauty spot of over a thousand acres bordering on Green Lake. Built by a St. Louis millionaire it is now used for conventions and buildings to house these have been added to the original buildings. The trees and lawns were still green, hardly affected by the long drought of the hot summer. I had arrived early, so spent the rest of the day exploring the grounds, walking along the lake shore, climbing seldom used paths, inspecting some of the many buildings, and admiring the many and varied flowers still in bloom.

At the dinner table that evening I met Helen Smith and Dorothy Schrader of Evansville, Margaret Freer of Oconomowoc, Neita Friend of Hartland and Jessie Baillie of Racine, all of whom belong to the UAPA too. Also Al Nelson of Delafield who had been the speaker at our birthday party last May. All of us had enjoyed his interesting and instructive talk at that time, and I consider myself fortunate indeed to have had the opportunity of becoming better acquainted at this Conference and was at his table for most of the meals. So I had the pleasure of meeting his charming wife and daughter who helped to make the time pass only too quickly. Al Nelson's talk at the Conference was one of the highlights of the many talks given during the three days of the meeting. Maurce Applegate of La Crosse had a most humorous talk on "Let's Write", with many anecdotes of her teaching youngsters to write. Another number which appealed to me was the kinoscope showing of Wisconsin Authors, especially since five of the subjects were right in the room with us, rather an unusual experience.

X-PN 48 27
5-OCT 26
Cash 1955

THE MAN SAYS

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Edward F. Daas, Editor

550 North 19th Street, Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

Ninety-eighth Talk October 1955

LADY AUTUMN

She gathers, through the summer,
The blood red and yellow of
tulips in the spring,
And gold that flashes through
the air,
Sun, reflected on a fleeting wing.
The rosy glow of peaches,
The pinks of flowering trees,
The lovely brown of a new born
colt;
Girl's pastel gowns a'dance in
the breeze.
She attires herself in her
wardrobe
And emerges, quite sudden, in fall.
In a burst of wondrous glory...
Lady Autumn displays them all.

Virginia A. Hahn

* * * * *

AT A WRITERS CONFERENCE

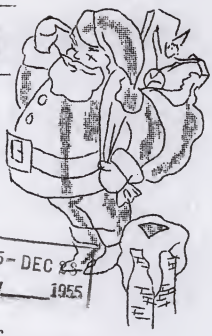
During the hottest summer in my life, I lost seventeen pounds. Not only the heat, more than thirty days were in the nineties, but with entertaining our president for eight weeks, I should have spent some time at the lakes. But it was not until September 23rd that I was able to drop A.J. matters to attend the annual Conference of the Wisconsin Regional Writers Association at Green Lake, Wisconsin.

The Conference was held on the grounds of the American Baptist Assembly. It is a real beauty spot of over a thousand acres bordering on Green Lake. Built by a St. Louis millionaire it is now used for conventions and buildings to house these have been added to the original buildings. The trees and lawns were still green, hardly affected by the long drought of the hot summer. I had arrived early, so spent the rest of the day exploring the grounds, walking along the lake shore, climbing seldom used paths, inspecting some of the many buildings, and admiring the many and varied flowers still in bloom.

At the dinner table that evening I met Helen Smith and Dorothy Schrader of Evansville, Margaret Freer of Oconomowoc, Neita Friend of Hartland and Jessie Baillie of Racine, all of whom belong to the UAPA too. Also Al Nelson of Delafield who had been the speaker at our birthday party last May. All of us had enjoyed his interesting and instructive talk at that time, and I consider myself fortunate indeed to have had the opportunity of becoming better acquainted at this Conference and was at his table for most of the meals. So I had the pleasure of meeting his charming wife and daughter who helped to make the time pass only too quickly. Al Nelson's talk at the Conference was one of the highlights of the many talks given during the three days of the meeting. Maurce Applegate of La Crosse had a most humorous talk on "Let's Write", with many anecdotes of her teaching youngsters to write. Another number which appealed to me was the kinescope showing of Wisconsin Authors, especially since five of the subjects were right in the room with us, rather an unusual experience.

#487

The Mem Says



A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Edward F. Daas, Editor

545 North 19th Street, Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

One-hundreth Talk December 1955

5-DEC 22
Copy 1955

X-PN 4827
.M

CHRISTMAS SYMPHONY

On this night, the brightest of the year
All the world responds with scintillating cheer.
There's music in the air; there's rhythm everywhere!
Even the stars and earth are one in melody,
Attuned to a Christmas symphony!

Through all the eons, the brilliance of this night,
Illumines the earth with celestial light.
It shines with Hope, and Faith, and Love,
All because a Babe was born in a stall
As "The Light of the World", and Comforter to all!

Betty M. Tousch

* * * * *

WELCOME TO FERGIE!

The Milwaukee club met Saturday, November 19th at the home of Irma Schmidt. Ella had a bit of trouble calling for her flock but we were not too late. Maurine had brought a newcomer, Bernice Fergeson, who needed no encouragement to join the UAPA and the local club. She had been on the lookout for just such a club without being able to get any satisfaction. Maurine saw her at the South Milwaukee library, returning a book on story writing and opened a conversation with the result that we have a new and enthusiastic member who appreciates the opportunity of becoming acquainted with people with like interests. She read two of her poems which appear in this month's Bundle.

Some days after the meeting, Maurine wrote: "On our way home that night from Irma's, Mrs. Fergeson's face would light up with a very happy animated smile. She said she was just so thrilled and happy to have found a group like that. She is really doing me a favor, for now I can wait at her home for Bob to get me. No more waiting in a smoky bus station or on the street in the middle of the night, thank goodness. I think she will be a very fine addition to our group, too, for her poetry is really very good. She also writes stories and after some more work on the one she is doing, she said she would bring it in. She had her Christmas poem half composed that night on the way home." (They live in South Milwaukee which is miles from the city and Maurine had to sacrifice time and money to attend meetings.

X-PN4827

#488

The Mail Pouch

FEBRUARY 1955 VOL. 8 - NO. 4

Copy-----1955

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

GEORGE A. BOEHME, EDITOR 2628 NO. RICHARDS STREET
MILWAUKEE 12, WISCONSIN

GEORGE WASHINGTON - FEB.22nd,1732

George Washington was no orator as was Patrick Henry, nor writer like Thomas Jefferson. But in rude common sense and in the management of affairs he excelled them all. Being the one American soldier of national reputation, he was appointed as commander-in-chief of the Colonial Army when Congress organized their actions and proposed national resistance to the tyranny of English rule.

When the end of war came, although the army wished to make him ruler of the country, he refused, retiring to Mount Vernon he turned his attention to securing a stronger, - and as he 'put it' - "a stronger, - yes, but surely, a saner, safer, - and honest one".

His plans completed (with the aid of many great men of that time) he accepted the Presidency and served two four year terms, refused rather strongly a third term saying, - "This smacks too much of a Kingship and you know how I hate Kings. We fought the idea of Kings. You may have forgotten that, but I haven't. Pray turn the task over to someone else who will continue to enforce, endear, and honor Liberty".

In his Farewell Address to the nation, his many words of advice and foresight included these: "Never, no Never, become entangled in any foreign affair. If you do, you will find you have lost all you have so far gained. Liberty gone, again the victim of the tax imposer, etc."

Born 200 years too soon. For 'Father' Washington would shame us all.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN - FEB.12th, 1809

Abraham Lincoln, contrary to many of opposite belief, was the greatest man since Washington. At a time when when America was drifting unmistakably into a civil war he was chosen to assume the Presidency of the United States. One section of the country believed that some men should be chained permanently as laborers while others should control capital. Lincoln believed that every man should have the opportunity to become a capitalist through his own industry and initiative. On this issue the first great experiment in democracy was to be tested. The "task before me," Lincoln told his fellow townsmen at Springfield, Illinois, as he stood on a rear platform of a departing train, "is greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him, I cannot succeed. With that assistance, I cannot fail."

The few bitter years that were to be his were to us the most sacred if we but give credit where credit is due. For had the contrary been our lot at that time, had the opposition been at the helm there is no doubt that America would have become a state of chattel slaves and ruthless dictators. Harsh and dire words, you say? Perhaps, but what other picture could you paint had this been the case?

I shall always believe that if our Beloved Saviour has chosen a content companion, you will find Abe Lincoln there at His side. For I deem him fitting for that honor.

March 1955

X-PN4827

#489

MEMBERSHIP POLL

Sponsored by the President and Executive Judges of the National Amateur Press Association

In order to function properly, an Association must have competent and willing officers. It is the duty and pleasure of each member of the N.A.P.A. to volunteer for any office which his time will permit him to hold. An N.A.P.A. office is a sure cure for boredom, and can be a source of pride, education, and inspiration. Willingness and a desire for service is the most important requirement for these offices. Would you care to be a member of the official family? Then volunteer for a new adventure - an office in the N.A.P.A. Let us place your name before the voters in time to collect proxy ballots. You need not restrict your offer to only one office; volunteer for several and serve where most needed.

ELECTIVE OFFICES

(Candidate must have been a member for three years; five years to become Executive Judge).

PRESIDENT:
VICE PRESIDENT:
EXECUTIVE JUDGE: (Three elected)
OFFICIAL EDITOR:
RECORDER:

APPOINTIVE OFFICES

(No requirements as to length of membership. New members may apply. The President will need a list of volunteers so that he may make intelligent choices.)

MANAGER OF THE MAILING BUREAU
HISTORIAN
MANAGER OF THE MANUSCRIPT BUREAU
CHAIRMAN OF THE BUREAU OF CRITICS
RECRUITING CHAIRMAN
DIRECTOR OF PUBLICITY

CHECK BESIDE ANY OFFICE IN WHICH YOU WILL SERVE IF NEEDED. Sign your name and return the poll to Viola M. Payne, Cuthbert, Texas. The results of this poll will be announced in the May bundle.

X-PN4827
Copy 1955
#490

The Midwest Amateur

A United Amateur Press Association Publication

Number 2
January 1955

Editor:
Anthony Zoubek
1604 So. 50th Ave.
Cicero 50, Illinois

From the Editor

When I'm With You

When I'm with you, the hours fly;
Before I know, the day's gone by.
The minutes seem so short—and yet
They are the ones I won't forget.

Each day brings happiness to me,
You are the one I wait to see;
For since our lives became entwined
You've made a happier one of mine.

If I lost you, I'd lonely be,
For you are all the world to me.
But I am sure your love is true;
And I will always be with you.

Solar Sam

Tambalu

While trav'ling through the void one day
I found a land, so far away;
A land where I would like to stay,
To which I shall return some day.

I found the people friendly there,
Handsome men and ladies fair,
Free from worry, free from care,
Food aplenty, some to spare.

They have no wars, strikes are unknown,
Rich is the land where crops are grown;
In peace alone, the planes are flown;
They've never heard a soldier's groan!

There they have their sweethearts too,
Men and women who are true.
There I want to go with you:
To the land of Tambalu.

Country Cal

Introduction: Country Cal is a farmer who lives in west central Michigan.

Contrast

The sky was blue. In bright sunshine
Peace hovered o'er the tall white pine.
The air was sweet with fragrant scent;
While youngsters camped in torn old tent.

The birds sang sweet from trees so high
An eagle flew up through the sky.
The cattle grazed in meadows green.
And happy children could be seen.

The flowers bloomed with colors bright;
The crickets chirped all through the night.
The birds had fun as flies they chased;
They knew just where the crumbs were placed.

The rabbit ran across the green;
The milk of cows was rich with cream.
The squirrels climbed in happy glee;
While through the sky, there buzzed a bee.

And then there came, from out the north,
A wind that blew a snow storm forth.
The snow was blown in drifts so deep,
O'er grass once green, that now would sleep.

The sky is wan, the trees are bare;
The ground hog sleeps in cozy lair.
The birds are gone to far off south,
The ice clogs up the rivers' mouth.

But o'er it all there can be heard
The lonely song of winter's bird;
The chickadee, in search of food
Flies o'er the wood, the wood so nude.

But all that was, there will again
Be seen once more by eyes of men;
By those who stand on God's own land
And look at you, my Michigan.

X-PN4827

5 - JUN 2 - 1955
Copy

H491

THE MAN SAYS

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Edward F. Daas, Editor

550 North 19th Street, Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

Ninety-third Talk

May 1955

PRIMO VERITAS

There are only a few weeks for you to plan your vacation trip to Chicago. The convention will be held July 7th to 10th at the Graemere Hotel. I can assure you the "time of your life", if you will be there. And if you stay away, you will regret it when you read about the wonderful time the delegates had.

Now you may be a little doubtful about the FRIENDLINESS which we stress because of the two ex-members who have been trying to wreck the United. Do not let this keep you from coming. They will NOT be there since they are NOT members. If you are planning to attend, look up your membership card and see whether your dues are paid up to July 31st. If you have mislaid your card, advise me and one of the new cards just received from Marvin Sanford will be sent to you. Show your membership card when you register with Nona Spath, the Chairman of the Registration Committee, at the Graemere Hotel.

The program in brief: Business sessions on Thursday and Friday mornings; Thursday afternoon, a visit to the Adler Planetarium; if time permits, a trip thru Shedd Aquarium nearby. Thursday evening a Literary Forum at the hotel. On Friday afternoon a trip through the Museum of Science and Industry and in the evening a boat trip on Lake Michigan. Saturday morning a business session of the Alumni Association followed by the Moss Memorial Luncheon. Grace Moss Weitman will have as her guests all holders of tickets for the joint banquet of the UAPA and the Alumni which will be held at 6:30 P.M. Sunday a sightseeing trip.

If you are planning to join us please let me know whether you will attend all of the affairs or which ones you are planning to take in. We hope to make this the biggest and best convention in the United's history. If you have attended previous conventions you know what to expect. But if this will be your first one, I can assure you that you will long remember the good time you had at the Chicago convention. Come and meet the members from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast States and from the Great Lakes down to the Gulf. Stay over and see Cinerama which you will be unable to do if you live far from the large cities in which it is being shown. There are so many interesting things to see in and around Chicago and you may not come this way again.

If you are in a writing mood, write a short story, poem or article on "The Mirror". If we have the time, the best ones will be read at the Lit rary Forum.

We would like to give as souvenirs at the banquet manufacturers' samples. Perhaps you may know where to procure some of these. If you have any suggestions for making this convention a great one or if there is something you would like to have discussed during the convention, write me.

X-PN4827
.M

The Midwest Amateur

Number 7 September, 1956

9 - NOV - 9
1956

From The Editor

I feel honored that I was chosen to be Official Editor of "The United Amateur" and wish to thank all of you who voted for me. I will do my best to fulfill the responsibilities which you have given to me.

I also want to thank all of you who took the time to write to me, commenting on the May Issue of The Midwest Amateur. Also those who sent birthday cards to me and congratulations to Pat and me on Cynthia's arrival. And a great big thank you to Helen Smith who chose "To Cynthia" as a prize winning entry.

I want to wish a hearty welcome to all of the new members.

Roses to Ruth Leggans for her illustrations on the stencils for Patient or Impatient and The Spirit of Saint Louis.

#493

MESSENGER OF INSPIRATION

5 - DEC 20
Copyright 1956

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Editor: Dr. W. J. Thompson
840 S. Flower St., Los Angeles 17, California
Volume 5 ..... November, 1956 ..... No. 1

X-PN4827
.M

Editorial by Dr. W. J. Thompson:

THE ANSWER TO A VITAL QUESTION

(Psalm 43-5)

Life brings many varied experiences to us; and no man or woman's story is an exact duplicate of another's record; but one fact is common to all - somewhere along the way we meet disappointment or difficulty! When this happens it is so easy to yield to discouragement, or despair. But there is a way that is infinitely better, and it is revealed in Psalm 43, verse 5: "*Why art thou cast down, o my soul? And why art thou disquieted within me? Hope in God, for I shall praise Him who is the health of my countenance, and my God.*"

Here, in one verse from the Old Testament, you have that which surpasses philosophy, psychology, and psychiatry! It is a spiritual secret, open to all willing to make use of it. A distinguished European who lost all his worldly possessions during the war over there was asked how he managed to keep his serene spirit. He replied, "*The secret is, to take things as they come and not be overwhelmed by them! One must learn to bow to the inevitable and make good use of it!*" "*But,*" *persisted*

xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

#494

MESSENGER OF INSPIRATION

5 - DEC 20 1956

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Editor: Dr. W. J. Thompson
840 S. Flower St., Los Angeles 17, California

Volume 5 *-December, 1956-* Number 2

X-PN462
M

Christmas Greetings to You!

An Editorial by Dr. W. J. Thompson on

Christmas Gifts!

Shortly before Christmas I was in a great department store, hoping to purchase a few Christmas gifts. It was almost impossible to get near any of the counters to look at the glittering goods displayed- for hundreds of persons pushing this way and that made it difficult to examine any possible gift. But while struggling in the midst of that pre-Christmas crowd, I heard one woman say to another: *'It is so hard to know just what to give this Christmas!'*

The Bible has an answer for this, as for all your other problems. It is found in Luke 11:41 - *'Give ... such things as ye have.'*

For example, give the shining gift of appreciation. Horace Mann said: *'Be liberal with your praise - it is a wonderful means of encouragement.'*

Another tells us: *'There is no verbal vitamin more potent than praise.'*

Nothing makes people more worthy of compliments than occasionally receiving them. I agree with J. P. Fleishman: *'There is far more satis-*

X-PN4827
M
#495
NOV -9

Messenger of Inspiration

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PAPER

Editor: Dr. W. J. Thompson
840 S. Flower St., Los Angeles 17, California
Volume 4 -- September, 1956 — Number 11

Editorial by Dr. W. J. Thompson

THE ART OF THINKING
(Philippians 4-8)

A well known writer visiting California was asked by reporters, *'Where were you born, Sir?'* He replied, *'I was born in a state of ignorance!'* Quick as a flash the reporter inquired, *'And how long did you live there?'*

There is more than humor in such statements. We all begin to leave *a state of ignorance* when we use the art of thinking! This calls for definite and constant effort. Calvin Coolidge, former president of the U.S.A., declared, *'All growth depends upon activity. There is no development physically or intellectually without effort, and effort means work.'* We all realize the importance of our mental attitude *toward others.* We also need to consider the tremenduous influence of our mental attitude *toward ourselves.* (--a wonderful key to the art of thinking!)

Egotism and false pride can definitely hinder mental progress. *There must be a feeling of humility,* so that we are *ready* and *willing* to learn. On the other hand, to succeed in the art of thinking *there must be a reasonable confidence in our God-given powers.* Some people imagine that humility and confidence are contra-

X-PN4827 #496
APR 30
Copy-----1956

Messenger of Inspiration

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PAPER

Editor: Dr. W. J. Thompson
840 S. Flower St., Los Angeles 17, California
Volume 4 .....April, 1956..... No. 6

EASTER GREETINGS TO YOU!
'He is Risen!'

Editorial by Dr. W. J. Thompson:

THE RISEN REDEEMER!

In the exquisite story of the Resurrection of Jesus Christ, the Apostle John tells us: *'On the first day of the week cometh Mary Magdalene early, when it was yet dark, unto the sepulchre.'* (John 20:1)

These words reveal the eagerness of Mary to visit the tomb of the crucified Lord at the earliest moment. And just then as she stood in the garden close to the tomb, *Mary made her great mistake!* The One she was seeking stood near her, and *'she knew not that it was Jesus.. She supposed He was the gardener.'* (John 20:15)

Mary's mistake had been explained in various ways. Some suggest the dim light of early morning spoiled her vision. Others declare the blinding tears in her eyes prevented her from knowing Jesus. There is a third explanation even more likely to be the real reason for her failure to recognize Jesus. Mary did not know Jesus was beside her because she was not looking for a living Lord, but for a lifeless body!

She went to the tomb that morning with embalming spices in her hands, and with despair

X-PN4827

The Midwest Amateur

Number Six

April 1956

2 - APR 30
GUEST Copy-----1956

Musing

I stood upon this little ant hill we
call Earth
And looked into the great infinitude
of Space.
I pondered—are there worlds of
greater worth
Beyond the outmost stars that I can
trace?

There must be, the mighty Power we
call God
Could never be content with one
small-evolving sphere.
He needs must use that great
expanding Power
And create better worlds from year
to year.

Our world is beautiful, to us with
finite eyes,
But deep within my inmost soul I see
A world of wonders far too great to
visualize,
Inhabited by Beings, finer far, than we.

Perhaps when we have shuffled off
this mortal clay—
Or raised it to a consciousness
supreme—
We may take flight and find these
worlds, and say
This is the Answer, the great Answer
to our Dreams.

—*Agatha Grey Southern*

FROM THE EDITOR

Rh in Their Blood

It's strange how we take so many things for granted, not giving them more than a momentary curiousity, unless they directly affect us. I never fully realized this, until after donating blood, I was informed that my blood was Rh negative. I vaguely recalled stories I did heard about people who had Rh negative blood, but none of them were very clear in my mind.

I asked my friends about it but most of them had never paid much attention to it, either. A few knew people who were Rh negative and had been warned by their doctors about having children. Others related stories concerning couples who had lost one or more children because of the complications which accompany a marriage in which one of the participants had Rh negative blood.

From these people, I learned nothing definite. I visited the public library and found the factor was discovered quite recently. Very little is known about it; consequently, very little has been written concerning it. By piecing together the various fragments, I feel I came to as good an understanding of the topic as a layman could have.

I found the beginning of the story reaches back to 1940, when doctors who were experimenting with the "Rhesus" monkey first detected the factor. They named it in commemoration of this experiment. This factor is found in the red blood cells of a person and can be transmitted by either parent to one or more of their children. If a person does not possess the factor, he is said to be "Rh negative".

Most of the people having Rh negative blood are Caucausians, 15 per cent of the race being so affected. Among the Negro and Oriental races, it is only on rare occasions that any persons having Rh negative blood will be found.

People wonder why the factor affects various persons in different ways. Actually, it is the defenses of the body going to work. When a foreign substance, such as a germ, enters the blood stream of a human, the blood manufactures "antibodies", whose purpose is to combat and eliminate these unwelcome intruders. This is precisely what happens

X-PN4827 #498
.M
5 - JUL - 2
Copy 1956

Messenger of Inspiration

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Editor, Dr. W. J. Thompson
840 S. Flower St., Los Angeles 17, California

Volume 4 .....June, 1956..... Number 8

Editorial by Dr. W. J. Thompson:

THE BIBLE

The Bible is the most wonderful book in the world. It deals with the seen and the unseen; the known and the unknown; humanity and God; sin and Salvation; Earth, Heaven and Hell; the past, the present and the future!

Its symbolism stirs the imagination, and its spiritual power inspires the soul. Study of the Bible strengthens character, confirms faith, produces hope, and shows how to demonstrate the finest love! The glorious Word of God enriches the mind, touches the heart, and brings its Supreme Message to the soul!

It provides the only lasting consolation in sorrow, and gives the key to eternal joy! Appropriate in all ages, in every land, and for every circumstance of human existence, *the Bible is God's Word to youth, maturity and age!*

(continued →)

X-PN4827
.M
#499

Messenger of Inspiration

5 JUL - 2
Copy 1956

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Editor, Dr. W. J. Thompson
840 S. Flower St., Los Angeles 17, California

Volume 4 .....June, 1956..... Number 8

Editorial by Dr. W. J. Thompson:

THE BIBLE

The Bible is the most wonderful book in the world. It deals with the seen and the unseen; the known and the unknown; humanity and God; sin and Salvation; Earth, Heaven and Hell; the past, the present and the future!

Its symbolism stirs the imagination, and its spiritual power inspires the soul. Study of the Bible strengthens character, confirms faith, produces hope, and shows how to demonstrate the finest love! The glorious Word of God enriches the mind, touches the heart, and brings its Supreme Message to the soul!

It provides the only lasting consolation in sorrow, and gives the key to eternal joy! Appropriate in all ages, in every land, and for every circumstance of human existence, *the Bible is God's Word to youth, maturity and age!*

(continued →)

$1500

Messenger of Inspiration

5 - AUG - 1
COPY 1956

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Editor: Dr. W. J. Thompson
840 S. Flower St., Los Angeles 17, California

VOLUME 4 ..... July, 1956 ..... NUMBER 9

Editorial by Dr. W. J. Thompson...

LIFE'S TRANSFORMATION

Once Handel, the great composer, found himself in a desperate situation. His right side was paralyzed, his money gone, and his credit-threatened to send him to prison!

But just then *his mental and physical suffering spurred him on to the mightiest effort of his life!* Writing feverishly, he composed *'THE MESSIAH'*, with its immortal *'Hallelujah Chorus'* in twenty-four days!

If he had given up in self-pity, and refused to meet the tremendous challenge before him, the world would have been poorer, and so would we! Handel *turned misery into music- and sorrow into song!*

Remember, a desperate situation sometimes proves to be the doorway to deliverance, if faced with firm faith in God plus your own earnest effort.

(continued next page)

X-PN4827
M

X-PN4827
.M
#501
J - MAY 23
Copy 1956

Messenger of Inspiration

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Editor, Dr. W. J. Thompson
840 S. Flower St., Los Angeles 17, California

Volume 4 ..... May, 1956 ..... Number 7

Editorial by Dr. W. J. Thompson...
THE SECRET OF OPTIMISM

In one of his letters, the Apostle Paul wrote *'Now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face----'* (1 Cor. 13-12)

Paul's illustration of seeing *through a glass darkly* comes from the fact that the mirrors of those ancient days were made of polished metal, and the image reflected there was often distorted and imperfect.

'That is the way things look now,' said Paul, *'but the day is coming when instead of seeing things blurred and dim, we shall behold them bright and clear, because we shall see face to face.'*

We all need to remember that *the hard experiences of any day do not tell the whole story*. Only as we see the totality of things can we get a true perspective and really understand the meaning of life. In a message to a friend, Mozart, the great musician, tells how in certain of his compositions, he actually

(continued next page)

X-PN4827
.M
#502
5 - MAR 27

Messenger of Inspiration

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PAPER

Editor: Dr. W. J. Thompson
840 S. Flower St., Los Angeles 17,
California

Volume 4 ..... March 1956 ..... No. 5

REAL FELLOWSHIP

(Editorial by Dr. W. J. Thompson)

Albert Schweittzer, world famous organist, who astonished the world by studying medicine and going to Africa as a missionary, tells what a lasting impression one aspect of his boyhood religious experience left upon him. His father was a Lutheran pastor whose people worshipped in the same church, used at an earlier hour by another congregation with very different ideas on religion. Referring to the friendly spirit of the two groups, he said, 'One thing I have taken with me into Life from this little church that sheltered such different beliefs is - Religious Tolerance!'

You go to your church and I'll go to mine;
In the meantime we'll walk together;
We both believe in our Father Divine;
As friends, work 'mid all sorts of weather.

You go to your church, and I'll go to mine;
Though we worship in different ways
We find real fellowship makes life shine,
As, united, we bring God our praise!

****

X-PN4827
M
#503

Mother's Day WINDFALL

BY

PAUL E. PROSS, JR.

5 - JAN 21
#504

Messenger of Inspiration

A United Amateur Press Association Publication

Editor: Dr. W. J. Thompson
840 S. Flower St., Los Angeles 17, California

Volume 4 ..... January 1956 ..... Number 3

X-PN 4827
.M

A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU!

A WONDERFUL PROMISE FOR THE NEW YEAR!
(Editorial by Dr. W. J. Thompson)

We all need encouragement and here is a Divine Promise as we face the New Year-- *'I will do better unto you than at your beginnings and ye shall know I am the Lord.'* (Ezekiel, 36:11)

First of all, we find this promise fulfilled in the change from childhood to maturity. God calls to every growing life- *'I will do better to you than at your beginnings.'* The beginning of life, as revealed in childhood, is so fascinating and appealing that we sometimes hear a fond mother express the wish that she might always keep her little one in that particular period of life! But we can imagine the horror of that same fond mother if God granted her thoughtless wish! To see a son or daughter remaining an infant through the years, instead of developing into youth and maturity would be a terrible punishment!

(continued next page)

#1505

5 - JAN 31

Magnolia Memories

A United Amateur Press Association Publication

Evelyn P. Hamilton, Editor, Calhoun City, Miss.

Volume 1 ..... January 1956 ....Number 2 —

X-PN 4827
M

GREETINGS TO ALL!

After a long and unavoidable delay, we are back with our contribution to the UAPA Bundle.

Our thanks and a subscription to *AMATEUR NOTES & QUOTES*, goes to Orma McCormick for selecting the title for this sheet. Like it?

The New Year brings work, without which life would be dull. I think work must have been God's gift to the lonely ... He knew that if we kept busy our minds and bodies would continue to function- but if we were allowed to remain idle, we'd soon wither away. And *'an idle mind IS the devil's workshop!'*

We were busy through 1955 and especially, the latter months of the year. Our third grand-daughter arrived in November, and then the holiday rushes followed, so that our work has overflowed into the new year, and we face it with hopes that we'll make greater accomplashments this time than ever before!

(continued on page 4)

#506

5 - FEB 24
Copy-----1956

MESSENGER OF INSPIRATION

A United Amateur Press Association Paper
Editor: Dr. W. J. Thompson
840 S.Flower St.,Los Angeles 17,California
Volume 4 .... February 1956 .... Number 4

Learning From Life!

(Editorial by Dr. W. J. Thompson)

'I have learned by experience.' These five words are found in the Bible (Genesis 30:27). These same five words are also found in the personal records of countless men and women as they study the story of the passing years.

A noted educator writes: 'For many years people thought of education as something for children, and young folks in their teens, which a person either obtained or missed in their early years. Today we find numerous institutions equipped to assist those who desire to continue their education through life!' It is truly a great discovery, when anyone learns that life, all the way through, is a school, and every experience is a teacher, offering valuable lessons to willing students.

One tells us, 'This world is our schoolhouse, the sky its astronomic roof, the earth its geologic floor. Birth admits all to the school

(continued on page 2)

X-P-N-827

M

X-PN4827
.M
#507

THE MAN SAYS

5 - MAR 27 1956
Copy

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Edward F. Daas, Editor

545 North 19th Street, Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

103rd Talk March 1956

EASTER BLOSSOMS

Bonnie asked her gardener to buy good seed, and choose
A place for special Easter Blossoms of rainbow hues;
He planted lilies, tulips and double columbine,
Using all his patience - the flowers were doing fine;
But after Lenten Season - she observed it from the start,
She found that Easter Blossoms were blooming in her heart.

Eva R. Hartley

* * * * * * *

IT COULD HAPPEN

The Milwaukee club held its 172nd meeting at the home of Ella Laufenberg on February 18th with fifteen present. Ella has a rocking chair, an heirloom from her grandmother, which as the head of the r.c. brigade, I appropriated. Entries by Harriet William and Anthony Cama in the current contests were read. These were followed by a reading of a letter from Eddie Schaffer commenting on the previous meeting which he had attended.

I do not know just what happened next but two husky members (no, Maurine, I'M sure it wasn't you) pulled me out of the rocking chair and relegated me to the sidelines. My memory of the affair is quite a bit hazy but it seems to me that I was castigated by most of the members for having made such a miserable failure of the M.A.P.C.

Why hadn't I told them about such a thing as parliamentary law and how it worked? Why had I made such a secret of dues collection and put Bertha to so much trouble to collect them so unostentatiously? Didn't I know that this should be an important part of all the meetings? And why all this informality when we could just as well be like other clubs and make motions and speeches and get their names into the minutes?

And why let Ruth Strauch go to all that bother and expense of entertaining a club of which she isn't even a member? And why not reimburse her for at least half of her expenditures? And if we did this at all future meetings would it not open the door to a friendlier hostess than we have had during the past NINE YEARS?

Instead of cajoling the members with flattery, why hadn't I told them the facts of life—that is, the life of the United?

#508

THE MINUTE MAID

5 - FEB 24
Copy 1956

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION
PUBLICATION

January 1956 Number Three

Bertha Mason, Editor

732 North 17th Street Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

XPNAD 27

OCTOBER 1955

The 168th meeting of the Milwaukee Amateur Press Club was held on October 14th in the home of Kay Mann. We were pleased to see a visiting member from Chicago, Maud Blackwell. There was a good turnout and among the familiar faces was a new one. Frank Augustin joined our ranks and we look forward to some interesting writing as he has a talent for powerful description. If he describes a hot sultry afternoon in August, you not only see it - you feel, taste and smell it.

One of our newest members, Marjorie Egner, read her child's story of "Waldemar Worm" and with it, she brought the unusually fine illustrations done by a cousin which are planned for the story. We don't see how it can miss the catching eye of a publisher as a child would greatly enjoy a book of this kind. Frank Augustin then read his story entitled "The Mad Dog" which was well written and held the listener's interest, although it was suggested that it was too long and would gain much by being shortened. Ella Laufenberg's story "The Little Duck That Would Not Swim" was all about Straddle Wing as he was called, and how he was tricked into getting into the water.

Irma Reitci read a story entitled "Exchange You A Dream" which contained some good descriptive phrases. It was a nostalgic longing for an island home and the eventual return to it. Marjorie Egner also read her poem "Count Your Blessings", for which she had just received $25.00 and was written in answer to a request for use in a talk to a convention group.

During the entire meeting, Kay's younger son, Russell, lay contentedly on a blanket on the floor and joined in on the comments with small gurgles and smiles. What could be better in Hallowe'en month than pumpkin pie with lots of delicious coffee! On each plate were small packs of cellophane wrapped Hallowe'en candies which carried out the holiday idea.

NOVEMBER 1955

The 169th meeting of the Milwaukee Amateur Press Club was held on Saturday evening, November 19th in the home of Irma Schmidt. Ella Laufenberg read a poem dedicated to a first grade teacher who had resigned. She also told of an incident in which a man who scoffs at such matters as psychic phenomena, fortune tellers, etc., finds it impossible to explain an occurrence which took place at the time of a close friend's death.

Since we were nearing the time of the year when thanks are given for all the bounties we receive, what could be more appropriate than Margaret Lohr's beautiful "Thanksgiving Prayer". Irma Schmidt's little daughter Margaret had written a poem called "A New Doll" which covered the subject thoroughly. The credential of a teen-ager, Lois Michel, was read by our hostess. She had called her poem, "My Little Brother." Anita Schmidt, Irma's older daughter, left a poem with her mother for presentation at the meeting. She called it "My Big Brother" which we

#509 X-PN 4827

THE MAN SAYS

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

5 - FEB 24
Copy 1956

Edward F. Daas, Editor

545 North 19th St., Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

102nd Talk February 1956

VENI - VIDI

Was he coming or was he not? That was the question which bothered me prior to the MAPC meeting scheduled for January 28th. It was answered the night before the meeting when a telegram from Eddie Schaffer of St. Louis advised me that he would arrive the following morning.

We have had an exceedingly mild winter with little snow and no strong winds but that Saturday morning the sidewalks and roads were like a skating rink. A less venturesome fellow would probably have stayed at home but I do not let ANYTHING interfere with my Ajay commitments and the two-block walk to the bus-stop seemed like a mile but I made it without any mishap.

No trouble in recognizing the smiling face we have learned to know through past issues of THE CORDUROY PATCH and his personal stationery. We had lunch at Holloway's and talked so much that we had to have an extra pot of coffee. Then to my room and more talk and when Norbert soon joined us we had more coffee. Eddie had brought a lot of pictures along with him. No, that is not a picture of him in the next column. He has not that much hair on his chest! The hitch-hiker is not on his way to the convention but the trained chimpanzee at the St. Louis Zoo who has an interesting act with a Shetland pony. We hope to see it if the 1957 convention is held in that city.

While Eddie was telephoning various people, I prepared a pot-luck supper and after that we left for the club meeting. Ruth Strauch had resigned from the club last September when she entertained the club. At that time she told us that she had not been taking an active part in writing so I was surprised when she invited the club to hold its January meeting at her place. A fine compliment to our members when after only four month's she wants us to come for another meeting.

Ruth's living room was large enough to accommodate the sixteen who attended the meeting and when all those expected had arrived, we started the meeting. I was lucky enough to sit opposite our gorgeous Secretary who wore a beautiful red dress which accentuated her dark eyes and hair. We call them Minutes but Bertha's are just a chatty write-up of what had been done at the previous meeting. Stories were read by Kay Mann, Ella Laufenberg and Irma Reitci and poems by Mary Nelson and our

JANUARY - FEBRUARY EDITION 1956
Volume 1. No. 1. Member U.A.P.A.
Publisher P. T. Martyn
5431 Bartmer Avenue
SAINT LOUIS 12, Missouri
GUESTS: Orella Helstead
Margie Zimmerman

5 - JAN 31 1956
X-PN4827
.M

MOVIES

RHYMES FROM THE TASSELTOWN TIMES

P.T. MARTYN

A STRAW HAT HORSEL

The mail man on his way today
Who had some time to lose
Tied his horse to a sapling tree
And lay down for a snooze.
His horse got hungry in due time;
No horse could stand for that
With such a morsel lying near,
So he ate the man's straw hat.
The carrier came in today
As chipper as a linnet
Without mistake, although he'd lost
The rules he'd pasted in it.

UNFAIRNESS

Unfair it is the pugilist says
To hit below the belt;
And Jim Smees says he agrees
That right's his attitude.
In fact, he thinks the victim of
A poke so rashly dealt
Is justified to lay aside
The rules and be as rude.

But not all in the fistic line
Does this unfairness rise;
To us he said, beside his bed
He hangs his pants on chair;
Below the belt the pockets are
And 'ere he opens eyes,
With fingers light on many a night
The miesus is unfair.

AFTERMATH

To one sad thing the yuletide left
My sentiments are turning...
In the ashpit the Christmas tree
Is growing dry for burning.

NATURAL ALARM CLOCK

Doc Doodle has a pumpkin vine
That's better than a clock;
That is, the sort of clock that's used
In waking up the doc.

The vine the job did well today
And yet, a better thing,
It gave no cause for his regret
Anent continuous ring.

To state the case, it wasn't hurled..
A window to go through
In going out as the best means it's
Clamor to subdue.

Too, by window it came in, and thus
To put it out,
It would but reach its native base
To freely run about.

The vine had used as trellised stand
The board at head of bed,
Had crept to top and then let fall
A pumpkin on his head.

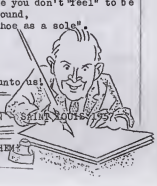
FEELING A FIND

It is both says Jim Teeters to think anyone
In a haystack a needle can't find.
"When you get the hang it is easy",, he said
"And would even be so to the blind".

When we asked the "how", he replied with a
grin...
"In the stack you just lay down and roll.
If the needle by this you don't "feel" to be
found,
You'd do well on a shoe as a sole".

A RESOLUTION WORTH THIS WONDERFUL MEMBERSHIPS' ATTENTION:

RESOLVED 1956: To do unto others as we would have them do unto us!



NEW YORK - 1956 CONVENTION

CONVENTION HEAVEN - SAINT LOUIS 1957

DON'T SEND YOUR KIDS TO CHURCH! TAKE THEM!

X-PN4827

THE MAN SAYS

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

545 North 19th Street — Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

One-hundreth and first Talk — January 1956

5 - JAN 21 1956

THOUGHTS FOR THE NEW YEAR

Another new year dawning
What will it mean to me?
Depends on how I face it,
What future days will be.
If negative my thinking
That will be my frame
For all my daily pictures
And how I play the game.
If I would spend my day time
Helping other people live
And out of my abundance
Cheerfully to give; -
Then faithful is my offering
Being thankful all my theme
Revealing there my secret
Of life's most gorgeous dream.

Ella Bartlett Dixon

* * * * *

THE CHRISTMAS PARTY

The annual Christmas dinner meeting of the Milwaukee club was held December 17th at the Knickerbocker Hotel with 24 present. Orella Halstead came all the way from Cleveland, Ohio to attend. Mary Nelson must have spent countless hours making the decorations for the table. She had made for each place a silver angel reading and a place card with a green base on which there was a miniature Christmas tree. A small Santa Claus on one side and on the other, three books marked "Christmad Greetings Milwaukee Amatour Press Club 1955." The center piece at the speakers' table was a sled of bright green filled with many colored globes and bedecked with varied colored satin ribbon bows. And all along the table were tower-like Christmas decorations. Mary was busy with her decorations when I arrived to greet the early arrivals. I really had to look a second time to see if it really was her. A very becoming new hair-do; her beaming face belying the hectic day she had with last minute additions to the dinner guests; and a beautiful new dress, or shall I say a creation which I am sure set her back (or rather Al) some $40.0 or more.

The dinner, as usual at the Knickerbocker, was delicious. Mrs. Hoppe of the hotel staff always gives us the very best she has to offer. When selecting the menu I had chosen cherry pie, principally because it fit in with the color schemes. When Mrs. Hoppe arrived at the hotel that afternoon she saw that the chef had prepared apple pie instead. She ordered him to bake cherry pies for us and that was why it was so very fresh when served!

Larry Lawrence, editor of the Green Sheet of The Milwaukee Journal and his wife were our guests. Papers were read by several members and Orella read one of her poems. The usual criticism of papers was dispensed with. Marjorie Egner read an unusual poem about "Miss Tannenbaum" which was too good to hold over for a year, so it went into the second bundle mailed last month. Marjo-

X-PN4827
.M
#512

THE MAN SAYS

5 - MAY 23
Copy-----1956

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Edward F. Daas, Editor

545 North 19th Street, Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

105th Talk May 1956

My thoughts all rush forth by the score,
There's paper scattered on the floor,
My pen's a magnet and a bore -
But write I must - and write some more!
Loreta Inman

TO BE OR NOT TO BE

I have written many poems
And have rhymed so many words
That my stout vocabulary
Is now as thick as whey and curds.

Oh, it's pleasant playing poet,
Great inhibitions are no mar;
Yet without them lives no challenge,
You know not just how good you are.

Many people say they cannot
Write their name, much less a rhyme;
But this is a false conviction -
Without trying for a time.

Simple tests aren't always sure proof
That a person's not artistic
In a sense of poetry;
It's a long, dramatic struggle
And a sweated brow of tension
That will determine if he be.
Roger H. Courtney

THE 175TH MEETING

If a member ever had an excuse to stay away from a meeting it was on April 28th. The heavens opened up and a strong wind made driving hazardous. Good thing, none attempted the long walk! It was surprising that fifteen dared to make the long ride that night to Marion Atwell's. The way that house is hidden in the northern woods almost called for a guide. Perhaps all of us wanted to see just what Marion's new home was like. Fortunately, Ella had been there before, so we arrived there on time. We had to fight a strong gale before we reached the door. But once inside, the roaring fire in the fireplace and the warm welcome of our hostess soon made us forget the terrible weather outside. The house, a long ranch style, seems very large and being Ajay minded, of course, thought it would be a wonderful place to hold our convention there. Kay had phoned she would be a little late so we waited until 9 before we started the meeting. We had just begun when she, Maurine and Mabel arrived. Of course, the blame was put on Maurine's shoulders. All she had to do was come from the extreme southern limits of Milwaukee county to its northern border! Haven't any idea of the mileage.

Ella Laufenberg read her s "Fishing a la Mode" and was lowed by Irma Reitci with ry, "Perspective" for wh

X-PN4827
M
#1512

Vol. 4 #1 Spring-Summer
Margie Zimmerman, 2534 E. Norris St.
Editor-Pub. Philadelphia, Pa.
Musette

MAY 23 1966
Copy

M U S I C C A L I S !

Songbirds each the waiting ear,
And harp and violin,
Piano, clarinet, and bass,
Fife and mandolin
Waken hearts with peace anew.
Melodic voices pierce the blue!
Soprano, tenor, alto, bass
Elevate the human race,
As rhythmic ditties reach the ear
And echo sweetly, soft and clear.
Classic! Opera! Ballad! Jazz!
Rock and Roll and Razz-a-ma-tazz!
Rhumba! Charleston! Jitterbug!
Youngsters! Oldsters! Bunny Hug!
Sacred hymns ring notes of praise!
Music in so many ways
Soothes the heart and weary mind,
And lifts the soul of all mankind!

Yes, music rises in many moods! Some are more appealing than others in households, just as blondes are preferred by some individuals. Each form holds its own in the musical world, and brings pleasure to those who catch its unsurpassed charm. Love of music grows, as one becomes better acquainted! Introduce a child to the many forms of music at an early age, and let him choose his favored types! Let him sing! Let him play! Give him the bible! Offer him poetry---the song of words! Sing, dance, and play together! You are never too young or too old to make music your friend. In sickness and in health, its loveliness will give you peace and joy. The musical world is open to all who seek admission. Accept its invitation and find lasting moments of cheer!

T R A N S I T I O N

A breath of sadness flutters me
As springtime fades away,
Though beauty will remain secure,
As summer comes to stay.
The tender innocence of birth!
The balmy moments pass!
Dame Nature paints with heated brush.
A fiery, sultry lass!

Margie Zimmerman.....

"May you find moments of music in every season!"....

5-AUG-1
Copy-----1956

#514

THE MAN SAYS

X-PN4827
.M

107th Talk July 1956

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Edward F. Daas, Editor

545 North 19th Street, Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

TO FRANCES SWANSON

She, who caught the sunlight of words
In her GARDEN SYMPHONY
Has gone to live in other worlds
And find new melody.

And we, who knew the loveliness
Her pen had come to write,
Know, too, that she found happiness
In God's blue garden light.

Betty M. Tousch

* * *

A BIT OF EVERYTHING

The 176th meeting of the Milwaukee Amateur Press Club was held June 30th at the home of Gussie Palechek. The always dependable Irma was the only one who had written anything during the month. She read her story and then we were entertained with a vivid account by Mary of the events in the Nelson family. There was enough material for a long novel if Mary will ever get the time to write it. Mabel read a fine poem of Macie's and Margaret told of the happenings at the school for retarded children. She is taking a summer course there and it is real work. The lack of papers gave us time to talk about various things until the coffee was ready. Three kind of cake compelled some of us to forswear "calory" laws.

Some of the writing contests have closed and here are the winners: In the poetry division of the Page 93 contest M. Kathleen Haley was the winner and she chose "Nippers Unlimited" by Bea Dragin as did Virginia A. Hahn who won the prose contest on "The Smell of White". The prose winner in the Page 93 conyest was Anthony Zoubek who selected "The Seven Storey Mountain" by Thomas Merton as his prize. Orma McCormick won the poetry award in "The Smell of White" contest and chose "Nightmare in Manhattan" by Thomas Walsh. The poetry award in "The Important Trifle" contest was won by Anthony Cama who has chosen "The Rifleman" by John Brick. The winner in the prose Character Description is Ruth Leggan and in the poetry Bea Dragin who have not chosen the books they wish at this writing. These books will be sent to the winners upon my return from the convention.

There were not enough entries in the following contests to deserve a prize. In the prose contest on "The Important Trifle" there were on-

X-PN4827

THE MAN SAYS

#515

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Edward F. Daas, Editor

545 North 19th Street, Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

106th Talk

June 1956

5 - JUL - 2
Copy 1956

HOME

A little rustic home apart
From all the world's display;
A cozy haven, where the soul
Can rest, and muse and pray.

Wm. Wallace Ellis
* * * * *

OUR BIRTHDAY PARTY

The dinner party to celebrate the tenth anniversary of the Milwaukee Amateur Press Club turned out to be a success. Only the Saturday previous I had just about decided to call off the dinner because only three members had made reservations. But then the mail came and the phone calls which made it possible to go ahead as planned.

Ella Laufenberg, an early arrival, decorated the table with red roses and ferns, a simpler decorated table than we have become accustomed to. A floral centerpiece at the speaker's table completed the decorations.

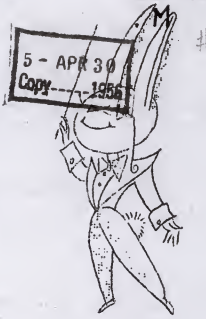
Members arrived earlier than usual and we were able to begin the dinner on time! There were 21 of us who were served a fine baked ham dinner with all the trimmings.

Margaret Larson read her story of the "Elephant", Kay Mann hers of the "Fur Piece" and Irma Reitci read one about a matchmaking sister. Margaret Lohr had two new poems and repeated by request the one about the "Sequins". Mabel Gould closed the program with two of her poems. The usual criticisms is dispensed with at the dinner meetings.

When we ask someone to be our guest at these dinner parties for the first time we do not know what is in store for us. We have been fortunate in the past and have had excellent speakers who entertained and instructed us. Our guest that night was Lawrence A. Keating, President of The Fictioneers, a professional writers club, and teacher of short story writing at Marquette University: Also has classes at Evanston And Waukesha. When I invited him and his wife to the dinner he inquired what was expected of him. I told him to stress the point that they write--write--write and keep on writing and to give them hints on writing a story. This he did and in such an interesting manner that all eyes were glued on him. Wish that we had a recording of his talk for it was not only most interesting but entertaining as well. He told us of his experiences and we wondered how many would make the sacrifices he had made. Just imagine writing ten minutes a day on a sick bed and with little strength! And how the time limit was gradually increased as he grew stronger. He devotes his writing time regularly on a set schedule. After his talk he said he was ready to answer any questions the members wanted to put to him. number of

X-PN 482.7
#516
5 - APR 30 1956
Copy

THE MAN SAYS



A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Edward F. Daas, Editor

545 North 19th Street, Milwaukee 3, WISCONSIN

104th Talk April 1956

- -

APRIL

Young April comes in white and tender green
With sunny smiles and tears an hour apart;
Capricious as a child, this lovely queen
Brings hope and joy into the waiting heart.

Truda McCoy

* * * * *

JUST ANOTHER MEETING

The 173rd meeting of the Milwaukee club was held at the home of Gussie Palechek on March 17th. Margaret Larson had a story about a little boy who always exaggerated so that when he told about seeing an elephant in the garden eating flowers, his parents believed it to be a "whopper" until they read about it in the paper. Margaret, under her maiden name of Duffield, had a story,"Stephen Had A Secret" in the January issue of Highlights. Margaret Lohr read a poem which you can read in this month's CHATTERBOX. Ella had a story too, but at this time I cannot think of anything but her story, "The Beauty Spot" which she did not read that night. Anyway I liked both. Bertha Mason proudly displayed her new Receipt Book for dues. She can now collect dues without hiding them in the old brown envelopes! But the best was yet to come. Since there were so few present, we were able to sit around the dining room table. Gussie surprised us with a big cheese torte. It is a favorite of mine and it seemed that it was unanimous. How Bill Ellis would have enjoyed it. Gussie had also baked a fruit bread which really was a cake rather than a bread and was delicious. Larry Sternig came in time to share the cake and coffee with us and read some of the letters he received from publishers. These always interest the members because of the suggestions contained in them. Al who came to take Mary home was in time, too, for coffee and cake.

The meeting scheduled for April 7th at the Boehmes was called off and instead the club will meeet at Marion Atwell's on Saturday,April 28th. The club's anniversary dinner meeting will be Saturday, May 26th at the Knickerbocker Hotel. If you live in the Milwaukee area, why not join us that evening?Reservations are $3.00 per psorson. You may bring guests. The following meeting will be at Bernice Ferguson's in South Milwaukee on June 16th.

The Milwaukee Amateur Press Club was organized just ten years ago. Until 1953 we held a meeting once each month in the Conference Room of the Public Library and another

#517
5- FEB -1

MESSENGER OF INSPIRATION

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Editor: Dr. W.. J.. Thompson
840 S.. Flower St., Los Angeles 17, California
Volume 5 -- January, 1957 Number 3

X-PN4827

A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU! M

Editorial by Dr. W.. J.. Thompson:

SIX WORDS FOR THE NEW YEAR

Here are six words for you as you enter the New Year. They are found in Deuteronomy 31, verse 8: *'The Lord doth go before thee.'*

This is the divine guarantee of safety. It banishes a multitude of fears just to know our Lord leads the way for us. Years ago, while traveling from London, England, to Glasgow Scotland, for a preaching engagement, the train suddenly stopped. There was much wondering among the passengers about the strange delay. Then a pilot engine passed us, followed by the royal train taking the King and Queen to Scotland. All other traffic was held back while the pilot engine went before the royal train, thus keeping the track clear and safe for the British rulers! So the humblest believer in God can travel into the future feeling absolutely safe because- *'The Lord doth go before thee.'*

Take these six words with you into the New Year. In Psalm 107, verse 7, these words refer to the Lord - *'He led them by the right way.'*

#518
Y-FM4827

MESSENGER OF INSPIRATION

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Dr. W. J. Thompson, Editor
840 S. Flower St., Los Angeles 17, California

Volume 5 --March 1957-- Number 5

MAR 26

Editorial by Dr. W. J. Thompson:
(Repeated by request)

"WHERE HE WAS CRUCIFIED!"

Many pictures dealing with the crucifixion of Christ portray the scene of our Lord's suffering and death as a place of utter desolation entirely destitute of beauty, yet the Gospel of John, in the New Testament, informs us: 'In the place where He was crucified there was a garden; and in the garden a new sepulchre wherein was never man yet laid.' (John 19:41)

There are many interesting references to gardens in the Scriptures. Man began his life in a garden; committed his first transgression in a garden; and from a garden he was banished; on the border of a garden our Lord was crucified; within a garden He was buried; and from a garden He rose in triumph over Sin and Death! Read over again these words of the Apostle John: *'In the place where He was crucified there was a garden.'* Just think of the amazing combinations suggested by those words. Here close together, we find pain -and perfume! Suffering- and sweetness! Fever- and flowers! Brutality and Beauty! Grim Death and Green Grass!

(continued next page)

#519 FN4827
.M
5- OCT 22

MESSENGER OF INSPIRATION

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Editor: Dr. W. J. Thompson

840 S. Flower St., Los Angeles 17, California

Volume 5 -September, 1957- Number 11

An Editorial by Dr. W. J. Thompson:

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF SAMENESS!

There is a humorous story of a small boy who came to the breakfast table one morning in a critical mood. After looking over the usual menu awaiting him, he inquired plaintively: "Mother, don't hens ever lay anything except eggs?"

There is more than humor in this lad's question. *There is a feeling of resentment against Life's sameness!* The passing days show little variety. We get up in the morning at the usual hour, eat the usual sort of breakfast, put on the same coat, leave the house at the same time, catch the same bus, or drive the same car to the same place of business in order to perform the same sort of duties! At the usual quitting time we walk along the usual route to catch the usual bus for home, purchase our usual newspaper, listen to the usual radio broadcast, yawn in the usual way, go to bed at the usual hour, and get up next morning at the usual time, to start the same thing over again!

#570

MESSENGER OF INSPIRATION

5 - AUG 15
Copy 105

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
Editor: Dr. W. J. Thompson
840 S. Flower St., Los Angeles 17, California
VOLUME 5 July, 1957 Number 9

Y-M/827
M

An Editorial by Dr. W. J. Thompson:

ON GOING BACK

One day Henry W. Grady disappeared from his familiar haunts. For nearly a week he was absent. And when he returned he said, in a voice touched with emotion, "I went back home."

With his mother he sat on the old veranda. "Talk to me, please," he said, "as you did when I was a little boy." And later, "Mother, won't you sing to me, and pray over me as in the old days?" Later still when bedtime came, "Mother, come and tuck me in as you always did." Then after a few days, with heart warmed and soul refreshed, Henry Grady slipped back to his post at the capitol!

Pity the man or woman, who, in memory at least, cannot "go back" in that fashion! I agree thoroughly with those who tell us it is both foolish and futile to spend too much time in thinking of the past; but it is equally disastrous to dismiss the past entirely from our minds.

#521

MESSENGER OF INSPIRATION

5 - AUG 15 1957
Copy ___

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Editor: Dr. W. J. Thompson
840 S. Flower St., Los Angeles 17, California

Volume 5 June, 1957 Number 8

N4827

M

Editorial by Dr. W. J. Thompson:

A MARVELOUS EXPERIENCE!

In the personal letters of so careful a thinker as James Russell Lowell there is a reference to a memorable happening in his life. He states: "Mr. Putnam entered into an argument with me on spiritual matters. As I was speaking, something wonderful happened. I clearly felt the Spirit of God in me, and around me! The whole room appeared to me to be full of God and His glory! The air seemed to waver with the presence of something indescribable, and I spoke with the clearness and calmness of a prophet!

Not only in ancient times, and in Scripture, but all through the centuries there are definite accounts of supernatural revelations to men and women. And these amazing events have not been confined to one type of person- but have come to young and old, rich and poor, business men and preachers, scientists, poets, educators, and writers-all of undoubted integrity and veracity. These persons testify to the reality of Divine Revelation giving them glimpses of amazing sights that came to them from behind the curtain that hides the unseen world.

#522
5 JUN 20

MINISTRY OF INSPIRATION

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Editor: Dr. W. J. Thompson

840 S. Flower St., Los Angeles 17, California

VOLUME 5 *May, 1957* *NUMBER 7*

Editorial by Dr. W. J. Thompson--

ONE SECRET OF SUCCESSFUL SERVICE

There is a beautiful incident in the life of Louis Agassiz which reveals one secret of successful service. He lived in Switzerland on the border of a lake. He had a younger brother, and one day the two boys decided to join their father who was working on the other side of the lake.

It was winter-time and the lake was covered with ice, so the boys started to walk across its frozen surface. The mother stood watching them through the window of the home - anxious about their safety.

The youngsters got along very well until they came to a crack in the ice. It was a wide crack-and the mother's heart almost failed her. She called to them, but they were too far away to hear her. She thought, "Louis will get over all right, but the little fellow will try to follow his brother, and he will fall in the dangerous ice-crack!"

There was nothing she could do except watch--and pray! Even while she looked, Louis

X-FN4827

M

#523
5 - DEC - 6
Copy 1957

MESSENGER OF INSPIRATION

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
Editor: Dr. W. J. Thompson
840 So. Flower St., Los Angeles 17, California

VOLUME 6 November 1957 Number 1

N4827
M

Editorial by Dr. W. J. Thompson:

LAUGHTER AND LIFE!

"God hath made me to laugh!"

These six words are found in the Bible- (Genesis 21-6): These same words should apply to every life. Laughter is a divine gift. "Life without laughter is a dreary thing," wrote Thackeray- and we agree with him. This would indeed be a dark world if there were no laughter. The laughter of little children is one of the sweetest sounds I know. The laughter of youth testifies to the joy found in life's achievements. The laughter of mature men and women reveals the capacity to see the pleasant and amusing in many circumstances. It is a significant fact that laughter is a gift God has granted only to human beings!

Animals howl in pain, and snarl in rage, but they do not laugh! It seems that laughter is linked with that higher nature with which man alone is endowed. Like many other fine gifts, laughter is sometimes degraded and debased by human folly and wickedness. The laughter of the cynical, the cruel, the sinful, the foolish, show us how terribly a divine gift can be misused! But the hearty laugh of amusement over

------>

MESSENGER OF INSPIRATION

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Editor: Dr. W. J. Thompson
840 S. Flower St., Los Angeles 17, California

Volume 6 December, 1957 Number 2

#524
5 - JAN - 2 1958
COPY
N4827
.M

Christmas Greetings To All!

Editorial by Dr. W. J. Thompson:

THE MESSAGE OF CHRISTMAS!

Bethlehem is the birthplace of the sweetest story ever told. There is nothing in all literature to be compared with the stories of Matthew and Luke concerning the birth of Jesus Christ. They have wrought their spell on music, art, literature, and life. The anniversary of the birth of our Lord has never grown commonplace. It is celebrated throughout the world as no other event has ever been, and it continues to influence innumerable lives. *The message of Christmas is that God has taken the initiative!*

The Living Lord has brought His Supreme Gift to His children everywhere, so that we need nevermore despair, or lose our way. *Other religious systems picture man seeking God, but Christianity pictures God seeking man through the birth of His Son, Jesus Christ, in Bethlehem.*

The *Old Testament* opens with the picture of *a man in a garden.* The *New Testament* opens with the picture of *a Child in a Manger!* Around the figure of the man in the Old Testament Genesis weaves the story of *"Paradise Lost."* Around the figure of the Child in the New Testament, the

THE MAN SAYS

5 MAY 15 1957
#525
X-PN4027
.M

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Edward F. Daas, Editor

545 North 19th Street, Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

April 1957

EASTER FINERY

Let the rain come or even the snow,
All is forgotten in an Easter chapeau
Adorned with flowers and bows galore,
These are the same as in days of yore.
And each Spring flower raises its face
While the Easter parade is taking place,
Lest we forget the sod in the earth,
Is peeping through, alive with new birth,
All spirits are high as they should be,
Enjoying Spring in new finery.

Rita Lusardi

* * * * *

THE MARCH MEETING

The 184th meeting of the Milwaukee Amateur Press Club held in the new Y. M. C. A. on March 23rd was attended by fourteen. Bertha Mason and Margaret Larson were the early ones and were waiting in the lounge. When I arrived Bertha handed me $5.00 and said, "Here Eddie is the room rent" and several men sitting nearby raised their eyebrows in surprise. However the relationship between us is only that of President and Secretary-Treasurer. The rent was for the beautiful room in which we held our meeting. It was nice to meet in a newly furnished room just large enough for our group.

Irma Schmidt had tried her hand writing a mystery story and her first effort was surprisingly good. The constructive criticism which followed will help her to polish the story a bit more. Good for you, Irma. Writing a mystery story is a difficult task and you did a good job. Who will be the next to mystify us?

Mary Nelson read a poem. She had been missed from several meetings--just too many house-guests. Kay Mann read an anonymous contribution which we had trouble in classifying. Most of us believed that it could only be used as a chapter in a novel; it had no conflict or real plot; it was too factual; it could be used as a monologue. Margaret Larson read a poem by Florence Cox. Intended for CREATIVE WISCONSIN, it had a lengthy prose introduction. Margaret took over and proposed several alterations which will make it a much stronger poem.

After the meeting we adjourned to the coffee shop only to learn that it was too late for service. So we braved the strong winds and went to the Harmony Restaurant, our regular stop when we used to meet at the Public Library. As

X-PN4827
.M
#521
5 - MAY 15 - 1957

THE MAN SAYS

February 1957

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCI
ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Edward F. Daas, Editor
545 North 19th St., Milwaukee 3, Wis.

TV vs FOOD

The snacks upon my cupboard shelves
Are steadily decreasing;
But my yen for crispy tid-bits
Appears to be increasing.

I cross theplains with the horses
Portrayed on the TV screen
And then "rock 'n' roll" with Elvis
Like a "cat" of seventeen.

With all of this exercising
You'd think I'd lose some weight,
But my appetite grows vaster
With every TV date.

I sit and rock in my old chair
And hear the glamour creatures
Describing in Commercials,
How to improve my features...

While all the time my cheeks and chin
And my hips and bosom swell
From taking all this nutriment,
My famishment to dispel.

Time was when three good meals a day
Were ample food provision
But that was before I'd acquired
This Monster - TELEVISION!

Margaret Lohr

JUST ANOTHER MEETING

Irma Reitci was the hostess at the 184th meeting of the Milwaukee Amateur Press Club at the home of her daughter-in-law, Bette Reitci, on February 23rd. The weather man who had predicted zero weather was wrong again for the weather was mild with the temperature climbing all night until it reached the mid-fifties the next noon. Norbert Marciniak made his first appearance in several YEARS. He had as his guest, Robert Johnston, a student of Marquette School of Journalism and we hope he will come again. Kay Mann brought her house-guest, a Mrs. Kellogg, and we had an attendance of fourteen.

Bette had just moved into her new home and everything was "splendiferous" and we were her first guests. Irma read her story of a fog-bound steamer and it was curious the number of times the word "fog" crept into the conversation later. Kay Mann read a rough draft of a story about a de-

5- OCT 2.
#527
N4827
.M

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Edward F. Daas, Editor

545 North 19th Street, Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

September 1957

THE AFTERMATH

The stencils for the mimeograph are no respectors of people or things. Last month mine simply refused to take all I had to offer and practically cut me off in the middle of a sentence. And I hate to be "cut off" from anything whether it is the last word or an extra cup of coffee.

So I had to leave you at the Pabst Stirnewirt where I hope you were enjoying Blue Ribbon beer or the various new soft drinks which have been added to their products. Bill Ellis sang two songs which received well merited applause. Then Ella Laufenberg took over and led in community singing and threw in a free lesson in Delsarte. The balance of the evening was spent in chit-chat and a signal flash announcing closing time was regretfully heeded. Irma and I had been prepared for the worst (this is not bologna). But when not a single person left before the 11 P.M. signal and even lingered in the courtyard for more chats we felt that all must have had an enjoyable evening.

At the business session next morning, in the absence of the President, Maud Curtis presided. The minutes which will appear in the official organ will tell you what was done at the business sessions.

An unexpected surprise was the invitation to visit the new Memorial Center which had a preview of the building at a "tea" for the patrons o the Art Institute. We mingled with the hundreds of guests, listened to the speakers and were guided through the unfinished building, visualizing the beautiful rooms and vistas of the lake and Juneau Park. Previously we had visited the Layton Art Gallery in the process of being dismantled but enough of its precious paintings still on view. So we were among the last to visit the old gallery and the first to see the new. After the tour we all had dinner at the unique Ambrosia House. And with all the talking going on, you wondered if they had eaten anything.

#1528 X-FN4827
M
5 JUN 20

THE MAN SAYS

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Edward F. Daas, Editor

545 North 19th St.,Milwaukee 3,Wis.

May 1957

PRELUDE

The daffodils, high on the hill
  Are bright and shining yellow.
They make me gay, full of good will
  A very careful fellow.
These harbingers of Spring,they say,
  Are scouts for things to come.
The flowers and the birds will stay
  And bees will start to hum,
When daffodils send out the word
  Skies are no longer dim,
And soft Spring xephyrs now are heard
Like a prelude to a hymn.

Bertha Mason

* * * * *

A JOLLY AFFAIR

The 185th meeting of the Milwaukee Amateur Press Club was held Saturday, April 27th at the home of Ray and Irma Schmidt. It was a beautiful night, one on which to expect a large attendance, so I was surprised to find that there were so many absentees. Ella was in Florida; Mabel was visiting a son up north; Mary had an infection on her hand; Kay had a houseful of guests including Maurine. However, what we lacked in numbers was made up in hilarity--that is during the lunch period.

Margaret Larson read an article on Accidents in the Home by Florence Cox which received extensive criticism. Bertha Mason surprised us (and that is saying it mildly) with a poem. She had Spring fever and Margaret Lohr had a new Spring hat which was a poem in itself. All the gals had to try it on. Irma Reitci had a story about some Hungarian refugees which was timely and, for a first draft, well written. Let's see the final draft ad YOU'll probably see it in the New York News later in the year. Margaret Larson read a juvenile story about a robin with a broken leg and read it in her own inimitable way. I am sure that she would seldom get a rejection slip if she had the opportunity to read her stories to the editors. If I were in my second childhood (as some people may think) I would want to be in her kindergarten class.

And the lunch period which followed was something to talk about. Did I say period? A period signifies "an end of a sentence" and there seemed to be no "end" to the food on thetable and I would not object to be "sentenced" for life at the Schmidt's table. Ray told me that they had a new 18 cup coffee pot. That was O.K. with me. We had plenty of time to wait for the refills. You haven't eaten hamburgers until you've had some of Ray's. Some of us were not ashamed to confess that we had gone "light"on our

MIAMI MUSINGS

EDITOR
Alton J. Chapman
1945 S.W. 17th Street
Miami 45, Florida

CO-EDITOR
Zora Sullivan
922 N.E. 91st Terrace
Miami 38, Florida

POETRY FOR YOUR SCRAPBOOK — MIAMI, FLORIDA

Vol. I. — February, 1957 — No. 2

By Zora Sullivan

My goodness, what happened! Such a thin little January bundle! Did you, too, dash madly down to the pier, cargo in hand, only to learn the Good Ship UAPA had sailed without you, as we did? And we're so disappointed...missing the host on what was to have been our maiden voyage.

But honestly, we thought we were getting Miami Musings on its way in plenty of time to connect with Mr. Duratti by mailing day. We see now that we are going to have to speed it up a little. Valentine's Day is no time to be extending New Year's Greetings, is it? And while we're on the subject of acceleration, please speed your poems to us, not for March, but for April.

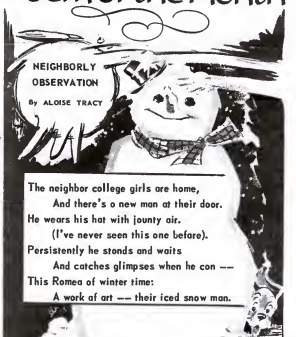
To close a point: Any UAPA member who does not publish a paper or have access to one is invited to send poems to us for publication in Miami Musings. Our purpose is to encourage the writing of poetry and to bring those good poems of yours that you have no way of publishing, into print for all to enjoy. The bulk of Miami Musings is to be made up of these, and any one of them could also be chosen POEM OF THE MONTH, you know. Be sure that your name (the way you wish it to appear over your poem) and your correct address is on each poem submitted.

And if you do publish your own paper or have an arrangement for publishing your materials regularly in a UAPA paper, you still may compete for our feature spot, POEM OF THE MONTH. Give the name of your publication (as well as your name and address) and mark it "For Poem of the Month". All clear?

Perspectives: 'Specially liked your "Fisherman's Dog", Luman W. Colton. Think it may become a classic. Carolina C. Robertson's "Introspection" is for my scrap book, definitely, and weren't Ella Liebforth's little whimsies clever? Cordurey Patches interesting, as always. So...Mr. Philip T. Martyn, you do not like those little things called puns? (Watch Party) I have always adored puns. In fact, I think they're just "punderful"! Hi Ann Mitchell. You must be nice, you have such nice thoughts.

Gold Nuggets from January's bundle: Down the paths of need-to-be* the soft shuff-shuff of camel's feet* cool as the kiss of April* astride the sofa's aging arm* the symphony of Nature's song* laughing into Circus Town.

The Co-Ed
ZORA SULLIVAN

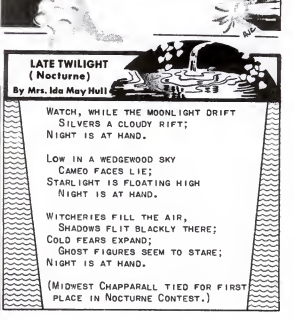


The neighbor college girls are home,
And there's a new man at their door.
He wears his hat with jounty air.
(I've never seen this one before).
Persistently he stands and waits
And catches glimpses when he can —
This Romeo of winter time:
A work of art — their iced snow man.

POETIC FISH BAIT

By Myrtle Lain

With fishing bait—poetic words—
I'll cry my wings, like baby birds,
And when I've penned my little lay,
A brainchild will be on its way;
And then with sinking heart I'll wait
To find out what will be its fate.
But if you'll bend a lis'ning ear,
This fervent plea I'm sure you'll hear;
"Dear Editor, I'll be so glad,
"If you decide to use this shad."



LATE TWILIGHT (Nocturne)

By Mrs. Ida May Hull

Watch, while the moonlight drift
Silvers a cloudy rift;
Night is at hand.

Low in a wedgewood sky
Cameo faces lie;
Starlight is floating high
Night is at hand.

Witcheries fill the air,
Shadows flit blackly there;
Cold fears expand;
Ghost figures seem to stare;
Night is at hand.

(Midwest Chapparall tied for first place in Nocturne Contest.)

5- MAY 15 1957

X-PN482 .M #530

ED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION ORGANIZED Sept. 2nd 1895

MIAMI MUSINGS

EDITOR
Alton J. Chapman
1945 S.W. 17th Street
Miami 45, Florida

CO-EDITOR
Zora Sullivan
922 N.E. 91st Terrace
Miami 38, Florida

POETRY FOR YOUR SCRAPBOOK — MIAMI, FLORIDA

VOL. 1 — April, 1957 — No. 3

PERSPECTIVES

By Zora Sullivan

We received so much nice mail, both poems and personal notes during February and we wish to say "Thanks, sincerely" for the warm welcome you have given us and for the kind things you had to say about our pet project, Miami Musings. We shall try to merit them always.

And now, I have something kind of special to tell you. It's this: SOMETHING NEW HAS BEEN ADDED. Some time very early in 1958 Miami Musings expects to devote its entire front page to ONE POEM, to be declared "The POEM OF THE YEAR"...and we want YOU to choose it.

It can be any poem which has appeared in Miami Musings at any time during 1957, Poem of the Month or otherwise, so he thinking about it. May I suggest that you paste poems that you have especially liked (from Miami Musings) in a special place in your scrap book where you can readily review them, come voting day? More about that later.

Perspectives: Dr. W. J. Thompson always gives us a spiritual lift through his "Message of Inspiration", but this last one was the best yet! "Violins and People" (by D. K. Antrim) was quite wonderful and it occurs to me that all the delegates to the United Nations should read it. If each of them would tune his "A (for Audio) string" to "International pitch" what harmony would come out of that United Nations Building! And having achieved harmony, wouldn't world peace ensue?

Thank you, Florence Fry, for arranging an intimate and personal visit with gracious Martha Williams at her Westwinds Farm home in Vermont for us. I am sure we all feel as if we had been there with you, admiring her delicate laviland and other priceless antiques ... sitting for a moment in her special window chair where we, too, could lift up our eyes unto the hills for a brief renewing of our own peace and inspiration.

"Short and Sweet"...was...wasn't it? (Irma Schmidt and Florence Cox). The editorial on work gave me a push in the right direction. You, too?

Liked "Just Georgine"'s folksy visit. Ask me to see some time in that shack of yours, just south of the twilight shores, will you Georgine?

February's poems I liked them all, but especially did I like these: Jeanne Nohe's "Guest Room", Harriet Williams' "When I Am", Ann Wessling's "Mid-winter Gardens" Kathy Healey's "A Sung" and Dr. Thompson's "Music".

The gold nuggets I "panned" from February's handle were: Spring rides on a thunderhead * winter's icy cloak shows signs of fraying * jewel toned phlox * gray muffled sky * lillies, radiant-horlled and golden-clappered * magic lurement * back into the mists of history * the picket, weathered gray * lacy trail of squirel (through the snow) * with sunwarmed sand around their toes.

THE CO-ED
Zora Sullivan

APOLOGY PATCHES

By ZORA SULLIVAN

My patience, worn thin by a thousand things,
Burst out at the scene today,
Expressing in utter nakedness
The temper I keep hid away.

You stared for a moment in disbelief,
I saw the surprise on your face,
Then quickly, with silken words I stitched
Apology patches in place.

"Forget it", you said, but can one forget?
Do you see, as maybe we still
The "me" I present or the "me" you glimpsed
Through a slit in my self-control?

Val.

Poem of the Month

NOSTALGIA
By Clara I. Ferguson

I have left my sea Where the tides come and go,
Where the waves ride high, and the spray flies low ---
Where the sea-gulls soar with a weird, strange cry,
And the waters blue meet the blue of the sky.

I have left my sea and I'm homeward bound
Back to my prairies where peace I had found.
But I feel the touch of the tawny sands
Sifting through my sun-browned hands.

Again the white-caps beckon me;
Again the pounding surf I see.
Again I taste the salty air ----
Have I left a bit of my heart back there?

HEAVEN AT HAND

By Kathlyn Kaussman

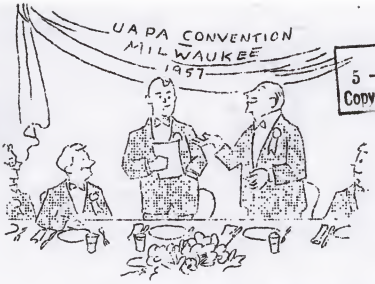
I know that this is Heaven
For I've seen
God's children playing on grass
Carpet green.
I hear the birds in early morn refrain;
Their music and my prayers
Have made this plain.

I know that this is Heaven
Since a rose
It's fragrance and it's beauty
God disclosed;
What more need man to tell him
He's divine,
Than perfume from a honey suckle vine?

The little lambs are heavenly symbols sure,
Without them we could not at all endure.
The white swan glides along it's peaceful way;
I say that we have Heaven here today.

The soft clouds, so mysterious to us
Lay open wide to dreamers,
Wings of love --
We mount in thought and leave a world behind--
And the angels will watch over us,
Pure and kind.

And mother love, what more could Heaven hold?
With her close by, each child is brave and bold--
We're angels ministering to all mankind;
I see it now through life and Love Divine!



5 - AUG 15 '57
COPY

THE MAN SAYS

#531
X-FN4827
.M

A.UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Edward F. Daas

545 North 19th Street, Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

June 1957

WITHOUT LOVE

When lilacs touch the tender cheek of Spring
With pale mauve perfume - subtle, lingering...

And feathery forsythia's golden spears
Glow in coquettish April's silver tears...

Where do the loveless ones find safe retreats
That will shelter them from their own heartbeats

And how can they bear the bittersweet ache
Of their empty hearts when they strain to break

At the hopeful song of a nesting bird,
Or the soundless cry of a soul, unstirred?

(I can remember those fettered Springs
Before my heart knew that it had wings!)

Margaret R. Lohr

* * * * * * *

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY

Our tenth anniversary was celebrated with a dinner party at the Knickerbocker Hotel, Saturday, May 18th. It also was the 186th meeting of the M.A.P.C.

Mary Nelson came early and decorated the table in the Colonial room with green candles and bouquets of lilacs, white for the speakers' table and purple ones for the long table. I had brought red roses, one for each place and banked with ferns and Margaret Lohr added tulips from her garden. The table looked very pretty when we sat down to a delicious roast chicken dinner with all the trimmings.

Irma Schmidt read a short story about teenagers; Margaret Lohr read three poems, one of which appears above; and Irma Reitel concluded the club meeting with a story. Ann Powers and her husband Harold Schwartz were our guests. She is the author of "The Yellow Years", Ride Eagle, Ride West", No Walls So High", The Iron Master", "The Only Sin" and her latest one "A Thousand Fires" will

H5TC

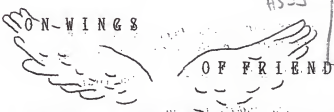
5 - JAN 1 3
Copy ____ 1959

X-FW4827
.M

Membership List of the United Amateur Press Association

November, 1958

#523
5 - JAN 13
Ccry 1959



A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
Editor: Lilian G. Whitaker
2723 East Second St., Long Beach 3, California
Volume 2 December 1958 Number 3

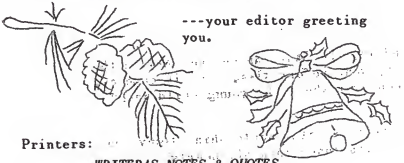
827
.M

HELLO!

MAY I BE YOUR FRIEND?

On wings of friendship I come today
Hoping to bring you cheer;
Hoping to share if your way is sad,
Hoping to share if your day is glad,
----Oh, may I be your friend?

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men."



---your editor greeting you.

Printers:

WRITER'S NOTES & QUOTES
Calhoun City, Mississippi

MESSENGER OF INSPIRATION

5-JAN 13 1959
Copy ___
A534

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
Editor: Dr.. W.. J.. Thompson
840 S.. Flower St., Los Angeles 17, California
Volume 7 *December, 1958* *Number 2*

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS TO YOU!

Editorial by Dr.. W.. J.. Thompson:

THE FACT OF CHRISTMAS!

The return of Christmas is the persistent reminder that no matter how gloomy the international or individual scene may appear, this world has been given a revelation of Divine Love for all mankind in the birth of Jesus Christ in Bethlehem.

There are those who ask--"How can we believe in a message of Peace and Goodwill when everywhere the noise of strife and hostility seems to drown out angelic voices?"

This is a very limited viewpoint, and reveals a concentration of fear and a lack of faith in God. It shows a regrettable failure to realize the persistency of Christmas with its inspiring witness to the victory of the eternal and Omnipotent God! One reason why so many are confused as they compare the world situation with the Christmas message is that they look at the gloomy world situation and then think of the Christmas Story in terms of the angels, the shepherds, the wise men, and the Star, instead of going directly to Him who is the reason for the Christmas Story.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS!

4827
.M

MESSENGER OF INSPIRATION

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Editor: Dr. W. J. Thompson
840 S. Flower St., Los Angeles 17, California

Volume 6 *April, 1958* *Number 6*

EASTER GREETINGS!

THE GREATEST ANSWER TO THE OLDEST QUESTION!

The Easter story is the greatest miracle story of the world's history, intimately woven with our universal human experience; and there is in this particular story something so deep and so true that it never loses its power to fascinate us! It is *the supreme answer to the oldest question: "If a man die, shall he live again?"* (Job 14-10) The greatest words in the history of mankind give a *positive reply to Job's question,* and they also provide a lasting inspiration for all Christians everywhere: *'The Lord is risen indeed!* (Luke 24-34)

This triumphant affirmation drives away doubt, and dread, and despair! Regarding death one writes: *'There is no human experience which man fears more, and understands less, and this very dread prevents him from understanding it!" This is the message of Easter-through Christ death becomes not extinction but transformation!* 'This is the promise He hath promised us, even Eternal Life!" (I John-2, verse 25).

One who never stained His lips with falsehood declares clearly and definitely, "I go to prepare a place for you: because I live ye shall live also." Here is the thrilling assurance that we are not limited to existence

#531
5 - MAR - 5
X-FN4827
.M

MESSENGER OF INSPIRATION

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Editor: Dr. W. J. Thompson
840 So. Flower St., Los Angeles 17, California
Volume 6 -February, 1958- Number 4

One of the greatest and ablest men the United States has produced gives us the secret of his success in the following statement--(blending a wonderful philosophy of life and a practical program for every day). Benjamin Franklin declared: *"For my own part, when I am serving others I do not look upon myself as conferring favors; but as paying debts! In my travels I have received much kindness from men, and numberless mercies from God. The kindness from my fellowmen I gladly return as the opportunity comes to me; and I can show my gratitude for the mercies of God by worshipping Him, and helping my brethren."*

Those words were uttered long ago, yet they are quite modern, and worthy of being applied by us in our own lives.

Co-operation and encouragement can accomplish amazing results in human endeavor. And this great art is within reach of us all, for all around us are those who need the help we can give.

5-APR 11 '58
#537

MESSENGER OF INSPIRATION

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Editor: Dr. W. J. Thompson
840 S. Flower St., Los Angeles 17, California

Volume 6 March, 1958 Number 5

N4827
M

Editorial by Dr. W. J. Thompson:

A CANADIAN HERO- Walter Callow
(with thanks to Halifax- N. S. Herald)

A UNITED STATES HEROINE
-Mary O'Conner

Walter Callow died in Camp Hill Hospital, Halifax, Nova Scotia, Jan. 7, 1958. *Blind, legless, hopelessly paralyzed,* it would seem this man (or what was left of him) had reached the end of his usefulness. *And yet Walter Callow was busy helping others!* It has been said of him *that he gained nourishment by providing some of life's comforts to the sick and disabled!* His frail body had ceased to function, yet his lips, his mind and will-power more than made up for it! *Walter Callow was internationally famous as the founder of the wheelchair coach movement. Respected by statesmen for his fertile mind, admired by millions for his courage, visited by royalty, loved by his fellow unfortunates because he tried to make them happier -this Canadian hero and veteran of World War I- sets a thrilling example to us all.*

MESSENGER OF INSPIRATION

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Editor: Dr. W. J. Thompson

840 S. Flower St., Los Angeles 17, California

Volume 6 May, 1958 Number 7

M

52 JUN 2

Copy 1055

1558

Editorial by Dr. W. J. Thompson:

DON'T GIVE UP-
Often Things Are Better Than They Seem!

In the book of Genesis, Chapter 42, verse 36, we read these words: "All these things are against me."

This cry of distress came from the lips of Jacob. He was utterly sincere when he uttered these six words -- yet he was completely mistaken! Jacob made four big mistakes- all recorded in the verse quoted at the beginning of this editorial!

1. Mistake number one: Jacob cried out, "Joseph is dead!" As a matter of fact, Joseph was very much alive- serving at that very moment as the Prime Minister of Egypt.

2. Mistake number two: "Simeon is dead!" Even while Jacob was saying this, a brother's devotion was guarding Simeon!

3. Mistake number three: "And ye will take Benjamin away." Jacob was wrong! He thought that mysterious and treacherous hands were reaching out to kidnap and slay his treasured youngest son! Again Jacob was mistaken-for at that moment a brother's tender love was longing for Benjamin!

MESSENGER OF INSPIRATION

5-JUL 21
Copy

#539

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Editor: Dr. W. J. Thompson
840 S. Flower St., Los Angeles 17, California

Volume 6 *-June, 1958-* *Number 8*

X-F-4827

M

Editorial by Dr. W. J. Thompson:

CHANGE YOUR LIABILITY INTO AN ASSET!

A well-known writer suffered from deafness in his boyhood. It interfered with his studies in school, and he became discouraged and rebellious. *Then one day he met a teacher who taught him how to handle this desperate situation.* (So many of us owe special gratitude to school teachers who taught us not only the regular subjects in our classes, but also gave valuable lessons in the art of living!

This particular teacher asked the troubled youngster to wait one afternoon after a lesson period, and in a brief interview she said something that changed his entire outlook from pessimism to optimism! Greeting the boy cordially, the teacher said, "I know about the extra difficulty you face in your studies- and I want you to succeed not in spite of your deafness, but on account of it! And here is my advice to you: *'Don't fight it - use it!'* When one loses a sense, the remaining senses mean more; they acquire new dimensions, greater possibilities. The same thing is true of most handicaps. If you ignore what you cannot have,

(next page-->)

MESSENGER
OF
INSPIRATION

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
Editor: Dr. W. J. Thompson
840 S. Flower St., Los Angeles 17, California
Volume 6 October, 1958 Number 12

Editorial by Dr. W. J. Thompson on

THE PLACE OF MYSTICISM IN LIFE

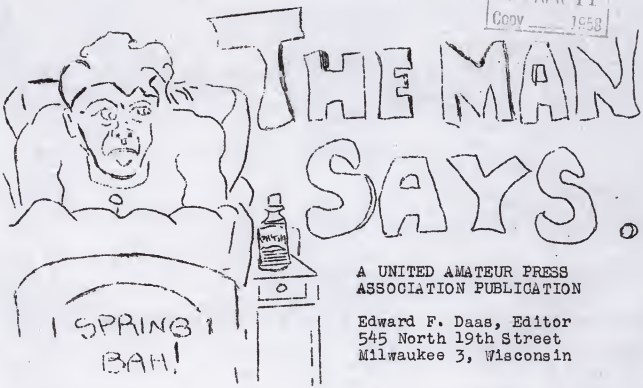
General Gordon, distinguished soldier of Khartoum fame, sat in his tent reading the *"Imitation of Christ"* by Thomas A. Kempis. After reading awhile he closed the volume, and wrote these words: "This is my book, and although I may never be able to attain one hundredth part of the perfection of that soul, I will strive toward it as my ideal."

The vast majority of men and women are conscious of a longing for something better; dissatisfied with the boundaries of earth, they hunger for that which lies beyond the line of vision.

Whatever the name we give it
Amid changes of creed or thought,
However our views may differ
The self-same lesson is taught;
Our lives may be weak and faulty
And faith may seem cold as a clod,
But all hearts cry for 'Our Father,"
And each soul needs the living God!

For many, Nature, with its vastness and its myriad manisfestations of beauty, has proved to be the pathway leading to the presence of God.

X-PN4827
M
5 - APR 11
Copy 1958
#59



A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS
ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Edward F. Daas, Editor
545 North 19th Street
Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

March 1958

REMEMBER!

A thought is really but a prayer
That gently moves upon the air.
The answer often quickly comes--
A thought is really but a prayer.
Katie Hallock

* * * * *

THIS AND THAT

It is too early to talk about the March meeting which is still to be. The afternoon theatre party had to be called off since the Miller closed unexpectedly. However, the rest of the affair will be held as scheduled. The club will meet at 6 P.M. on the 22nd at the home of Ethel Boehme for a supper at which Bertha Mason will be the co-hostess. We will have Paul Pross and Otto Anderson from Chicago and Louis Brechler from Madison as our guests. This promises to be the biggest meeting of the year with over twenty present. And Ethel is a"cooking up" somethin'. We will tell you all about it next month, God willing. The April meeting will be held on the 12th since Irma will leave for Washington Island the following week to see (almost said, spoil) her new grand-daughter and incidentally visit with its gifted parents. We are thrilled to learn that proof-sheets of Rita's second novel has been sent her. And to think that our own Rita's book will be selected by The Junior Literary Guild! This, of course will boost the sale of her first book, "The Year of the Horse" which will get much additional advertising in The Guild's publicity for "The Golden Hawk". By the way, have you seen Rita's first novel on your Public Library's shelves or at your bookstore? More important, have you bought it?

The mailing of last month's Bundle was delayed for several reasons, principally on account

#542
5-JUL 21
Copy
X-FN4827
.M

THE MAN SAYS

June 1958

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Edward F. Daas, Editor, 545 North 19th Street, Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

SPEAKING OF OPERATIONS

I have had to listen to so many accounts of operations which my relatives and friends have had so that I cannot help but retaliate and write about mine. I had put off going to my docotr for so long that when I finally managed it, was surprised when he told me that I had to undergo surgery. I put it off until May 22nd and with the help of my shadow, my young German friend George Sterr, we managed to get the May Bundle ready for the mails. The ever obliging Joseph Reitci called for the boxes and took them to the post-office after I had left for the hospital. It is nice to have such fine friends as the Reitcis (this includes the three generations of the family) who can always be relied upon in all emergencies.

At no time did I worry about the outcome of the operation as I had complete faith in my patron Saint Ignatius who has always answered my prayers.

My first day in the hospital was the worst of my stay there. The three doctors who examined me gave me "the works". And then a whole week of waiting before surgery. At noon the day before my Birthday, an injection of some new marvelous drug and I was "out" for about five hours and it was all over. No ill effects except a dizziness during which time, I saw the face of the always faithful George spinning around near my bed like a pin-wheel. This dizziness was the only bad after effect and at no time did I have pains of any kind. A blood transfusion, my pals George and Norbert, the donors, and I was on the road to recovery.

The next day, my birthday, I was up in a wheel-chair watching the clock for the visiting hours, always the bright spot of the tedious days. The head nurse put up some twentyfive Birthday and Get Well cards on the wall and that with the flowers brought by Ethel and George and the beautiful Mum plant from the MAPC brightened up the room. At noon the nurse brought a piece of cake with a solitary candle--what a job she would have had if they had one for each one of my years! Visitors in the afternoon and the time passed quick-

5 - SEP - 9
Copy ____ 1958

#543

THE MAN SAYS

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Edward F. Daas, Editor

545 North 19th Street, Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

AUGUST 1958

X-PN4827
.M

MORE OF THE CONVENTION

A happygroup went on a boat trip on Thursday night. It was still daylight when we left. The opening and closing of the locks on the short canal was a novelty to many,then passing the long Municipal Pier we reached Lake Michigan. Turning northward we rode as far as the Edgewater Beach,admiring the fine sky-line of Chicago. On the return it became darker, a bright moon and a cooling breeze making the trip most enjoyable. In riding southward we went as far as the Planetarium, seeing the sky-line illuminated with its thousands lights, also getting a glimpse of the Buckingham Fountain in Grant Park, illuminated with a rainbow of brilliant colors. And then back to the city with the marvellously lighted Wrigley Building always in sight. The group walked to a nearby Walgreen's where most of the members stopped for a late snack. Ray wanted a steak dinner and I was one of his guests at a nearby cozy bistro. The dinner was delicious.This was one of the many, many courtesies shown me by the Schmidts since they became part of the MAPC group some nine years ago.

Friday morning after a belated start officers were elected.There were two surprises in the election: the number of ballots cast, 148 of them, in view of the very late mailing of the ballots. Two of these were not counted since they were not signed despite the notice at the head of the ballot. There were about fifteen ballots received too late. However, we appreciate the interest shown by these in voting. The other surprise was the selection of Youngstown as the 1959 Convention City. We have no club there but have a few enthusiastic members there and with a large membership in Ohio we ought to have a very large attendance next year. The Wheeling girls stopped at Youngstwon on their return from the Chicago convention and had a visit with Eileen Fields who was a MAPC guest a few years ago and has met several UAPA members, and they had a phone chat with Paul Suter.

Next came the Laureate Awards and the winners were: Stories, Pearl Thomas with Honorable Mention to Jac Homan; Poetry, Martha M. Clark and Honorable Mention to Truda McCoy; Editorials, Rev. Wm. J. Thompson and Honorable Mention to Willametta Keffer; Printing, Marvin Sanford and Honorable Mention to Wilfried Myers; Mimeographing, Edward F. Daas and Honorable Mention to Howard White; There were two winners present. Then the newly elected President Paul Pross handed Pearl Thomas her Certificate, he kissed her but when he gave me mine, he promised that I would be kissed by proxy at Grace's Memorial Luncheon the

5-JAN 13 1959
Copy
#544

The Man Says

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION
PUBLICATION

Edward F. Daas, Editor

545 North 19th Street
Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

December 1958

X-FW4807
M

CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

Christmas, how I love that cheerful holiday
That comes in the cold of winter's way.
It warms our hearts - thoughts of peace on earth.
I wish the Christmas spirit of happiness
Could last all year and continuously bless
Us with peace we feel as we celebrate Christ's birth.

Lillian L. Schrader

* * * * *

The 204th meeting of the Milwaukee Amateur Press Club was held Saturday evening, November 22nd at the home of Margaret Mitzenheim. Luckily, Margaret has plenty of room or she would have had to hang out the SRO sign for any late arrivals, as there were seventeen in attendance.

After the minutes of the previous meeting were read and greeting cards signed, the meeting got under way with an untitled story by Agnes Staudy. It was one of her animal series and dealt with the behavior of the Skunk Four Hundred at a social affair. Agnes has a wonderful imagination and the names she gives her animal characters are most amusing.

Our hostess, Margaret, read a story which some of us had heard before. She had revised it a little and sent it to a publisher. It is called "The Time of Singing Birds" and is a beautiful story of how a small boy learns from his beloved grandfather as well as from his own observations that each Spring all nature comes alive again.

Irma Schmidt read her poem entitled "Christmas Eve". She liked the first verse but asked for help on the other verses, and our fine poetess Margaret Lohr offered some good suggestions and changes.

Bette Reitci likes to write limericks and read two of hers - one was about a girl named Marion and the other about a vacation spent horseback riding.

Irma Reitci told us about the sale of one of her son Jack Ritchie's stories to Good Housekeeping magazine, as well as the acceptance of another story for use on a Canadian TV station.

By this time, the buffet lunch was ready and our hostess had prepared a delicious tuna fish salad, hot buttered rolls and relishes. These were followed by her delicious home made cookies, cut in many different patterns and topped with a decoration, and all the hot coffee we wanted.

We discovered that although neither Louis Brechler nor Oscar Mitzenheim are prolific writers, they are very handy men with the coffee pot and saw that no one's

MESSENGER of INSPIRATION

5 MAR 12 1959
Copy
#545

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Editor: Dr. W.. J.. Thompson
840 S.. Flower St., Los Angeles 17, California

Volume 7 January, 1959 Number 3

X-PN4827
M

Your "Merry Christmas" came largely from those who remembered you.. Your "Happy New Year" will come from the way you remember others!.

Editorial by Dr.. W.. J.. Thompson:

HOW TO MAKE THE BEST OF THE NEW YEAR!

There is a strange passage in the Old Testament, found in Exodus, chapter 14, verse 11 -- "They saw God, and did eat and drink."

Moses and 70 elders climbed the rocky heaight of Mount Sinai and received a marvelous vision of God; but the *sequel* to the vision is almost as startling as the vision itself - "They saw God, and did eat and drink."

This is an unexpected conclusion to a great spiritual experience. It is so different to what we had anticipated! If we had read: "They saw God, and ever after spent their lives in Holy Meditation" - we would have considered this an appropriate ending to a thrilling spiritual vision. But that is not what we read! Instead, the inspired record in the Word of God informs us: "They saw God, and did eat and drink."

The more we think about this remarkable passage of Scripture the clearer becomes the fact that the spiritual and the material are closely linked together. The seventy men of Israel learned that the vision of God is not given to separate men from the everyday activities of life - it is given to consecrate the common-

PN4827 .M
5 -FEB 20
Copy 1959

MESSENGER of INSPIRATION

#546

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Editor: Dr. W.. J.. Thompson

840 S.. Flower St., Los Angeles 17, California

Volume 7 January, 1959 Number 3

Your "Merry Christmas" came largely from those who remembered you.. Your "Happy New Year" will come from the way you remember others!.

Editorial by Dr.. W.. J.. Thompson:

HOW TO MAKE THE BEST OF THE NEW YEAR!

There is a strange passage in the Old Testament, found in Exodus, chapter 14, verse 11 -- "They saw God, and did eat and drink."

Moses and 70 elders climbed the rocky heaight of Mount Sinai and received a marvelous vision of God; but the *sequel* to the vision is almost as startling as the vision itself - "They saw God, and did eat and drink."

This is an unexpected conclusion to a great apiritual experience. It is so different to what we had anticipated! If we had read: "They saw God, and ever after spent their lives in Holy Meditation" - we would have considered this an appropriate ending to a thrilling spiritual vision. But that is not what we read! Instead, the inspired record in the Word of God informs us: "They saw God, and did eat and drink."

The more we think about this remarkable passage of Scripture the clearer becomes the fact that the spiritual and the material are closely linked together. The seventy men of Israel learned that the vision of God is not given to separate men from the everyday activities of life - it is given to consecrate the common-

MESSENGER of INSPIRATION

5 -MAR 13 1959
Copy ____ #547

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Editor: Dr. W. J. Thompson
840 S. Flower St., Los Angeles 17, California.

Volume 7 *February, 1959* *Number 4*

X-PN4827
M

An Editorial by Dr. W. J. Thompson:

FOR THOSE DISAPPOINTING DAYS!

If you are a writer and find times when inspiration is lacking and thoughts will not come to you, *do not become too greatly discouraged!* Everywhere there are writers who can testify that they have days when they are filled with creative ideas; and then, for no apparent reason, there comes a period of utter barreness without a single new thought! It all seems very mysterious and perplexing. The writer of this editorial was in the active ministry for many years. He also served as teacher of English literature and Homiletics in a college. One day a student sought help in a contradictory experience. He found there were times when his mind was over-flowing with ideas, and other times when he was almost desperate over his inability to capture one good suggestion! He studied hard all the time, and argued that thoughts should come in a steady flow. *He was wrong!* Nowhere in this universe is motion a steady process - and this includes mental activity. Motion seems steady, but is really pulsating. Rays of light and heat *do not travel in steady motion, but in waves that differ in length!* Everywhere we learn that motion is intermittent, involving action and rest, advance and recoil, ebb and flow. *All things, including the human mind, are subject to the law of the tides.* The advancement and retirement of the sea twice in 24 hours and 50 minutes is a

MESSENGER of INSPIRATION

5 -MAR 13 1959

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Editor: Dr. W. J. Thompson
840 S. Flower St., Los Angeles 17, California.

Volume 7 February, 1959 Number 6

#545

X-PN4827
.M

An Editorial by Dr. W. J. Thompson:

FOR THOSE DISAPPOINTING DAYS!

If you are a writer and find times when inspiration is lacking and thoughts will not come to you, *do not become too greatly discouraged!* Everywhere there are writers who can testify that they have days when they are filled with creative ideas; and then, for no apparent reason, there comes a period of utter barreness without a single new thought! It all seems very mysterious and perplexing. The writer of this editorial was in the active ministry for many years. He also served as teacher of English literature and Homiletics in a college. One day a student sought help in a contradictory experience. He found there were times when his mind was over-flowing with ideas, and other times when he was almost desperate over his inability to capture one good suggestion! He studied hard all the time, and argued that thoughts should come in a steady flow. *He was wrong!* Nowhere in this universe is motion a steady process - and this includes mental activity. Motion seems steady, but is really pulsating. Rays of light and heat *do not travel in steady motion, but in waves that differ in length!* Everywhere we learn that motion is intermittent, involving action and rest, advance and recoil, ebb and flow. *All things, including the human mind, are subject to the law of the tides.* The advancement and retirement of the sea twice in 24 hours and 50 minutes is a

MAY 14
Copy 1959

MESSENGER of INSPIRATION

#549

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Editor: Dr. W. J. Thompson
840 S. Flower St., Los Angeles 17, California

Volume 7 *April, 1959* *Number 6*

X-PN4827
M

An Editorial by Dr. W. J. Thompson:

WHY I WRITE ON SPIRITUAL THEMES

Vance Havner tells us- "Some years ago two boats were passing each other on the Mississippi River when an old colored man said to a white man, as he pointed to the other boat: 'Look, yonder is the captain!' The white passenger inquired, 'But why do you point him out to me?' The Negro replied, 'Years ago we were going along like this, and I fell overboard! The Captain rescued me from drowning, and ever since then I jes' love to point him out to others!'"

Havner adds, "Once this writer was overboard in water too deep for him to navigate. I was doomed because I could not help myself. But the Captain of Salvation leaped overboard from Glory and saved me! And I just love to point out my Saviour!" (This is also the main reason why the writer of this editorial emphasizes spiritual themes.) The same Divine Captain saved me- and now I delight to point Him out to others! Another reason for writing on spiritual subjects is the widespread hunger for spiritual satisfaction. I know this is true, for I receive many letters from men and women all over the United States, telling me of their desire to find God!

X-PN4827
.M

JUN 16
1959

MESSENGER of INSPIRATION

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Editor: Dr. W. J. Thompson
840 S. Flower St., Los Angeles 17, California

Volume 7 May, 1959 Number 7

Editorial by Dr. W. J. Thompson:-

"YE SHALL BE WITNESSES UNTO ME" (Acts 1-8)

> Remember the words of Jesus--"Go to thy friends and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee."
> --(Mark 5:19-20)

One definite and distinctive fact proving the reality of religion, and the wonder-working power of God in human lives today, is found in the multitudes of men and women throughout the world who gladly testify to what the Lord has done for them!

It is a wonderful thing to have our faith enlightened by the study of the Scriptures; and there is additional assistance for the inquiring soul in the great multitude of men and women from all parts of the world who gladly testify to the changes wrought in their lives by the Presence and Power of God.

A prominent St. Louis surgeon states: "Peace of mind, of conscience, of heart -these are the elusive goals which modern man is seeking ... But peace of mind can never be found in material wealth. Neither can enduring peace be found in the office of the psychoanalyst. It is found only in Jesus Christ, the Son of God and Saviour of the world, who gave His life that we might live! God in His mercy led me to the Calvary of Good Friday and to the empty Tomb of Easter where I received forgiveness of sin, and life eternal. Now with my hand in His "I can do all things through Christ.'"

MESSENGER
of
INSPIRATION

UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Editor: Dr. W. J. Thompson
840 S. Flower St., Los Angeles 17, California
Volume 7 June, 1959 Number 8

AUG 4
#551
X-PN4827
M

Editorial by Dr. W. J. Thompson:

LIFE'S WONDERFUL RESPONSE!

Someone declares: "Life has a strange way of paying us back in our own coin!" In the Scripture we find the following statements: "As thou hast done, it shall be done unto thee; thy reward shall return upon thine own head." (Obadiah, verse 15) "Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days." (Eccl. 11--1).

Life presents many interesting and even startling illustrations of this truth. A physician, vacationing in the Cumberland Mtns. stopped at a cabin for a drink of water. A girl there gave him a glass, and said, "Would you like to have a glass of cold milk?". The physician accepted the invitation, drank the milk, and offered to pay for it. The girl smilingly declined payment, and said, "We like to share with others." Two years later the girl became very ill and was taken to John Hopkins Hospital for a difficult operation. The parents, who were poor, worried about the prospective bill. On leaving the hospital, the girl was handed a bill for $450.00, marked: 'Paid by a glass of cold milk!" (From Clifton's *FOOD FOR THOUGHT, Cal.*)

MESSENGER OF INSPIRATION

5 AUG 28 1959

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Editor: Dr. W. J. Thompson
840 S. Flower St., Los Angeles 17, California

Volume 7 July, 1959 Number 9

X-PN4827
M

Editorial by Dr. W. J. Thompson:

THE INFLUENCE OF THE UNITED STATES

(A Study in Patriotism and Partnership)

In 1893 Katherine Lee Bates visited Colorado Springs, and -with a party of friends- climbed Pike's Peak. Several members of the party suffered on account of the altitude, and prepared to leave at once. Miss Bates had only a few moments to stand and view the wonderful scene from the top of the mountain. But in those moments, *"AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL"* was born! It was a flash of inspiration, instantaneous in origin!

"Oh, beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountained majesties
Above the fruited plain.
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!"

That beautiful poem gives us the key to the significance of the Untied Stetes. Its greatness is not merely in its marvelous scenery and vast resources, but also as the land of opportunity. for those born here, and for all ambitious men and women who come from other nations.

MESSENGER of INSPIRATION

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Editor: Dr. W. J. Thompson
840 S. Flower St., Los Angeles 17, California

Volume 7 August, 1959 Number 10

#553

X-PN 4827
M

Editorial by Dr. W. J. Thompson:

"LIFE'S ADVENTURE!"

Are you longing for adventure? Are you tired of doing the same things over and over again? Do you resent getting out of bed every weekday morning at the same hour; eating the same sort of meals; walking along the same streets, or catching the same bus; working at the same job; seeing the same people; returning home at the same time each evening, and after reading the same paper, or listening to the same radio newscast, getting back into the same bed -- and starting the same routine all over again? Are you telling yourself that if only you could go somewhere else, and do something different - life would be changed, and you would be happy? Are you thinking that if only you could be free from life's burdens and cares -- free to enjoy life's adventure, you would find satisfaction and peace?

You are wrong, my friend! There is no answer to your problems along such lines. But there is a way that will help you make the best of life, and change it to a glorious adventure!

X-PN4827
M-29 #534

MESSENGER OF INSPIRATION

5 Copy

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Editor; Dr. W. J. Thompson
840 S. Flower St., Los Angeles 17, California
Volume 7 September, 1959 Number 11

An Editorial by Dr. W. J. Thompson:

FINDING THE BEST IN LIFE!

When Sir William Mulock was Chief Justice of Ontario, Canada, and the oldest serving judge in the British Empire, he was honored by a dinner given by his friends on his 95th birthday! Addressing those present, he said, "I am very grateful to you for honoring me in this way. The most precious thing anyone can have is the good will of others. As for me, I have my hand to the plow, and my face to the future. The shadows of evening lengthen around me, but the light of morning is in my heart! I have lived long, had full contact with men and things, and the testimony I now bear is this - The Castle of Enchantment is not behind me, but is still before me, and daily I catch glimpses of its beautiful towers! The treasures of memory are mine, and I enjoy the precious things of today -- books, pictures, flowers, music, the glories of nature, and the love of loyal friends!

"The best of life is always ahead - hidden from my eyes today, but waiting out yonder behind the hills of time! Oh, it is good to have lived through many years and to know the best is still before me!

9N4327 .M #555

Patience Strong writes: Do not let your faith be shaken by the touch of sorrow, But remember God is good, and there will be Tomorrow; All must strive and suffer. That's the way it has to be. Life's a skein of twisted threads: Joy, Laughter, Tragedy. Never doubt. Hold on and hope though hope seems all in vain. Sooner than you think, perhaps, the sun will shine again. Search the clouds; — You're bound to find a gleam of light to follow. Though today is grim and gray — Remember,
THERE'S TOMORROW!

X-PN4827
.M
H55c

MESSENGER
of
INSPIRATION

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Editor: Dr. W. J. Thompson
840 S. Flower St., Los Angeles 17, California

Volume 7 *October, 1959* *Number 12*

Editorial by Dr. W. J. Thompson:

"IN THE MIDST OF THE YEARS"
(Hab. 3, 2)

A Message For The Middle Aged

In my mail I found this letter- "I have enjoyed your articles on youth and old age. I am writing to inquire if you have a message for people in the middle period of life? It seems to me that these are the folk who need special encouragement and inspiration. You can find these middle-aged persons everywhere- in offices, factories, stores and homes, carrying the heaviest responsibilities in business and domestic life, giving guidance to youth, and helping those in advanced years. In these days of nervous tension it is the men and women of middle-age who should be given recognition and appreciation. I look forward to your reply."

My correspondent is correct in his argument and he might have added that middle age is a perilous period because of a disease known as the 'middle-age blues.' This malady cripples vast numbers of individuals. Its symptoms are a profound discontent, together with a feeling of futility. A business man approached a friend and asked, "What do you do when you realize you have reached the end of your achievements, and there is nothing more ahead?"

X-PN4827
.M
#557

MESSENGER of INSPIRATION

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Editor: Dr. W. J. Thompson
840 S. Flower St., Los Angeles 17, California

Volume 8 *November, 1959* *Number 1*

Editorial by Dr. W. J. Thompson--

FROM ATHEISM TO FAITH!

Amid stories of discouragement and disaster in these days, it is most helpful and inspiring to know there is another and finer side to modern life. I refer specially to the heart-warming and thrilling records of those who have turned from atheism to faith. Out of the long list of men and women who have made this great change, I can only present a few in this publication.

In England, Robert Blatchford was popular for years as a leader of the forces critical of religion. He was editor of the *CLARION*, and author of several books opposing christianity. When I heard him in London, he was bitter in his denunciation of the Church!

Then, to the astonishment of his army of followers, Robert Blatchford, late in life, turned to the christian faith, and humbly accepted Jesus Christ as his Saviour!

Blatchford's conversion caused a sensation in England. He stated that for years he had been honest in his opposition to religion, but, having discovered his mistake, he was equally frank in announcing his change from atheism to faith. He declared: "I hear the drums of the eternal beating, and I can no longer ignore the Divine Call!"

X-PN4827
.M
#558

MESSENGER
of
INSPIRATION

A UNITED AMATUER PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
Editor: Dr. W. J. Thompson
840 So. Flower St., Los Angeles 17, California
Volume 8 *December 1959* *Number 2*

Christmas Greetings To All

Editorial by Dr. W. J. Thompson:

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

"Only God could have thought of Christmas!" He has brought together in the Christmas story things we never dreamed could be blended, and on a tapestry woven of stable straw and starlight, we behold a picture that touches the heart, illumines the mind, thrills the soul, and transforms human life! It is old, yet ever new; timeless, yet most timely! The story is told with a simplicity captivating in its clearness, and at the same time, marvelously profound! Bethlehem is the birthplace of the sweetest story ever told! So 'homey,' yet so heavenly! Other religions picture man seeking God, but Christianity pictures God seeking man through the birth of Jesus Christ in Bethlehem. After the angel's announcement of the coming of the Saviour to this earth, the shepherds turned to each other and said, "Let us now go to Bethlehem and see this thing ... and they came with haste." In the words just quoted we find the Spirit of Christmas. It is an eager spirit. And that same spirit of eagerness is typical of Christmas today!

PROPERTY OF THE
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

X-PN4827
.M
#559
5 JAN 1960
Copy

MESSENGER of INSPIRATION

A UNITED AMATUER PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
Editor: Dr. W. J. Thompson
840 So. Flower St., Los Angeles 17, California
Volume 8 *December 1959* *Number 2*

Christmas Greetings To All

Editorial by Dr. W. J. Thompson:

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

"Only God could have thought of Christmas!" He has brought together in the Christmas story things we never dreamed could be blended, and on a tapestry woven of stable straw and starlight, we behold a picture that touches the heart, illumines the mind, thrills the soul, and transforms human life! It is old, yet ever new; timeless, yet most timely! The story is told with a simplicity captivating in its clearness, and at the same time, marvelously profound! Bethlehem is the birthplace of the sweetest story ever told! So 'homey,' yet so heavenly! Other religions picture man seeking God, but Christianity pictures God seeking man through the birth of Jesus Christ in Bethlehem. After the angel's announcement of the coming of the Saviour to this earth, the shepherds turned to each other and said, "Let us now go to Bethlehem and see this thing ... and they came with haste." In the words just quoted we find the Spirit of Christmas. It is an eager spirit. And that same spirit of eagerness is typical of Christmas today!

PROPERTY OF THE
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

OCT 1 1959 #560

MOUNTAIN SHADOWS 5 Copy

ARTHUR H. PARKER, EDITOR

NO. 5 SEPT. 1959

X-PN4827
.M

Dear Brother and Sister Ajayers:

I have been a member of two Ajay groups for "going on" a year. I have read your comments and gripes. I can understand and sympathize with the complaint most frequently expressed. Basically - expressed baldly and in a few words, these complaints seem to be "nobody tells me how smart I am". I have what should prove to be a solace for you poor, unappreciated fellow Ajayers. I have been writing prose and verse for over sixty years. I have written Articles on Engineering and Maintenance for two publications with a nation-wide circulation. I know that over 20,000 Engineers read my efforts in "Power Plant Engineering ". Perhaps as many, or more, chuckled over my various and sundry headaches in "Hospital Management".

Off hand, how many individuals, would you say, commented, by letter or other wise on the sapience of my offerings? Hold your hats! Just two. Now, do you feel any better? Futhermore, let me wise you up on what I considered the nadir of appreciation. Once at a big Convention in Boston, I was introduced to a certain female party. "Oh" she intoned, half way between a sniff and a snort, "I know him - he writes Articles." Cut down to size, Brothers and Sisters. In her opinion it seemed that I could have done few things more discreditable.

You know it could be that we don't know how well off we are when noone writes. They might tell us what they really thought. The guy who thought up the

X-PN4827
.M
#561

MOUNTAIN SHADOWS

ARTHUR H. PARKER, EDITOR

SHADOW NUMBER SIX - October 1950

I don't know where, or how Dad got hold of a copy of the "Decameron". But I have a pretty good idea. The book was written somewhere around 1350 A.D., so it will be seen that a long interval intervened between Baccaccio and Dad. Uncle Arthur was a travelling salesman. Just about any influence tending to upsetting of the "prunes and prisms" situation in the Parker menage could be laid, justifiably, to his door. Mother never would let him tell any of the stories current with salesman of the period. Poor Uncle Arthur. He would start off so optimistically ---"Now, Hattie, you must hear the story about the two parrots". "That will do, Arthur", was mother's invarible reply--"If you must bring this filth to the farm, take it out to the barn and tell it to the cows!" She meant it, too. Once, when Uncle brought a calendar with him, showing as much of a female ankle as up to her shoe tops--well, again, that's another story. The calendar came to its final resting place out in the barn-and darn quick too.

Anybody, nowadays, who has read the "Decameron" by Baccaccio? Mighty fine reading. It gave Baccaccio a place among the greatest writers of all time. In it he gathered all those fundamental human situations, tragic, comic, pratical, ethical, which confront human existence. I haven't read it. I wanted to, desperately, but Dad kept it hidden, and this story is to tell how well he did it.

I couldn't say how many times I begged Dad to loosen up and give me just a glimpse--but nothing doing. Just once he let down the bars enough to tell me that one of the situations had to do with

PN4367 .M #562 5 -MAR 12 Copy 1959

THE MAN SAYS

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Edward F. Daas, Editor

545 North 19th Street, Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin January 1959

HANDS THAT SERVE

God bless the helping hand
  That serves in time of need,
Materializing love
  And prayer with every deed.

We all must face distress;
  And when it comesmy way,
Then give me hands that serve,
  But spare me lips that pray.

No need for lips to pray
  When willing hands are near,
Why leave the work to God
  If we can do it here?

--Ella Mae Forrest

* * * * *

ANOTHER VIEW

of our Christmas Party as seen by Bertha Mason, Secretary of the M. A. P. C.

The private dining room of the Towne Hotel was filled to capacity on the night of December 6th for our 205th meeting of the Milwaukee Amateur Press Club. Since this year's Christmas Party was held early in the holiday season, all were gay and untired (they had not yet started on the regular round of holiday festivities).

The menu which was delicious and well served put everyone in a happy frame of mind. There is nothing like food to give one that contented feeling!

As usual,at our Christmas parties, although papers were read, there were no criticisms or comments made. This occasion was for pure enjoyment only.

Our exceptionally fine poetess, Margaret Lohr,read a group of her poems that were timely for the season. They were:"Christmas Eve", "Sparrow", "Lost Moment", "Winter Landscape" and "Christmas Adornment". She has a way with words that is outstanding. She weaves her magic pencil and the results are moods, Scenes, and memories that leave one deeply moved.

Sybil Masden's story was read by our guest of honor, Dion Henderson who came with his attractive and very charming wife. Her story was title"That Tragic Look" and I think that Sybil was disappointed that we are not in the habit of making comments on papers at the Christmas party. However, I am sure she got the idea that we thought she had a fine story and had it well developed.

Kay Mann read an article "The Day Mrs. Wisconsin Cracked". It was about her sister Evelyn and it only proved that even though 1958 "Mrs Wisconsin" is a model of composure and poise, she also has the weak spot just as we all have, she is all the more likeable for it.

Bette Reitci was persuaded to tell a very funny little story in a very heavy German accentconcerning the family of Mouse Schmauzers who drank the beer barrel dry. Bette is henceforth official story teller for the MAPC, as far as I am concerned.

To aid to the variety of en-

X-PN4827
.M
#513

MERRYCHRISTMASMERRYCHRISTMASMERRYCHRISTMAS
M M
E E
R THE MAN SAYS R
R R
Y Y
CHRISTMASMERRYCHRISTMASMERRYCHRISTMASMERRY

5 -JAN- 4
Copy 1959

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Edward F. Daas, Editor

545 North 19th Street, Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

December 1959

CHRISTMAS BELLS

Over the snow white fields,
Over the barren plain,
Christmas bells are pealing
The age-old sweet refrain.

Give me your hand, My Brother,
We shall follow the bells,
Singing the old love story
The Christmas message tells.

Then PEACE shall fall from heaven
And CHRISTMAS JOY be given.
Nona D. Spath

* * * * *

FINIS TO 1959

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all members. And let us all work hard to make 1960 an even better year than the present one.

So much has been accomplished in this year. For Years nearly all the papers were mimeographed. The"intelligentcia"slurringly referred to them as "mimeoslopped". But through the years the work improved and many of them have workmanship comparable to printed papers. The mimeograph is the quickest and cheapest way of getting the work of our members into print.

For years I have been trying to get more printers into the Association and my dream is now coming to be a reality. New printed papers have been appearing in every Bundle. They are most welcome and I hope these printers will take an active part in all of our activities. A few years ago an article on the amateur press appeared in Mechanix Illustrated. Almost a hundred men wrote for further information and a sample Bundle of our papers was sent to each one, together with a letter explaining the objects of the UAPA. A few joined but most of them joined one of the other associations presumably because these had more printed papers. We are very much pleased to have all of these new printer members and I hope that YOU will give them the encouragement to continue their publishing activities. Their papers are a fine and appreciated addition to our monthly Bundles.

Then there were those who made disparaging remarks about the poetry appearing through the years. I am not a "poetry fan" but I have enjoyed reading many of the fine poems in the Bundle.Some of them I have read and re-read because of their excellence. If a doggerel appears in the Bundle, instead of sneering at it,write him or her a letter of constructive criticism. It is true that "poets are born, not made" but kind words are never wasted and you

PROPERTY OF THE
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

X-PN4827
DEC 7 1960

Membership List of the United Amateur Press Association

November, 1960

#1565 MAR 28 1960 5 Copy

Amateur Aspiration

Volume 1 Number 2

February 1960

X-PN4823
-M

Faith is not what's before us,
It's what we think we shall see;
Faith is not what is,
But what we believe t'will be.

Beautiful Thoughts

As the scent of new-mown hay
Permeates the country-side,
Beautiful printed thoughts
Reach out to readers far and wide,
Hearts are touched to a response
Of love, and great good-will
To all mankind; fear disappears
And troubled hearts grow still.

Florence E. Fry
Fremont, O.

5 -APR-
COPY 1960
#566

Amateur Aspiration

Volume 1 Number 3

March 1960

X-PN4827
.M

Hitch your wagon to a star,
Keep your seat, and - there you are.

Unnoticed

A bold bit of creation
Daring to emerge first
And break the spell of a cold world;
No dread to encounter tyranny of the sun,
But brave to unfurl
In simple and intrinsic beauty ;
A challenge to India's fair lotus,
But to myriad souls
Who rush madly onward,
'Tis only a tiny crocus.

Martha Sellers

X-PN4827
M
DEC 7 1960 #567
5

Messenger Of Inspiration

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Editor: Dr. W. J. Thompson

840 South Flower Street, Los Angeles 17, California

Volume 9 November '60 Number 1

Thanksgiving

Thanks be to God for the gift of life
For patience and courage amid strife,
For loyal friends who are kind and true,
Dear souls, who faith and hope, renew!
Thanks be to God for the place called "Home"
For memories sweet where'er we roam,
For books, and music, and good work done,
For the chance to help some needy one!
Thanks be to God for the USA,
And all it means to the world this day.
But crowning each blessing upon life's road,
We offer praise to Christ the Lord!

Dr. W. J. Thompson

K-PN 4827
M
22
#568
5

Messenger Of Inspiration

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Editor: Dr. W. J. Thompson

840 South Flower Street, Los Angeles 17, California

Volume 8 July 1960 Number 9

Tremendous Trifles!

One read a sentence in a book
Which "happened" to be near;
His face now has a radiant look
Brought by what he read there!
One went to work—"as usual"—
(It seemed like any day);
That date he never will forget —
GOD met him on the way!
"Little things"— so we regard them,
Until one day we see
That *TRIFLES* can be *TREMENDOUS* —
Shaping Life's Destiny!

W.J.T.

5
COPY
JUN 1 1960
X-PN4857
.M
#569

MESSENGER OF INSPIRATION

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Editor: Dr. W. J. Thompson

840 South Flower Street, Los Angeles 17, California

Volume 8 June 1960 Number 8

The Lord Makes No Mistakes!

God's guidance appears strange at times,
So many turns it takes,
But keep this thought always in mind —
The Lord makes no mistakes.

The path ahead may seem quite dark,
But light comes, and day breaks,
At last the truth is plain to see —
GOD never makes mistakes!

Then when this life on earth is done —
The Soul in Glory wakes;
Such is the Promise of our Lord —
And He makes no mistakes!

W.J.T.

X-PN4827
M
H570
Copy 1960

Messenger Of Inspiration

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
Editor: Dr. W. J. Thompson
840 South Flower Street, Los Angeles 17, California
Volume 8 August 1960 Number 10

"Things Which Cannot Be Shaken" Heb. 12:27

In this month of reunions, is it not suitable to bring together kindred spirits of past and present, as guests? Publisher.

"A man to whom religion is a reality... keeps his balance. Because the living center of his life is spiritual he cannot be 'upset' or shaken. The same 'hard knocks' come to him as to others, but he finds a Divine Power within that **enables him** to go right on — and makes him victorious over all things"

(Dr. J. Fort Newton)

On The Rock

If thou but suffer God to guide thee,
And hope in Him through all thy ways,
He'll give thee strength, whate'er betide thee,
And bear thee through the evil days;
WHO TRUSTS IN GOD'S UNCHANGING LOVE,
BUILDS ON THE ROCK THAT NOUGHT CAN MOVE.

(By George Neumark)

X-PJV 4827
M
Copy ____ 1960

Messenger Of Inspiration

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Editor: Dr. W. J. Thompson

820 South Flower Street, Los Angeles 17, California

Volume 8 September '60 Number 11

When It Is Dark!

2 Samuel 22:29

"When it is dark the stars come out" —
Let this thought put your fears to rout;
No matter how black things may seem,
Of this be sure: God's light will gleam!
"When it is dark the stars come out":
Amid Life's gloom send Faith's glad shout;
With dauntless Hope just look above
And you shall see God's shining Love!
"When it is dark the stars come out";
Whatever comes refuse to doubt;
With confidence this truth confess:
"The Lord will lighten my darkness"!

Dr. W. J. Thompson

Christianity has taught us the true peace and function of suffering. Christ came, and He did not really explain it; He did far more, He met it, and transformed it, and He taught us how to do all this.

---Baron Friedrich Von Hugel

X-PN4827
M
5 -APR-
COPY
#512

MESSENGER of INSPIRATION

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Editor: Dr. W. J. Thompson
840 S. Flower St., Los Angeles 17, California

Volume 8 *March, 1960* *Number 5*

THE PRACTICAL VALUE OF RELIGION

(An Editorial)

By

Dr. W. J. Thompson

There is a story of a lady who approached Ralph Waldo Emerson, and clutching him by the arm, exclaimed anxiously, 'Oh, Mr. Emerson, I have just heard the world is coming to an end!" Emerson looked at his visitor, smiled as he patted her hand reassuredly, and said, 'Well, never mind, we can get along without it."

There are some people for whom 'the world' means the social position they hold. For others 'the world,' to them, is a good job and a fine income. For still others, their 'world' is the opportunity to attain a certain ambition. And 'the world' to some means the opportunity to satisfy their craving for food, or worldly pleasures.

For all these folk the very thought of their little world coming to an end is terrifying, for when their 'world' goes, everything goes! But there are others who can get along well enough without the world; and Emerson was one of this shining group. And our Lord is the leader of them all!

Don't worry about your world - or any world - coming to an end. If you have faith in God,

#573 X-PN4827 M

MESSENGER of INSPIRATION

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
Editor: Dr. W. J. Thompson
840 S. Flower St., Los Angeles 17, California.
Volume 8 February, 1960 Number 4

Editorial by Dr. W. J. Thompson:

OVERHEARD IN NEW YORK

Here is a fragment of conversation from the New York Subway. The man in the 'change booth' was arguing with an angry woman. She had left her train, gone through the turnstile, and then discovered she was at the wrong station. She turned around and demanded to be allowed to return to the platform. The official listened to her request and replied politely, but firmly, "I am sorry, Madam, but there is no way for you to get back on the platform without going through the turnstile, and that means you will just have to pay another fare."

"But," she protested, "I have just told you I made a mistake."

"Lady," he said gently, "People have to pay for their mistakes. Everybody has to pay. That is life."

Here was 'the voice of experience, speaking wisely and giving counsel. But that is not the complete story!

It is true that people do have to pay for their mistakes, but there are some grave mistakes for which no man or woman can pay, because our human resources are inadequate! However such cases are not hopeless, for God Himself comes to the rescue and offers to forgive our mistakes!

X-PN4827
.M
#574

MESSENGER OF
INSPIRATION

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Editor: Dr. W. J. Thompson

840 South Flower Street, Los Angeles 17, California

Volume 8 May 1960 Number 7

Life's Revelation

(Genesis 42 : 36 Romans 8 : 31)

All things are against me,
Was Jacob's despairing cry,
Yet God brought joy from sorrow
As the days passed slowly by!

"All these things are against me",
When tempted to take this view,
Trust in the God of Jacob
Who is waiting to bless you!

When all things seem against you,
When trials and fears annoy;
Believe the Saviour's promise :
Your sorrow shall turn to joy !

— W.J.T.

A575
Copy
1960.

X-PN4827
.M
MAY 12 1960
#576
5
COPY

MESSENGER
of
INSPIRATION

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Editor: Dr. W. J. Thompson
840 S. Flower St., Los Angeles 17, California

Volume 8 *April, 1960* *Number 6*

Easter Greetings
to all

Editorial by Dr. W. J. Thompson:

THE EASTER CHRIST

After the Resurrection of Jesus Christ, we read in Mark 16:12 - "He appeared in another form unto them." And even during His earthly ministry, our Lord continually appeared to others in 'another form.' For instance, in the Gospel of Matthew, Jesus refers to Himself as 'meek and lowly,' and in that same Gospel He describes Himself as the Judge of the Universe! This is not a contradiction, but just another aspect of the many-sided Christ!

In John's Gospel, He tells His disciples He is among them as 'One that serveth-' Yet He also reminds them that He is their 'Lord and Master.' Each of the writers of the various Gospels and Epistles of the New Testament saw Jesus 'in another form.'

Matthew beheld Him from the Jewish viewpoint as the One who fulfilled ancient prophecies- the promised Messiah! Mark saw Jesus as One engaged in constant active ministry. Luke observed Jesus from the Gentile viewpoint, and emphasized His tenderness and compassion. John, in the Fourth Gospel, writing about Jesus was overwhelmed by His Deity!

X-PN4827
.M
#577

Messenger Of Inspiration

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Editor: Dr. W. J. Thompson

840 South Flower Street, Los Angeles 17, California

Volume 8 October '60 Number 12

Comfort

"Let not your heart be troubled,"
Said Christ to a little band
Facing a time of sorrow
They did not understand.
"Let not your heart be troubled,"
And that Voice so sure, so sweet
Changed trial into triumph,
Made confidence complete!
"Let not YOUR heart be troubled,"
For no matter what you face,
You can be victorious
By God's wonderful Grace!

Dr. W. J. Thompson

H578 X-PN4827 .M

5 DEC 60
Copy ____ 1960

Messenger Of Inspiration

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Editor: Dr. W. J. Thompson

840 South Flower Street, Los Angeles 17, California

Volume 9 ≋ December '60 ≋ Number 2

JUL 22 1960

X-PN4527
.M

H579

THE MAN SAYS

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Edward F. Daas, Editor

545 North 19th Street, Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

July 1960

BELATED THANKS

Guess I am the most thankless person in the world. I always seem to forget to thank friends when they shower me with kindnesses. Here Anne Vukelic and Regina Marciniak have gotten out the Bundles for four months and I have not acknowledged the splendid job they have been and are doing.

When the work of Secretary, Mailer and Mimeographer became just too much for me, I asked for volunteers for the Mailer's job. The only one to come forward was Clyde L. Stanley of Colorado! As I had just purchased 5,000 mailing envelopes, with my penurious mind(where UAPA is concerened), I hated that extra expense of reshipping them. Then too, the distance from the Secretary meant belated reports. The Secretary's reports are always last minute writing. Then too, it would mean packing the many papers I mimeograph each month and the extra postage, so I thought which of my non-members friends could be persuaded to help me out. So I brazenly asked Anne and Regina whether either of them would accept. I was dumbfounded but felt so relieved and thankful when they accepted.

Since then they call for the papers on a Saturday afternoon and we get an early start, working straight through, stopping only for dinner and the girls are the most hospitable of hostesses. We usually finish early enough to watch the late TV show. Then to the post-office, usually long after midnight; then a few days of rest and start the same grind again on the next month's Bundle. And thanks to the girls and Norbert, this month's Bundle will be mailed a day before schedule.

Last month we also had the help of two other non-member friends, Arthur Van Lydegraf and Vern Wales, who came and pitched in with the collating, enclosing and stamping. We had time to play a game of "Pit" while enjoying a late snack and had the Bundles in the post-office by 2 A.M.

Very, very few members ever acknowledge receipt of the Bundle so I have been "all at sea" as to the time it takes for the Bundle to reach members located at a distance. Last month's Bundle contained the ballots and their return to me showed That Louis Brechler of Madison received his the day after the Bundle had been mailed. Other ballots in the Chicago area the following day and Elle Mountfort from far off Maine showed that she had received her Bundle in four days! I had been under the impression that it

X-PN4827
M
#580

MERLIN'S MAGIC

VOLUME I - No. 9 MAY - 1960

EDITOR and PUBLISHER.....Merlin F. Teed, 8007 - 3rd Avenue, Brooklyn 9, NY
Distributed this month through the UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA and the UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION.

AN EDITORIAL

We are firm believers in good criticism of one's writing. I recently published one of my poems and thru the ministrations of a UAPA member I received some valuable pointers on how to improve said poem. For purposes of illustration, you will find the poem as originally printed and again after rewrite.

BEFORE

HOMECOMING

Once a year we see them gather
In the church where once they came
Gathered at this same altar
Where early days once were spent.

See the kindly, white-haired pastor
Lift his eyes to God on high.
Hear the voices of the choir,
Raised in hymns of loving praise.

For in this Homecoming, there is gladness
As the years go swiftly by,
'Tis a time for friends and family,
And thoughts of days gone by.

AFTER

HOMECOMING

Once a year we see them gather
In the church where once they came;
Gathered at this same altar
Worshiping one Great Name.

See the kindly, white-haired pastor,
Lift his eyes to God on high;
Hear the voices of the choir
Sing the hymns which never die.

In this Home-coming there is gladness,
As the years go swiftly by;
'Tis a time for friends & family
With glad thoughts to testify.

This then is a service that could prove valuable to all writers in groups such as ours, if properly set-up. Qualified critics, perhaps operating under the guise of anonymity, could be provided to keep personality clashes from interfering with the effectiveness of the service. Does anyone else have comments on this?

Nona D. Spath
5727 New Hampshire Avenue
Chicago 31, Illinois

TO EACH HIS OWN

"This would be a lovely day to drive along the river road," said Carol. "I wonder if the pink roses are in bloom; the roses that hang over the wall and bloom so profusely this time of year," she continued musingly.

Lester looked into his wife's deep blue eyes and thought how much he would like to yield to her whims and make her happy. However, he answered, "Yes, I know, dear, but we must attend the cocktail party this afternoon".

(Continued on Page 2.....)

DEC 7 1960 X-PN4827

VOLUME II - No. 3 MERLIN'S MAGIC NOVEMBER - 1960

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.....Merlin F. Teed, 8007 - Third Avenue, Brooklyn 9, N.Y.
Distributed this month to members of the UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION and to non-member friends.

This issue fulfills a promise I made at the July convention of the UAPA - to put an occasional issue of "Merlin's Magic" in the bundle. I hope you like what has been chosen for this month from amongst all the material I have received. If you do, won't you let the writers published herein hear from you?

Nona D. Spath
5727 New Hampshire Ave.
Chicago 31, Illinois

SECRET ON THE HILLTOP

I had just finished my college course and was planning to become a teacher in one of the suburbs of New York, when I received the news of my bad lung. After a complete physical check-up my doctor explained my condition. He told me if I could spend much time in the open air during the coming year, live quietly with little tension, there was a good chance I could be sound and well again. When I left the office, the doctor, who had known me since childhood, said, "Good luck, Paul. I hope you follow my advice."

I then consulted a school administrator and found there was need of a teacher in a small town in northern Arkansas. "I think this is just the place for you," this school man said. "The climate is mild, there's much sunshine and the duties of a teacher will not be strenuous."

This will explain how I found myself, when autumn came, situated in the small town of Gillespie in the Ozark mountains. The school was small and most of the pupils were brought in from their mountain homes in a school bus. There was a kindly feeling toward the school in the community and I anticipated no difficulty. I obtained a room with an elderly couple, Mr. and Mrs. Allen, and determined to have a period of mild labor, much rest and enjoyment. It was easy to find friends among these hospitable people, with a limited knowledge of the modern world.

I could not afford a car and I formed the habit of taking long walks on Saturday. One bright October morning I set out on a paved road. I walked about a mile and then turned off on a poorly graveled road. After following this road for nearly two miles, I came to a rutted road winding up to a very high hill, where I could see, thru the trees, there was a house. Some perverse instinct led me to follow this rutted road to the top of the hill, altho it meant strenuous effort on my part. When I reached the summit I found a small wooden house, badly in need of paint, with a garden patch at the back. Down in a ravine a spotted cow was tethered to a stake and a few chickens were scratching the ground near a small shed.

I followed a path around the house and as I turned the corner, I came face to face with a woman carrying a large bunch of turnips. She was a woman in the early thirties with very black hair and dark eyes - very tragic black eyes, was my first impression. She wore a dirty cotton dress, torn in several places. Evidently she had come from the garden. She seemed startled to see me and said abruptly, "Who are you?" I told her I was the new teacher down in the valley and that I was trying to reach a paved road the other side of the hill and thought it would be a short cut to climb over this hill. She agreed that this was true and directed me how to find my way down the other side of the hill. At this juncture the screen door opened and an older woman stepped out, saying, "Who are you talkin' to, Melinda?" "Jest a stranger passin' thru," Melinda replied. This was evidently the mother, as there was a resemblance between the two women. The mother was more neatly dressed and happier appearing and I felt she was glad to see me. I told the older woman who I was and she started to reply, but Melinda said, "The man is going down the other side of the hill, Mother," and I felt myself dismissed. I glanced thru the screen door and saw a very untidy

CONTINUED ON PAGE 2

#582

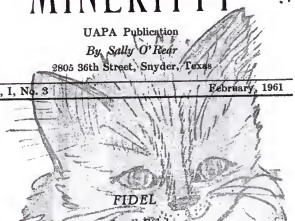
5 -FEB- 6
COPY 1961

X-PN4827
.M

MINEKITTY

UAPA Publication
By Sally O'Rear
2805 36th Street, Snyder, Texas

Vol. I, No. 3 February, 1961



FIDEL

I have a cat I call Fidel.
He does not have a chance:
His legs are long, his tail is short,
He scares folks at first glance.

I do not see how he can fight — S.O.
He has a limping stride;
Yet when he comes home all scarred up,
His head is raised in pride.

This cat of mine, who is a Manx,
Resembles ocelots:
He has the meanness, spunk, and speed—
He just needs tawny spots.

— John Best, Pupil of S. O.

X-PN4827
.M

Messenger Of Inspiration

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Editor: Dr. W. J. Thompson

840 South Flower Street Los Angeles 17, California

Volume 9 APRIL 1961 Number 6

EASTER GREETINGS TO YOU!
The greatest words ever spoken: "He is risen, as He said."
--Matthew 28-6

5-JUN 30
Copyright 1961

X-PN4827
#534

MESSENGER OF M

INSPIRATION

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Editor: Dr. W. J. Thompson

840 South Flower Street, Los Angeles 17, California

Volume 9 June 1961 Number 8

Editorial: THE SECRET OF VICTORY

By Dr. W. J. Thompson

There is a wonderful story in the Old Testament: -in Genesis 32 Chapter, Verses 24 to 28. Jacob in his symbolic wrestling with another till the break of day - faced with a disabling weakness, struggled on desperately, and cried- "I will not let Thee go except Thou bless me." (V. 26).

And through the Centuries multitudes struggling against difficulty disappointment, and disaster, have repeated with Jacob, "I will not let Thee go except Thou Bless me." (I will not let this experience go until it blesses me!).

Glenn Cunningham (The fastest runner of his day) was so badly burned as a boy that he was told he would never walk again. Yet he not only showed the courage to recover, but astonished the world by becoming the most speedy human being of his times!

X-PN4827
-M
#585
5 -FEB- 6
COPY

My Cup Runneth Over!

Messenger Of Inspiration

I Shall Not Want!

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Editor: Dr. W. J. Thompson

820 South Flower Street, Los Angeles 17, California

Volume 9 January 1961 Number 3

God's New Year Greeting:
Behold I Make All Things New!

Facing The Future

Though I know not the future,
And much is hidden from me,
One fact gives me assurance --
To life's best I hold the Key!

The years bring many changes,
But this truth remains with me,
Filled with rich inspiration --
To life's Best I hold the Key!

So I go on with courage,
Rejoicing because I see
Each day, by the grace of God --
To Life's Best I Hold the KEY!

Dr.W.J.Thompson

X-PN4827
.M
MAR 3 1961
5
Copy
#586

My Cup Runneth Over!

Messenger Of Inspiration

I Shall Not Want!

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Editor: Dr. W. J. Thompson

880 South Flower Street, Los Angeles 17, California

Volume 9 February 1961 Number 4

The U. S. Mail

It seems so strange that friends who live
So many miles away,
Have added brightness to my life
Through written words they say;
(I'm grateful for the folks nearby
Whose kindness blesses me,
But just now I am thanking God
For some I never see!)

They send me both cheer and courage
Inside their envelopes;
And they give me inspiration
For my best dreams and hopes;
And that is why I write these words
To those who never fail,
For their gracious helpful service
Sent through the U.S. Mail!

Dr. W. J. Thompson

5 - DEC - 1
XPN4821
.M
A587

MESSENGER OF INSPIRATION

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Editor: Dr. W. J. Thompson

840 South Flower Street, Los Angeles 17, California

Volume 9 OCTOBER 1961 Number 12

Editorial: "HINTS ON THE ART OF WRITING"

By Dr. W. J. Thompson

A man walking along a country road met a youth walking toward him with a gun over his shoulder. The man called out "What are you hunting?" The boy replied, "I don't know; I ain't seen it yet!"

In the Art of writing you seldom get anything worth while unless you know in advance what you want. Lloyd George, when Premier of Great Britain, wrote in his Diary: "You cannot fight a winning battle with a retreating mind." A confident "approach" is essential if you would succeed as a writer. "I cannot do it," never accomplishes anything - but, "I will try," often performs wonders! And it is not enough to think favorably about writing. You must do something about it. Someone tells us - "Even if you are on the right track, you will be run over if you sit there!" So, if you are really interested in writing take definite action and write! The object of writing is not to cover so much blank paper with ink or typing, it is the transference

X-PN4827
.M
#583

MESSENGER OF

INSPIRATION

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

6 Editor: Dr. W. J. Thompson

840 South Flower Street, Los Angeles 17, California

Volume 9 SEPTEMBER 1961 Number 11

Editorial: By Dr. W. J. Thompson

HOW TO FIND TRUE SATISFACTION

A news clipping tells that in an old cemetery in Boston is a Monument bearing this inscription:

> 'STOP HERE MY FRIEND, AND CAST AN EYE.
> AS YOU ARE NOW, SO ONCE WAS I:
> AS I AM NOW, SO YOU MUST BE.
> PREPARE FOR DEATH, AND FOLLOW ME!'

Someone wrote underneath this verse:

> 'TO FOLLOW YOU I'M NOT CONTENT-
> UNLESS I KNOW WHICH WAY YOU WENT!'

The Psalmist, referring to the Lord, declared: "He led them forth by the Right Way."
(Psalm 107 -7)

And Jesus said-
"I am the way --- He that followeth Me shall not walk in Darkness, but shall have the Light of Life." (John 8-12).

One great argument in favor of the acceptance of Spiritual Truths is the fact that belief in God and in the Lord Jesus Christ makes Life sweeter, Stronger and more Satisfactory.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

X-PN4827
.M
#589

THE MAN SAYS

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

5- MAY 16
Copy ____ 1961

Edward F. Daas, Editor

545 North 19th Street, Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

April 1961

TO PREACH OR NOT TO PREACH

A very active member wrote me recently that I "preach" too much". So I let off "preaching" for a few months. I presume these "preachings" were not missed very much. Only one member, Kathryn Croan, who after dropping out of the United over five years ago, rejoined and asked what had become of THE MAN SAYS which she missed in her Bundle. So for her special benefit I am doing a bit more"preaching".

If any member had this job as Secretary, mimeographer for several members, and Co-Mailer for just one month. If she did not have gray hair when taking over, I am positive she would have an abundance by the end of the month.

No one should think that I delight in "preaching". If members would co-operate when they are told what to do to make my load a bit lighter, it would not be necessary to state a rule more than once. That should be enough. Then, instead of "preaching" I could devote that space to more pleasant topics. Please remember that I am living on "borrowed time" and I don't like wasting precious hours on unnecessary work.

When Ann Vukelic accepted the Mailer's job she was not even a member but offered, out of friendship, to take it to ease my work. In my Secretarial report in ODDS AND ENDS for March 1960 I asked that publishers of papers send them NOT to the Mailer but to me. This was to save me precious time and labor. Anna and Regina Marciniak, who helpswith the mailing are working girls and are NOT home during the day while I am home nearly every day. Packages sent to her are left on the porch, subject to the elements and possible predatory youngsters. Then too, if a package cannot be left without getting a signature, it means a rush trip after work to the post-office before five o'clock, closing time.

This was repeated in my Secretarial reports for April, December and last month. It was also metioned in THE MAN SAYS for last May. During the month when I was told I was "preaching" too much, THREE papers were sent to Ann instead of to me; TWO papers, larger than the mailing envelope, came flat and time had to be taken in folding them before they could be put into the envelopes.

Despite my repeated requests that papers be sent to me securely packed, the post-office has had to wire several packages to make delivery possible. One box came without its papers, requiring me to write the printer. Fortunately, he was able to salvage them from his post-office. Papers should be packed in a carton. If this is impossible, put a cardboard on the top and another on the bottom of the papers; wrap in manilla paper and tie securely with strong twine.

5 - DEC - 1

MERLIN'S MAGIC

VOLUME III - No. 1 MERLIN'S MAGIC SEPTEMBER -- 1961

X-PN4827
M
#1570

EDITOR and PUBLISHER ..... Merlin F. Teed
8007 - Third Avenue, Brooklyn 9, NY
Distributed this month to members of the UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION and non-member friends.

AN EDITORIAL: With this issue we celebrate the beginning of the third year of publication of "Merlin's Magic". No special festivities are planned - I only hope that our paper can be with you for many more years to come.

It is with a deep feeling of gratitude, that I wish to acknowledge receipt of a CERTIFICATE OF MERIT for Mimeographing from the UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION for the year 1961. The award was presented in absentia at the UAPA Convention, by President Paul Pross, and it will serve as further inspiration for me to strive for perfection in mimeographing in the coming year. And now, on with this month's issue of "Merlin's Magic".

Nona D. Spath
5727 New Hampshire Ave.
Chicago 31, Illinois

META'S MARRIAGE

She sat alone in the barracks of the old Ellis Island in New York, in the days when immigrants were coming to America by the boatload. She was fifteen and knew only her particular European language. She was sturdily built, with large hands, drab colored hair and a smoldering fire in her eyes. Her name was Meta and she had arrived by ship that morning. She had two older sisters in this country and they had failed to meet her.

Meta was crying lustily. For a long time no one paid any attention to her. Finally, A Sister, in dark garb, with kindly face, approached and asked, "How long have you been here?" Meta sobbed louder and did not answer. The Sister persisted, "Do you speak English? The blank lood on Meta's face answered the question. The Sister left and soon returned with an interpreter. They learned that Meta's sisters lived in Chicago, and after a few telephone calls, it was ascertained that she was expected there.

"Child, have you had any food today?" the Sister asked. When Meta shook her head, a waiter was asked to bring some food. When Meta saw the plate of beans she started crying again. Another waiter came with a steaming cup of coffee and for the first time Meta smiled. After the food and coffee were consumed, Meta regained more composure. She was taken to the railroad station by a welfare worker and put aboard a train for Chicago.

In Chicago, Meta lived with two sisters in a three room apartment. One sister was married and had two children. The other sister worked in a factory. It was a foreign speaking neighborhood.

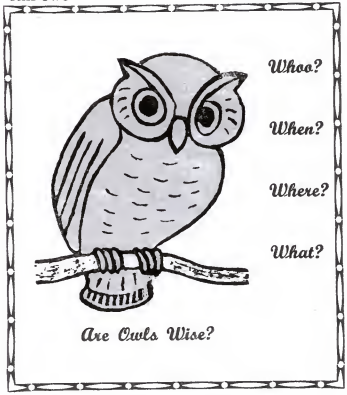
After Meta had been in the crowded household a short time they decided on a party for her. There was food and laughter and Meta was

CONTINUED ON PAGE 2.....

PN4827
.M

MAC'S YAK

YAK TWO FEBRUARY 1962



X-PH4827
.M
#592
JUN 21 1962
5
Copy

MESSENGER OF INSPIRATION

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Editor: Dr. W. J. Thompson

840 South Flower Street, Los Angeles 17, California

VOLUME 10 APRIL 1962 NUMBER 6

Editorial: By Dr. W. J. Thompson

D.D.,Ph.D.

EASTER A PART OF LIFE TODAY!

The word - "Resurrection" - from the Latin "Resurgere" ("To Rise Again") is rightly associated with life after death, but this certainly does not exhaust its full meaning! As thousands of lives gladly demonstrate, there is a real Resurrection here and now in this present life! For this is the glory of Christianity - we do not have to wait for the end of our earthly existence to experience the marvelous fact of Resurrection - for, as we read in Colossians 2-12 "Ye are Risen with Him through the faith of the operation of God who hath raised Him from the Dead."

Resurrection of a human being is not confined to life beyond the grave; it is a radient reality in this present stage of existence - and innumerable testimonies of men and women emphasize this truth! With the light of Heaven on His face and a

X-PN4827
.M

MESSENGER OF INSPIRATION

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Editor: Dr. W. J. Thompson

840 South Flower Street, Los Angeles 17, California

VOLUME 10 MAY 1962 NUMBER 7

Copy

Editorial: By Dr. W. J. Thompson D.D., Ph.D.

GOD'S STRANGE GIFTS

Speaking through the Prophet Isaiah--God declares - ''I will give thee treasures of Darkness.'' (Isaiah 45-3)

There are treasures of literal darkness. When darkness covers the Earth, looking up toward the shining splendor of the night sky we say - ''O Lord, in the glory of the starfilled Heavens Thou dost give us 'Treasures of Darkness'.'' The Lord reveals Himself through the wonders of the evening sky.

One of the treasures of Literal Darkness is sleep! We go to bed wearied and ''worn out'' - and there in the darkness a great change takes place in us physically and mentally - for we awake next morning with new strength, new hope, new wisdom! Something happens to us when we sleep - and we receive ''Treasures of Darkness'' enabling us to face the coming day braver, brighter better!

#594 PN4827 M 1962

MESSENGER OF INSPIRATION

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Editor: Dr. W. J. Thompson

840 South Flower Street, Los Angeles 17, California

VOLUME 10 FEBRUARY 1962 NUMBER 4

Editorial: IMPORTANCE OF LITTLE THINGS

By Rev. W. J. Thompson, D.D., PhD.

A famous Missionary Physician - Dr. Wilfred Grenfell, serving in Labrador, received a gift of a new motor boat from friends in England, to aid in his work among the sick and needy. The very night the boat arrived Dr. Grenfell received an urgent call to help a woman desperately ill on one of the ice-bound islands. He responded immediately, fighting his way thru icy seas - carefully following the compass on his new boat. As time passed Dr. Grenfell realized he was not reaching his destination but was lost in the darkness!

Hours passed before he finally found his way to the tiny island where the suffering woman lay waiting for him. But he was too late! During the long delay she died! If only he had arrived in time the doctor might have saved her life!

X-PN4827
FEB 9 1962 M
A595

MESSENGER OF INSPIRATION

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Editor: Dr. W. J. Thompson

840 South Flower Street, Los Angeles 17, California

VOLUME 10 JANUARY 1962 NUMBER 3

Editorial: WHAT YOU WILL FIND IN THE NEW YEAR!

By Rev. W. J. Thompson, D.D., PhD.

A troubled woman, a guest in a great hotel, telephoned the office and asked for the Manager. When he answered, the distressed lady said, "I want to complain about a terrible noise that upsets me greatly! Someone in the room next to mine has been banging on a Piano for several hours! I cannot stand it any longer! If this nuisance continues I shall collapse, and you will be held responsible!"

The Manager replied, "I am deeply sorry Madam that you are so greatly disturbed I wish I could help you, but I do not dare do what you request! The Pianist you are complaining about is the world famous musician, Paderewski, and he is now rehearsing for his concert tonight in Symphony Hall! "Oh, really!" stammered the complainant - "Well, that's different!" At once the lady sent urgent invitations to her friends to gather in her room and listen to the great Pianist! Very soon Paderewski had a fascinated audience-(in the next room)-listening

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

X-PN 4827

Volume 1 No. 3 ****** Christmas Issue
Margie Zimmerman "MUSETTE" Editor
2534 E. Norris St. ****** Phila., 25, Penna.

Ode to New Year

MERRY XMAS

A brand new book is given us
To write our deeds therein.
A loving Saviour lives above
And cleanses us from sin.
A brand new day is given us
To live as we see fit.
Now, let us work and laugh and love
And make the most of it.
A brand New Year is given us
To start our life anew
Oh, let us strive to do our best
And think of others, too.

UAPA FRIENDS!

Margie Zimmerman in "Poetic Reveries"

X-PN 4827 #57
M

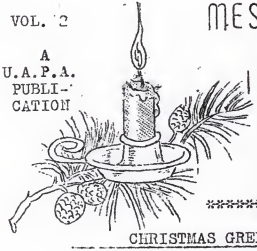
The Maple Leaf Review

Mother's Day Edition

X-PN4827
M

VOL. 2

A
U.A.P.A.
PUBLI-
CATION



MESSENGER OF INSPIRATION

NO. 2

DR. W. J. THOMPSON,
(EDITOR)
840 SO. FLOWER ST.,
LOS ANGELES 17,
CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

****

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS TO YOU!

THE MESSAGE OF THE FIRST CHRISTMAS:

The Story of the First Christmas is a Revelation of Divine Tenderness and Marvelous Beauty! And it is not only a thrilling narrative of long ago, but also a Glorious Modern Fact, with abiding inspiration for all who accept its message today! The Message of Christmas is, that God Has Taken the Initiative! He Who made us come to His children with the living, loving, and saving Word of Life, so that we need never despair, or lose our way! All other Religions Picture Man Seeking God - but Christianity Presents God as Seeking Man through the Gift of His Son, Jesus Christ!

In the Gospel of Matthew, Chapter 2, Verses 1 and 2 we read:-"Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem there came Wise Men from the East, saying-Where is He that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen His Star, and come to worship Him!"

These words suggest that God Speaks To Men In Ways They Can Understand.

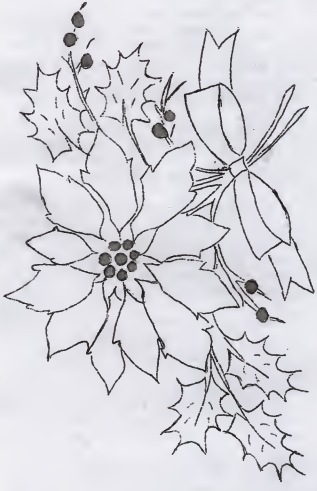
Those Wise Men from the East had studied the

X-PN 4827

M

#544

A Merry Christmas



X-PN4827
.M
#1000

THE MINUTE MAID Bertha Mason, Secretary

The 226th meeting of the Milwaukee Amateur Press Club was held on October 27th in the Conference Room of the Milwaukee Public Library.

After the minutes of the previous meeting were read, and birthday and greeting cards were signed, the meeting got under way. A thank you letter from Mabel Gould was read. It was for the lovely plant sent her at the time of her recent loss of one of her daughters.

Our assignment had been a character sketch, so Gussie read one about a young neighbor of hers and she called it "Little Christie". This was Gussie's first effort at writing anything for our meetings and we hope there will be more to come. Herbert Lawrance read what he called an "establisher" of a character, which was a new term for my ears: Myrah Lawrance read a sketch in which she portrayed strength of character in a woman, by her actions. Her picture was easily recognized as that of a strong woman. Mary Nelson read a sketch which she called "Jimmy", and Ella Laufenberg told about a boy of Mexican-Indian ancestry.

Our guest, Margaret O'Keefe had to leave early for a class at Marquette. She read us her story in verse which was called "Puddles", and it was a most delightful story of an alley cat who finally got the job of catching mice in Santa's workshop, after he found the toes of the ballerina dolls were chewed and other sad mishaps had occurred. We all felt it would make a wonderful book for children and would lend itself to gay drawings for its pages. Miss O'Keefe is an excellent reader, also, and she would surely be a fine addition to the club.

Zota Lipscomb, of whom we will see more, now that our meetings will end at an earlier hour than midnight, read a story, "Ghost at Cotter's Farm". It was the story of a boy and his dog, and their scary adventure while looking for a stray calf on a deserted farm. Ethel Boehme read a character sketch of Macie Bartlett, written by Mabel Gould. Macie was Mabel's dear friend who passed away a few years ago, and which many of us had met and admired for her courage and cheerful disposition under severe handicaps.

Irma Schmidt illustrated the Synopsis of Dramatic Action through dialogue, which was a written assignment in a class of play writing she attends. She mentioned the four themes which a novel may have. They are Man Against (1) God; (2) Man; (3) Nature and (4) Himself. She also brought out the ideas used at the start must be repeated at the end.

Ella Laufenberg read a story about the falling leaves, and the pine trees who begged them not to go, but the leaves couldn't resist dancing to the thythm of the wind. It was well written and quite lovely.

Myrah Lawrance read a story which she called "I Learned About Women". It was a hilarious group of incidents which went along with the running of a home for elderly women. They were all based on fact, and were unbelievably funny.

Incidentally, we trust our President, Irma Reitci, will be feeling well enough to preside at our next meeting. We missed her and her valuable constructive criticism on the writings.

Bertha Mason, Secretary

1810 West Wisconsin Avenue
Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

X-PN 4827
,P
H601

-- MY DAY --

(Frances Lois Eleanor Roos [illegible])

No doubt Eleanor has her troubles, but she ain't seen nuthin' yet!

'Twas 8:30 on the morning of the day when JINGLE BELLES, Inc. must be mimeographed or miss the boat, so I was prepared to stay up until at least three the next morning. Well, O. K. I'm willing to sacrifice for my ART. Everyone had gone out me and the cats, and I was taking a last reprieve before starting my tasks. A holiday was coming up, and I had the living room all ready to be papered ... by me. Kathy and I do this all the time, we're paper-hangers from way back. I was already to go and mix the paste, when in comes company, something I just am not in the custom of having, specially at 8:30 A. M. My sister dropped in for the day. Well, O. K., a sister is easily disposed of, washing dishes, dusting, etc. but in back of the sister comes a lady who had never visited me before. The picture of me grinding that mimeo at 5 a.m. hovered above me, and I nearly passed out ... Well, I COULD make a night of it, I supposed!

Down we sat in the dust, and I could feel eyes picking out every atom. Then they decided to go uptown for a spell, promising to eat their dinner there. I didn't try to change their minds. I rushed around with broom, mop and duster, and had the place shining. Of course, when they returned, they would never notice it; they'd take for granted the dust was still there. I was on my third strip of sidewall when they came back. Well, anything I hate to do is work with an audience, so I just up and quit. I sat down while one snoozed on the sofa and the other one on the chair. I got up and put on six more strips of paper, when they woke up. Before I was thru, I had put two pieces on backwards and one upside down, so I quit again, praying hard for the visit to end. It did at 3:30

Kids came home yellin' for clothes and sandwiches. Quit again. Got supper, ate and started again. Finished the room by ten that night. Rested awhile.

(Concluded at bottom of next column)

** HALEY'S KOMET TALES **

If I don't get into that old turban more often, it's going to get moths in it. I note that I haven't learned it since the October issue. And now, some more advice on

HOW TO PUZZLE YOUR MAN

LIBRA DOUSES--He isn't really that, no more than other men, but I couldn't resist the two "Lib's". If your lou--sorry, I mean man, was born Sept. 24 to Oct. 23, whisper sweet nothings into his wide-open ears and pat him on the back (and burp him if he needs it) and you won't have any trouble with him. Kid him when he's blue, throw a party when he's in the pink and when he goes into a brown study, watch a little woo.

SCORPIO SPOUSES--Couldn't resist those two "S's". If he opened his baby blue eyes, (though most Scorpio men have brown) to a day of Oct. 24 to Nov. 23, you probably won't actually know your man any better on the day they bury him than you did on the day when he put the ring on your finger. He is a man of smouldering embers--don't fan the flames, woman--not if you love life. But be consoled: He is a good, square guy, conscientious and honest. Don't flirt or he will cut your frivolous heart out of your palpitating bosom (he's a jealous critter) and dress immaculately. Order is his first law--and his laws are abeyed... or else. Appeal to his sense of humor.

SAGITTARIUS SQUARES--Only they aren't. They are the best sports and most liberal men of all. He insists on freedom and treats life as a game. Picnic with him and get interested in the great out-of-doors. He is out-spoken to the point of being insulting--so choose your hats carefully.

ASTRO-Logically yours ... Katie, the Komet.

* - * - * - * - * - * - * - * - * - * - * - * - * - *

(continued from 1st column**MY DAY--Fran)

O. K. Jingle Belles, you're still gonna be printed ...don't worry about it. With my back breaking and my eyes threatening to close, I got thru the night and you got JERSEY JINGLE BELLES. Now, READ it, dern ya! OUR BLOOD IS IN IT!

FRAN

* - * - * - *

(Oh, how I would like to put my two cents worth in and tell about more of these aggravations and sacrifices that Fran and I endure to put out J. J. B. --but other mimeographers and stencilers probably know from bitter experience. Kathy)

* - * - * - *